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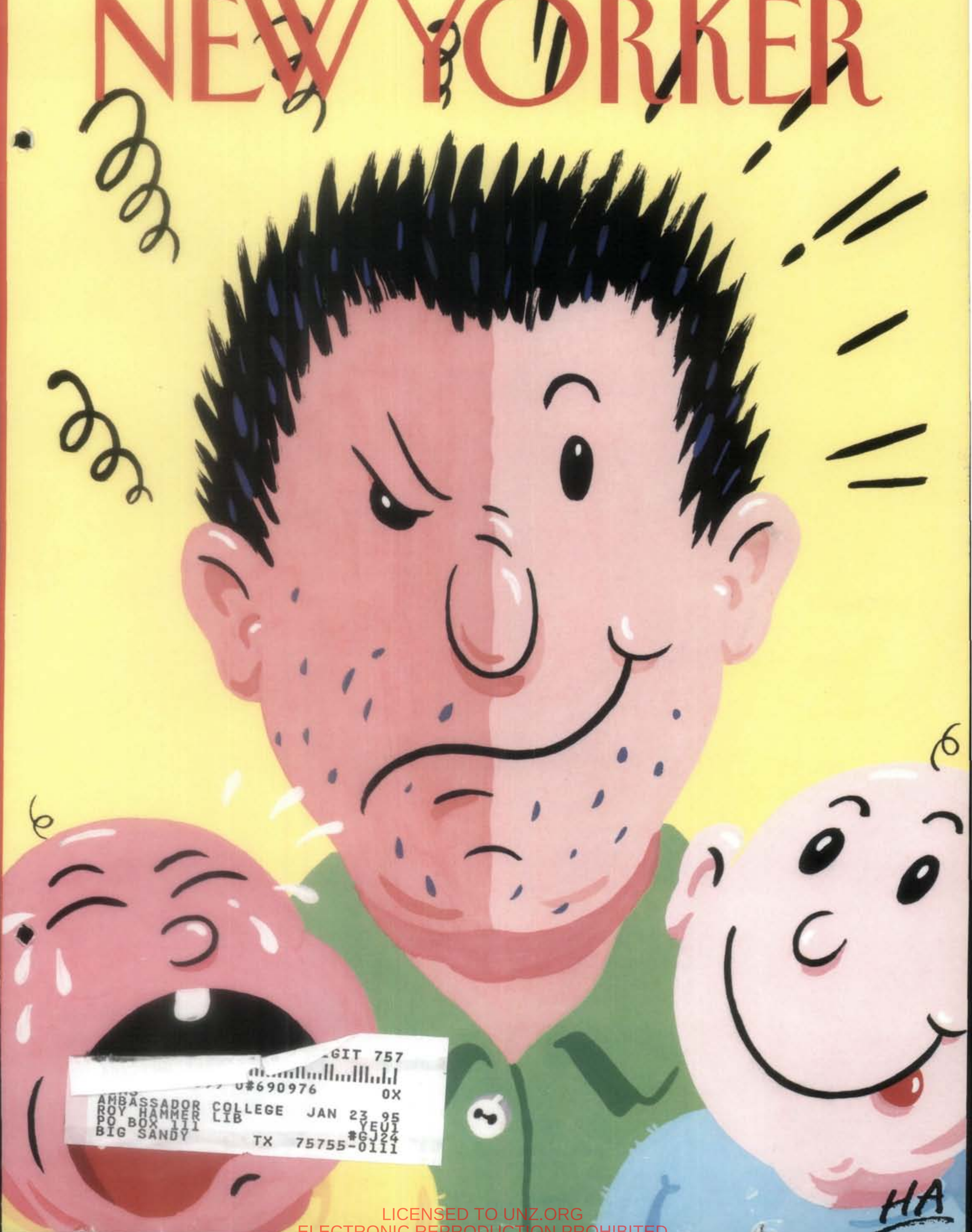

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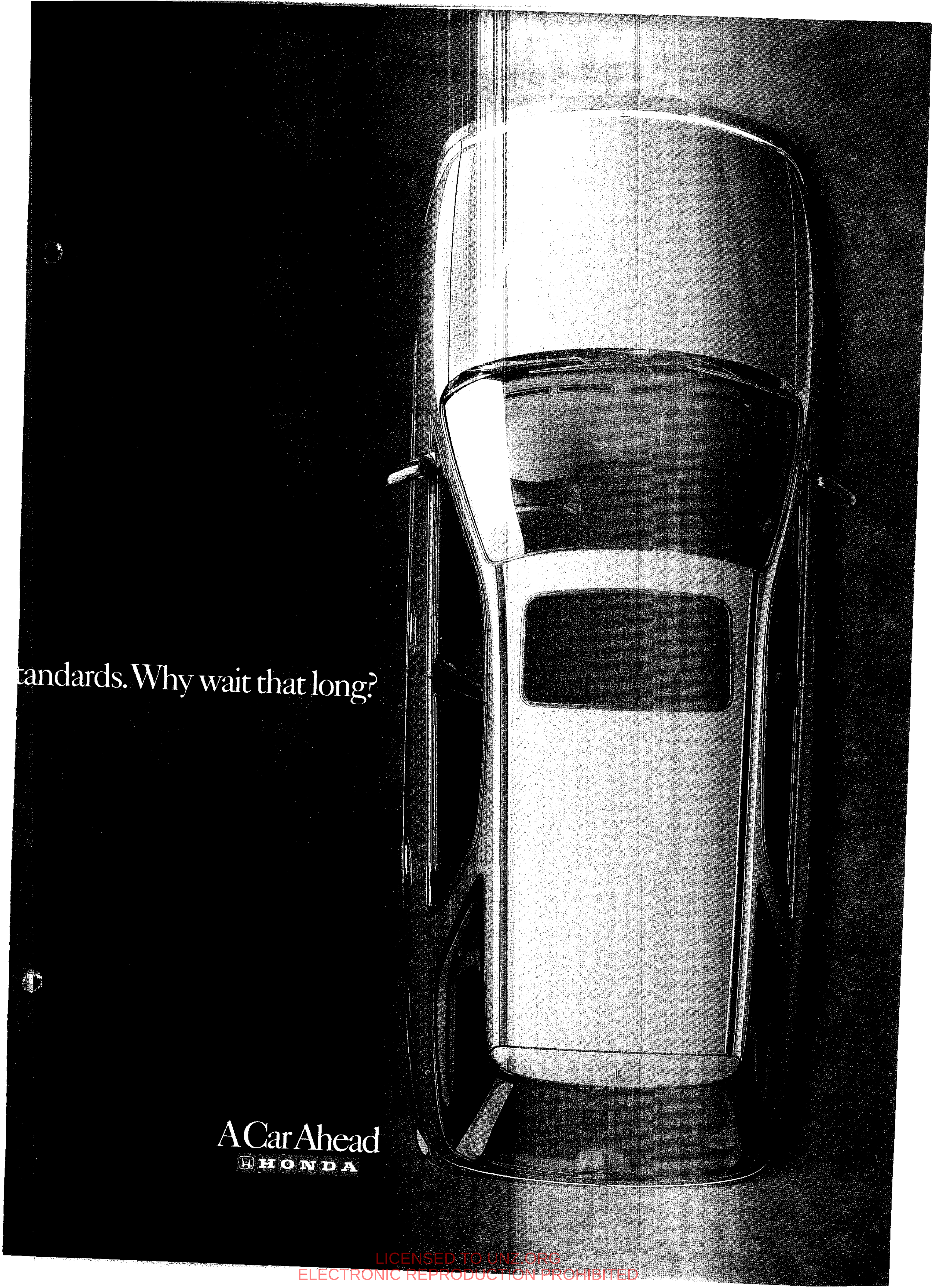
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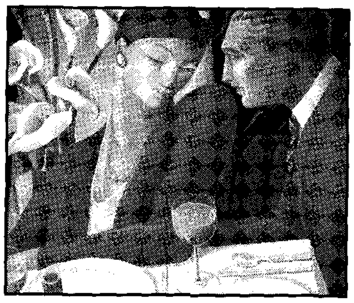

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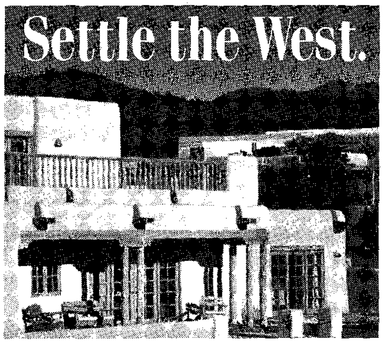

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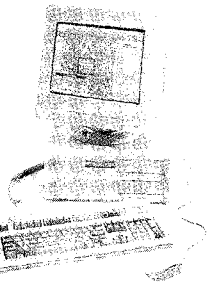

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COMMENT

HUGE

IT'S been getting harder lately to persuade the children that a Saturday morning spent watching Ninja Turtles and Power Rangers rocket across the screen will fry their brains. Adults who should know better, and whose uncracked copies of the Penguin Classics glare down from the shelves, are tuned every night to the latest drama of the Knicks or the Rangers. "Henry Esmond" will have to wait. In the meantime, most of us can't seem to begin the morning without a Talmudic study of Mike Lupica in *Newsday*, Peter Vecsey in the *Post*, Vic Ziegel in the *News*, and, above all, the rebbe of roundball—Harvey Araton in the *Times*. It gets worse. Afternoons, a lot of us find ourselves tuning in to "Mike and the Mad Dog" on WFAN to analyze what we saw the night before: "Please tell me Patrick did not drain the huge shot, huh?" Sports talk has overwhelmed our speech. Ewing is stepping up *big time*. Richter's goaltending is *huge*. And *If Mathis doesn't call the flagrant, the Knicks don't go to Houston*. And so on.

We are possessed. Goggle-eyed. Tube-glued. New York is under the spell of sports as it hasn't been since 1969-70, when the Knicks, the Mets, and the Jets all won championships—each one, it seemed, more remarkable than the last. Now the city is passionate about hockey and basketball—what Red Smith once called, derisively, "the up and down sports." If you listen carefully, though, you can sometimes hear the grumblings of self-loathing, as if these present pleasures were somehow wanting or unworthy. And the current conglomeration of New York teams does, on the whole, seem to suffer by comparison with its precursors. None of the new guys have quite the cool that Walt Frazier or Joe Namath had. (Even now, thanks to them, platform shoes, muttonchops, and mink bedspreads don't seem as ridiculous as they should.) Nor is there the same sense of the miraculous that there was with the '69 Mets. Bookmakers at the time would have given shorter odds on a repeat of the big Red Sea split (huge upset!) than on the chances of Kranepool, Charles, Agee & Company. A quarter century later, with

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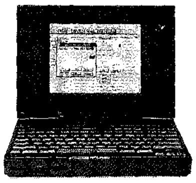

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even Nolan Ryan retired at last, we're still a little shocked that Ron Swoboda made that catch.

Perhaps the greatest nagging reservation is that no new team—and especially not the present Knicks—combines elegance, teamwork, and smarts the way the old Knicks did. Frazier, Barnett, DeBusschere, Reed, and Bradley playing the Lakers at the Garden in Game 7 in 1970 was the greatest jazz performance since Parker, Powell, Gillespie, Roach, and Mingus played "Salt Peanuts" at Massey Hall in 1953. DeBusschere, who left as the Knicks' general manager in 1985, has been working in commercial real estate, but he is still keeping a careful eye on the team. He is convinced that the Knicks will overcome the odds and win the championship. But he is also convinced that the old Knicks would beat the present team, hands down. "I think just by playing a steady game we'd get by them," he said recently. "This team can be erratic. We were just better, that's all."

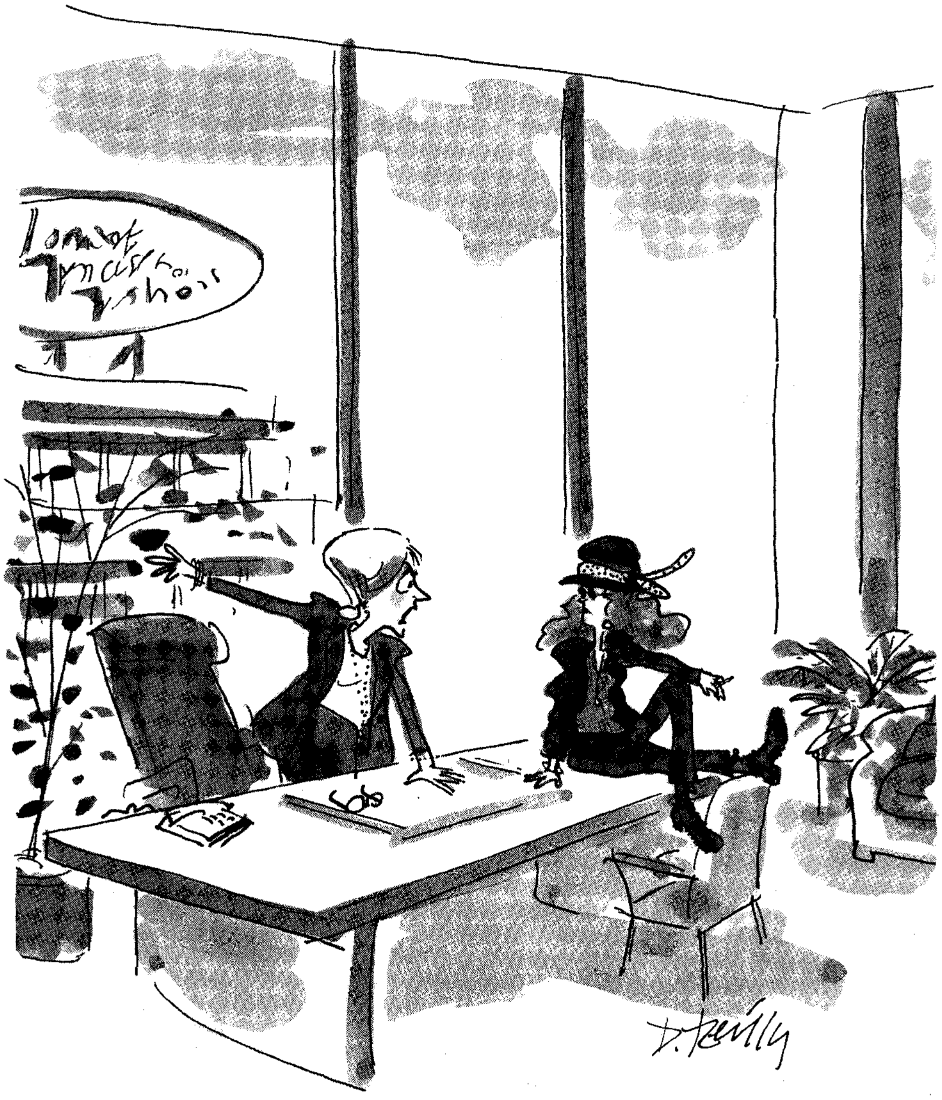
Like so many fans who have watched the Knicks over the past few years, DeBusschere does not hide his dismay at the direction that the team and the sport have taken. "I think the game has changed, and not necessarily for the better," he said. "The players get away with anything. The physical part of the game is just out of hand—all the hand-checking, the grabbing. You can't really get any movement going, because the defensive guy just grabs on tight and doesn't let go. That's taken a lot of the fluidity, the finesse, out of the game. And the trash-talking crap—it never happened when I was playing. Someone might say 'In your face!' but none of this 'Your mother's a hooker!' None of that. I blame the officials. The players are going to do what they can get away with."

Why is it that some people have such a hard time enjoying the team of the moment—the pleasure of being on top? Last week, the New York *Observer* was stuffed with fan anxiety. Warren Leight wrote that the ruder, rougher Knicks of today reflect the degeneration of New York itself. Ron Rosenbaum wrote that he has grown so disgusted with the entire enterprise of fandom that he has put aside team loyalty and now roots just for a good, suspenseful game.

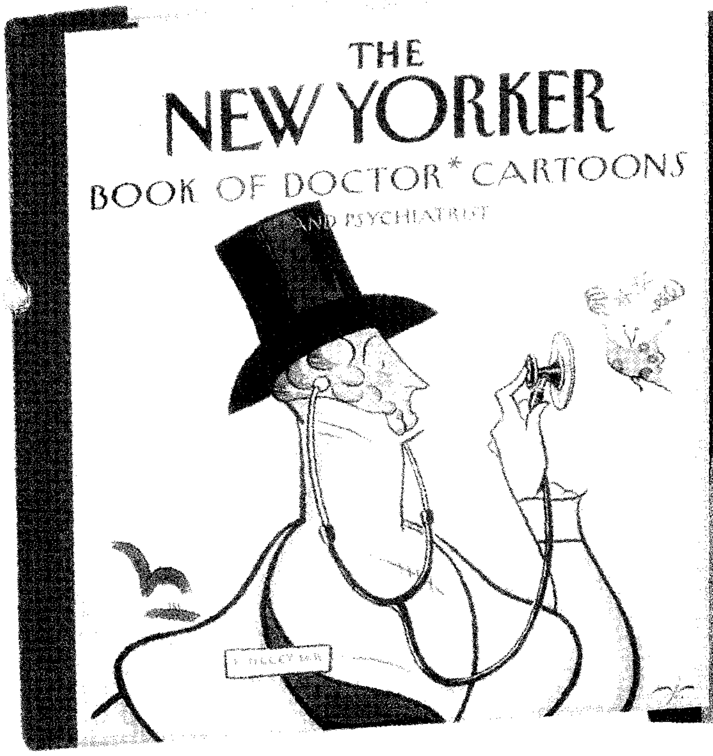
But were the old Knicks really pure Balanchine? There was a little Sonny Liston, too: DeBusschere applying sharp elbows to various ribs and maws, Willis Reed hip-checking under the backboard, and Bill Bradley, the future senator from New Jersey, grabbing the waistbands of quicker opponents, the better to slow them down. Of course, the old Knicks were brainier and more talented, but Pat Riley's have different virtues. Through sheer will—a refusal to lose—they have made it to the finals.

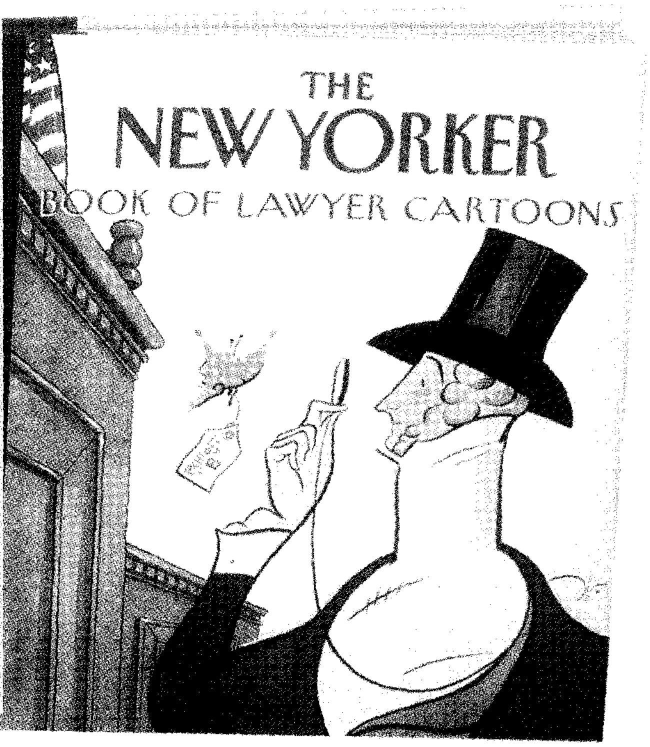
If it's elegance you wanted this spring, you didn't have to look any farther than to the Knicks' co-tenants at the Garden—the Rangers, Stanley Cup champions (we hope!) for the first time in more than a half century. Even the most ardent basketball fan, certain in his heart that hockey is a game for Manitoba mall rats, couldn't help thinking that echoes of DeBusschere, Frazier, and the rest could be found in the whirling, unselfish play of the Rangers, who have also answered the fans' need for superior talent playing at top speed. With a team spiked by a satisfyingly *newyorkais* ethnic exoticism (it had more Russians than the entire cast of "Doctor Zhivago"), the Rangers have dominated every team they've played. Even when they've lost a few games, it's seemed as if the gods were interceding to make matters temporarily fairer and more interesting.

So, children, soon your parents will be returned to you, exhilarated by the Rangers, exhausted by the Knicks, and ready to emerge from the darkness of the den into the light. Soon it will be summer. And the Yankees, at this writing, have the best record in the American League. ♦



"I scratched and fought my way up, broke glass ceilings, kicked all kinds of butt so all this would be yours someday, and now, you ungrateful little bitch, you say you're not interested?"





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IN THE MAIL

SHALL WE OVERCOME?

I read with much interest Marie Brenner's article on Judge Constance Baker Motley (Annals of Law, May 16th)—particularly the passages about her encounter and her frustration with the Indiana law students. Judge Motley asked, "Don't those students realize that they would not even be at Indiana if it weren't for Thurgood Marshall and the Brown decision?" Sad as it may be, the answer is no.

I hope that Judge Motley and others of the civil-rights generation realize the impact they can have by developing solid answers to questions such as those posed by the Indiana students. Once laws had been enacted to alleviate racial disparities, too few of us saw the need for a strong follow-up. Basically, we failed to educate one another, and the Indiana students' questions are an unfortunate product of that failure. What we have not done in the past twenty-five years must be done now.

JOHN SIMS
Tyler, Texas

Where would the Indiana students have learned the scope, the significance, and the heroism of the legal battles of the civil-rights movement of the nineteen-sixties? Are today's students expected to acquire this knowledge simply by osmosis, because it was so rending for the generation that lived through it?

This generation of college students has no choice but to take for granted its right of access to law schools across the nation. But the story of Judge Motley's extraordinary career, and of the careers of countless other African-Americans, and their contributions to the civil-rights struggles—and, indeed, to the history of this nation—has not been part of the routine curriculum of American studies. Consequently, today's students, reaping the benefits of yesterday's victories, are reacting to the constant insult of attitudes of white superiority at these schools (however vehemently such attitudes are denied). This raises the struggle to a new level.

DAVID G. DU BOIS
President, W. E. B. Du Bois Foundation, Inc.
Amherst, Mass.

PARK DIETZ

I read Joyce Johnson's article on Dr. Park Dietz ("Witness for the Prosecution," May 16th) with avid interest, since I am a psychiatrist and do some forensic work. I found the article to be very disquieting. If the description of Dr. Dietz as it is presented by Ms. Johnson is accurate, then Dr. Dietz, in spite of his apparent brilliance, seems to harbor intense anger, which he has sublimated and displaced into his work. He uses the "legal definition" of insanity, which in essence says that premeditation alone is equivalent to "sanity"—and that, of course, is nonsense. If, then, Ms. Johnson's depiction of Dr. Dietz is true, I am, frankly, ashamed that this person is a member of my profession and is causing further harm and suffering to sick, psychotic people. No wonder Dr. Dietz does not want to treat patients. If he did treat them, he would have to empathize with humanity, and he doesn't appear to have the capacity for that.

DAVID A. RESKOF, M.D.
Shrewsbury, N.J.

Your article on Park Dietz states that "Dr. Dietz plays with the idea of eliminating the insanity defense." The article does not make clear why Dr. Dietz would not take this idea seriously. In cases where the defendant is accused of injuring someone else, the alternative to convicting people only if they knew that what they did was wrong is to convict people if what they did was wrong and illegal and was not an accident. In such a system, the law in these cases would rest not on a theory of criminal intent but on a theory of accidents, defining which classes of actions and situations are accidents and which are not. Such a system not only is conceivable but also compares favorably with the current system in one respect. The current system of justice, based on a theory of criminal intent, results in milder punishments for murderers who show no awareness of the wrongness of what they have done, and harsher punishments for murderers who behave as if they did know that what they did was wrong. Yet it is the individuals who show no aversion to killing other people whom society most needs to be rid of.

FRANCIS L. NEWTON, JR.
Fayetteville, N.C.

Having been a psychiatric criminologist a few years longer than Park Dietz, I, like Karl Menninger, have concluded that the whole concept of the insanity defense is anachronistic—at best unscientific, and at worst more than a bit insane itself. In cases like those of Jeffrey Dahmer and Joel Rifkin, the state should ask the jury, and itself, three questions: Did they do it? (Sure.) What is the best disposition of them to protect society? (Put them away for a long, long time.) Is there anything we can do to help defendants like these? (Provide adequate treatment for them if they are treatable, with the understanding that remission of illness does not lead to release from incarceration.)

JAMES M. A. WEISS, M.D.
Emeritus Professor of Psychiatry
University of Missouri
Columbia, Mo.

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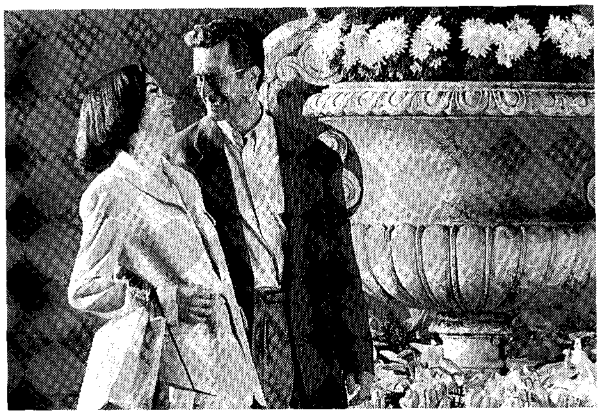

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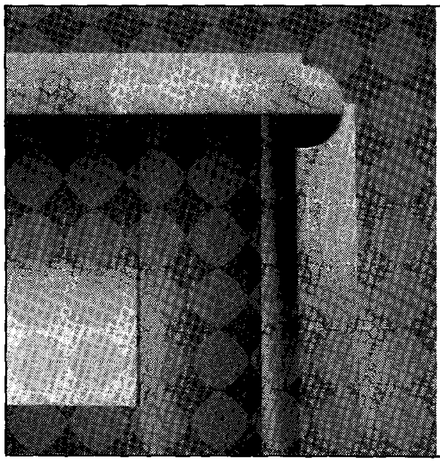

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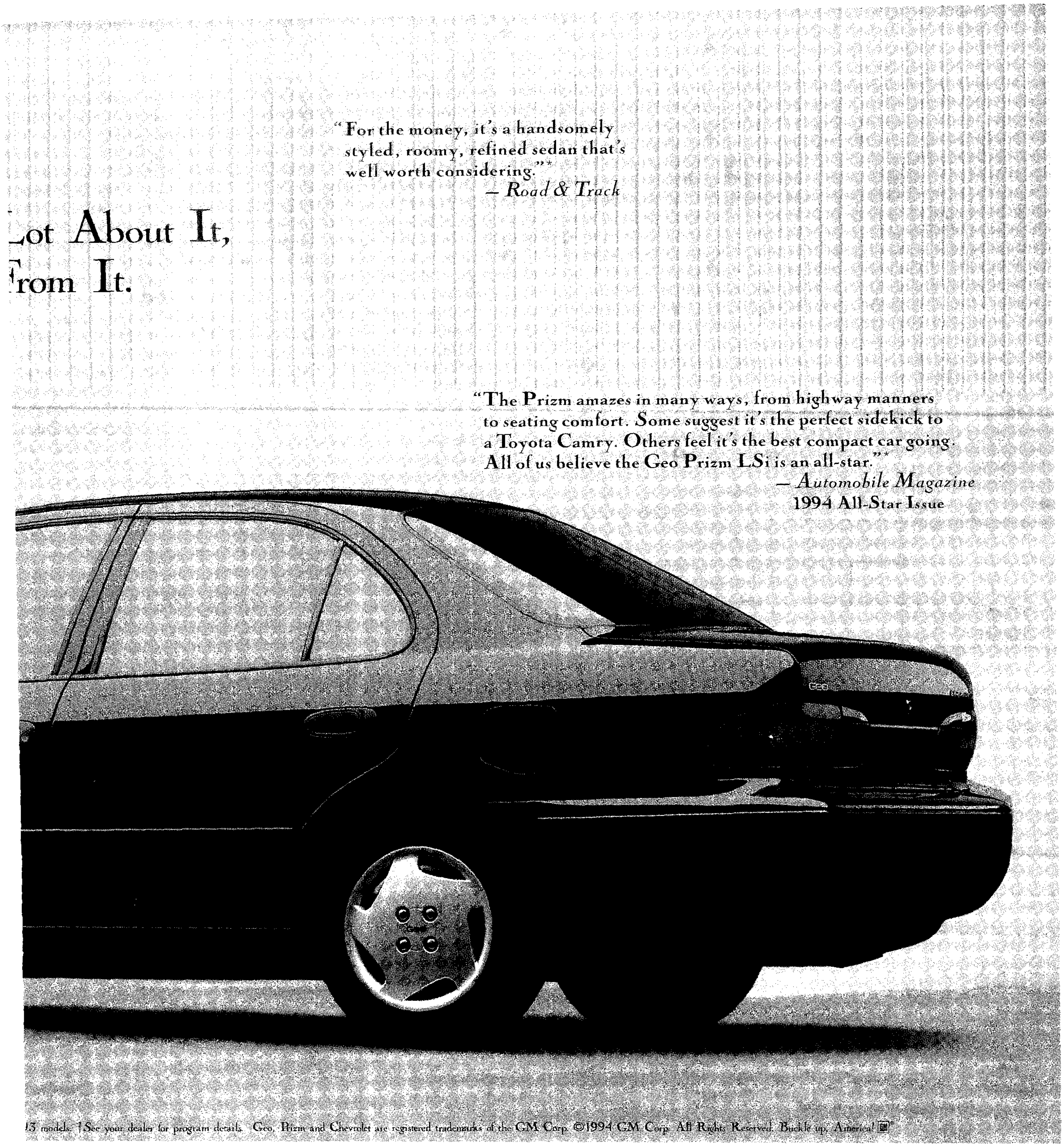

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THE THEATRE

Fine Vintage

ANYONE for whom the name Jerry Herman conjures up Broadway razzle-dazzle ("Hello, Dolly!," "Mame," "La Cage aux Folles") may be startled on walking into the basement theatre at 307 West 26th Street to see the stark stone-wall set of the American Jewish Theatre's production of "Milk and Honey," Herman's 1961 show. But the spareness turns out to enhance the play. Freed of visual distraction, this story of an older man and a widow who meet on a trip to Israel rises or falls on the merits of its music and lyrics. Mostly, it rises. Herman's patented tunefulness, which in later incarnations tends to cloy and curdle, is in this instance refreshing. It's tonic to hear songs like "Shalom," "Chin Up, Ladies," and "Let's Not Waste a Moment" in their intended setting, instead of in a dark piano bar or in an embarrassing little revue.

It's also a pleasure to hear these songs performed by absolute professionals. Richard Sabellico, the director, has been fortunate in his choice of actresses. Jeanne Lehman makes a poised, affecting widow and Lori Wilner, as a pregnant newlywed, also contributes a memorably fussy characterization. Perhaps the greatest measure of Mr. Sabellico's acumen is that even the oh-so-stock Jewish mother, played by Chevi Colton, seems inspired: like Mr. Herman, she can be a kibbitzer extraordinaire.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

The Family of Mann—A dark comedy by Theresa Rebeck about sitcom writers. Directed by Pamela Berlin. In previews. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

Hedda Gabler—Kelly McGillis is in the title role of Henrik Ibsen's 1890 psychological thriller. Directed by Sarah Pia Anderson. In previews. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

Theatre for the New City—"Wrath of Kali," a feminist satire, developed by Mabou Mines. Opens June 16 at 8. . . . ¶ "Live! From the Betty Ford Clinic," a musical satire, written by, and starring, Michael West. Opens June 16 at 10:30. (155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109.)

The Naked Truth—Paul Rudnick's new comedy. Preview on June 15. Opens June 16 at 8. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

Sanctifying Grace—Colin Quinn's comedy about the Brooklyn Irish during the nineteen-seventies. Directed by Robert Moresco. Previews on June 15-17. Opens June 18 at 7:30. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21				

OPENED RECENTLY

All in the Timing—Six sparkling short plays by David Ives add up to one enchanted evening. Ives and the deft director, Jason McConnell Buzas, are wonderfully served by their actors, especially Robert Stanton and Nancy Opel. Wendy Lawless, Ted Neustadt, and Michael Countryman do their part to keep the proceedings cruising along at top speed. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's Broadway money-spinner, adapted from the animated-film version, has a few moments of solid-gold theatrical amazement: the showstopping "Be Our Guest" production number and the Beast's transformation into the Prince at the finale. Directed by Robert Jess Roth. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/2/94.) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100.)

Blown Sideways Through Life—In her sixty-fifth job, Claudia Shear charmingly and observantly tells us about her previous sixty-four, which have ranged from working in a hardware store to being a "phone girl" at a whorehouse, with a stint as a Bloomingdale's cosmetics salesgirl thrown in. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2285. The show will take a brief hiatus from June 17 to June 22.)

Box Office of the Damned!—A musical about the drama of working in a theatre box office. Written by Michael James Ogborn; directed by Barry McNabb. (Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210.)

Broken Glass—Arthur Miller has found a metaphor for the cycle of blame that seems to have stalemated modern life: the hysterical paralysis of a devoted wife. This short, discursive, but compelling play features strong performances by Amy Irving, Ron Rifkin, David Dukes, and George N. Martin. John Tillinger directed. (5/9/94) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Carousel—Nicholas Hytner's authoritative direction combines with Bob Crowley's inspired sets to transplant the National Theatre's 1993 smash hit onto the Vivian Beaumont stage. Bold, beautiful, and controversial, this multicultural reinterpretation launches Rodgers and Hammerstein toward the twenty-first century. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Damn Yankees—The big musical hit of 1955 is back, in its first Broadway revival, with Victor Garber as the Devil and Bebe Neuwirth as Lola. George Abbott and Douglass Wallop's book has been jarringly updated by the director, Jack O'Brien (with the help of the hundred-and-six-year-old Mr. Abbott). The result is a vehicle that swerves between fifties stodginess and nineties cynicism. But the cast delivers Richard Adler and Jerry Ross's music with sporty energy, and Rob Marshall has created some lively dance numbers. (4/4/94) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

Family Secrets—Sherry Glaser is the sole, physically adept, very funny performer in this comedy about a Jewish family, which she wrote with Greg Howells. (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

Four Dogs and a Bone—The "bone" of John Patrick Shanley's satiric comedy is a movie, and the "four dogs" are its producer, writer, and two actresses, who together make the funniest foursome in town. (11/15/93) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

Gray's Anatomy—A return engagement of Spalding Gray's autobiographical monologue. Directed by Renée Shafransky. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes June 27.)

Grease!—The talented cast and the inventive production team show off the gleeful phonyness of Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey's musical with unembarrassed affection, and the result is a fun fake that's not trying to pass as the real thing. Rosie O'Donnell is very likable as the tough-talking Rizzo, and Billy Porter blows the lid off the joint with his Little Richard-like rendition of "Beauty School Dropout." The set, a riot of Day-Glo colors, is by John Arnone, and the lighting and the witty costumes are by Howell Binkley and Willa Kim, respectively. Jeff Calhoun directed and choreographed. (5/30/94) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Hollywood Hustle—A one-man show by former TV executive Jeremiah Bosgang. (SoHo Rep, 46 Walker St. 334-0962. Closes June 26.)

Hysterical Blindness and Other Southern Tragedies That Have Plagued My Life Thus Far—An autobiographical musical-comedy revue written by, and starring, Leslie Jordan. It's a tale of growing up Tennessean, thespian, and gay. Joe Patrick Ward's energetic musical numbers run the gamut from corn to gospel. Directed by Carolyne Barry. (Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555.)

An Inspector Calls—J. B. Priestley's 1945 mystery is not really a play—it's a speech, about every man's link to every other man. The fine cast, which includes Kenneth Cranham, Philip Bosco, and Jane Adams, has ideas, not actions, to play. Directed by Stephen Daldry. (5/16/94) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—A former rabbi from a family of rabbis, Mason uses the stage as his bully pulpit. Behind his shtick, which is sometimes vulgar but always funny, is a fundamentalist disgust at the world's fraud, wickedness, hypocrisy, and inhumanity. (4/25/94) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Kindertransport—Dana Ivey stars in Diane Samuels' moving play about a woman who was among the ten thousand children evacuated from Europe and brought to England on the eve of the Second World War. As the play moves back and forth between the present and the past, the costs of survival and of denial become painfully clear. Patricia Kilgarriff brings spine and spark to the role of the English housewife who takes in the young refugee. Directed by Abigail Morris. (6/6/94) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Closes June 30.)

Laughter on the 23rd Floor—Neil Simon's twenty-seventh Broadway play, about a group of writers for a fictionalized version of "Your Show of Shows," is one of his finest comic efforts. Directed by Jerry Zaks, with Mark Linn-Baker, Lewis J. Stadlen, Nathan Lane, Ron Orbach, John Slattery, and J. K. Simmons. (12/20/93) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

Man Is Man—The Independent Theatre Company's first-rate production of Bertolt Brecht's play. Directed by Michelle Gigante. (House of Candles Theatre, 99 Stanton St. 353-3088. Closes June 25.)

Marie Antoinette—A chronicle of the eighteenth-century monarch. Written by Conrad Bishop and Elizabeth Fuller. Presented by Jean Cocteau Repertory and the Independent Eye. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bouwerie, at Bond St. 677-0060. Closes June 19.)

Medea—Diana Rigg gives a magnetic performance in this production of Euripides' tragedy, an import from London's Almeida Theatre, under the direction of Jonathan Kent. There's a thrilling electrical charge whenever Rigg is onstage, and grief and horror are also conveyed by Peter J. Davison's powerful, dramatic set. With Tim Oliver Woodward as Jason, Janet Henfrey, John Turner, and Donald Douglas. (4/25/94) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Closes June 26.)

Merrily We Roll Along—The York Theatre Company's production of the Stephen Sondheim–George Furth musical has three new Sondheim songs and a revised book. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 534-5366.)

Milk and Honey—A revised version of Jerry Herman's 1961 musical. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 644-9797. Closes June 26.)

Movieland—In Everett Quinton's latest outing, Mr. Q. plays a character called Ruby Stevens (attention, non-campers: that's Barbara Stanwyck's real name), who frenetically acts out parts in half a dozen old movies, including "The Spiral Staircase," "The Ten Commandments," and "Madame X" ("the blondest movie ever made"). (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

My Life as a Christian—Jaffe Cohen's autobiographical play about a Jewish boy's coming-of-age in the seventies. (Courtyard Theatre, 39 Grove St. 779-8447.)

Passion—Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine's listless epistolary musical, in which the main characters spend much of their time singing love letters to and from each other. Jere Shere and Marin Mazzie are in fine voice as a dashing soldier and his lover, and Donna Murphy gives a stunning performance as Fosca, the predatory heroine. But much is verbalized and little is said—the words have no proper purchase on the audience's imagination—and there is an absence of pulse in Sondheim's workmanlike score. Lapine, who wrote the libretto, directed. (5/23/94) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Prince and the Pauper—A musical adaptation of Mark Twain's novel, written, composed, and directed by Elizabeth Swados. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Closes July 3.)

Sally Marr . . . and her escorts—Joan Rivers stars in a play about the mother of Lenny Bruce. Written by Ms. Rivers, Erin Sanders, and Lonny Price. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100.)

She Loves Me—The Roundabout's production of the 1963 Bock-Harnick-Masteroff musical. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

Simply Cole Porter—A show combining familiar tunes and pieces written for movies that never made it to the screen. Starring Deborah Ausemus and J. Kent Barnhart; directed by Francis J. Cullinan. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 779-9777.)

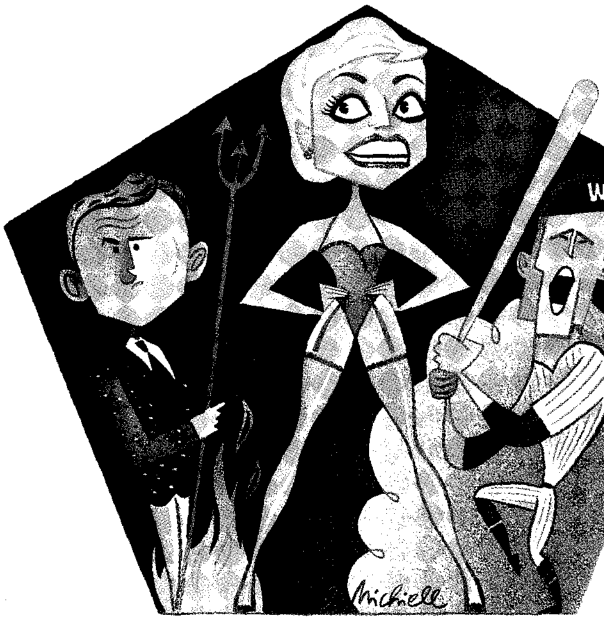
Stomp—A group of eight British rhythm specialists who use unconventional percussion instruments. The noise is terrific. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

subUrbia—A new play by Eric Bogosian, with Tim Guinee, Josh Hamilton, Martha Plimpton, and Steve Zahn. Directed by Robert Falls. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

That's Life!—A musical revue about modern Jewish life. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

Theatre for the New City—"Out of the Blue," Richard Hoehler's look at working-class America. Closes June 26. . . . ¶ "Bob Loves Bonnie," two one-acts by Bina Sharif. Closes June 26. (155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109.)

Three Tall Women—A moving, poetic play by Edward Albee, which is dominated by the huge, heroic performance of Myra Carter. She, Jordan Baker, and the droll and delightful Marian Seldes represent three generations of women trying to sort out their pasts. Directed by Lawrence Sacharow. (5/16/94) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)



Victor Garber, Bebe Neuwirth, and Jarrod Emick in "Damn Yankees."

ROBERT DEMICHIELL

Twilight: Los Angeles, 1992—Anna Deavere Smith's one-woman show, seen earlier at the Public Theatre, is about recent turmoil in L.A. The evening brings us not just drama but news of the hidden life of the republic. It is a luminous enterprise. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Waiting at the Water's Edge—The Watermark Theatre presents a work by the British playwright Lucinda Coxon. (Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. 966-9290. Closes June 19.)

LONG RUNS

angels in america: "Millennium Approaches" and "Perestroika." (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.) . . . **blood brothers:** Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **blue man group/tubes:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **cats:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **crazy for you:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **the fantasticks:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **guys and dolls:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **kiss of the spider woman:** Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **les misérables:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **miss saigon:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **nunsense:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **perfect crime:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **the phantom of the opera:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **the sisters rosensweig:** Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. . . . **tony n' tina's wedding:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **the who's tommy:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY

Reno—The comedian and writer presents "Citizen Reno." (Westbeth Theatre Center Music Hall, 151 Bank St. 741-0391. June 16 and June 18 at 10:30, and June 20-21 at 9.)

Juliana Luecking—Observations from the lesbian front. (Dixon Place, 258 Bowery, near Houston St. June 17 at 10:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—June 15 at 8: "Symphonic Dances," "Bugaku," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ June 16 at 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," Robert Schumann's "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Fearful Symmetries." . . . ¶ June 17 at 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Bugaku," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ June 18 at 2: "Danses de Cour," Robert Schumann's "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Fearful Symmetries." . . . ¶ June 18 at 8: "Mozartiana," "Barber Violin Concerto," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ June 19 at 1: "Mozartiana," "Concertino," "In the Night," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ June 19 at 7: "Viola Alone," "A Schubert Sonata," "Bugaku," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ June 21 at 8: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through June 26.)

Elizabeth Streb Ringside—A gymnastic dance company presenting, among other works, "Line" and "Bounce." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. June 15-18 and June 20-21 at 8. Through June 25.)

Janis Brenner & Dancers—The highlights of the program are the New York premières of "Ton of Led" and "Uzu Maki." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. June 15-18 at 8.)

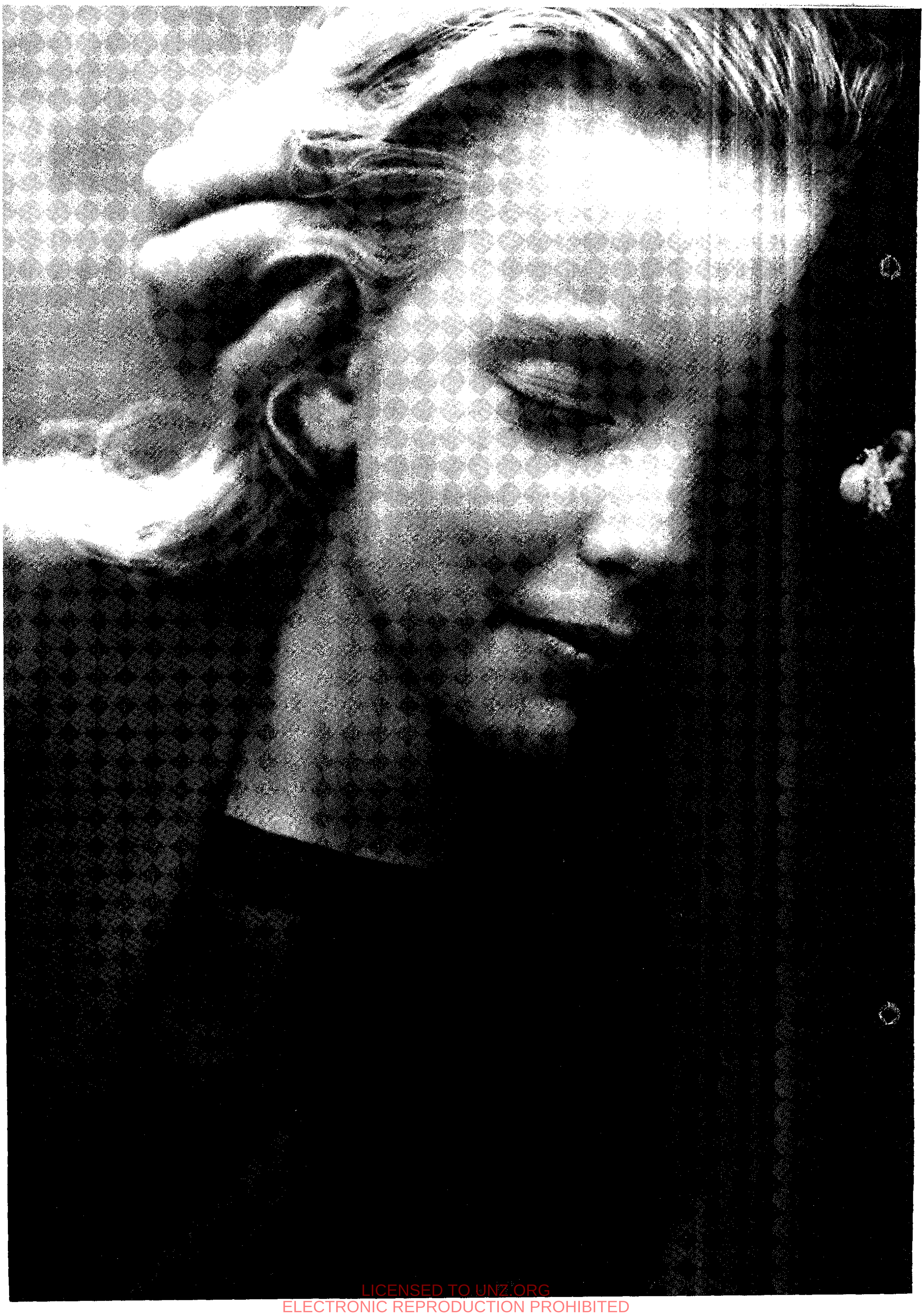
"Noche Flamenca"—A company of dancers and musicians based in Madrid. (Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. 741-0391. June 15-19 at 8.)

Pilar Rioja—The renowned flamenco dancer, presenting two New York premières and five other Spanish dances. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. June 15-16 and June 21 at 8, June 17 at noon, June 18 at 3, and June 19 at 7. Through July 17.)

Ritha Devi—A classical dancer from India. (Dalton School, 108 E. 89th St. June 18 at 7:30. For reservations, call 988-7697.)

OUT OF TOWN

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—The Trisha Brown Company. (Becket, Mass. 1-413 243-0745. June 15-18 at 8. The festival continues through Sept. 4.)



The story has changed somewhat

over the years as older generations of the family tell it to newer ones. But somehow no one ever gets too tired to tell it, or too bored to listen. In the end, it isn't so much that we're in the story; but that the story is in us.

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NIGHT LIFE

Byrne It Up

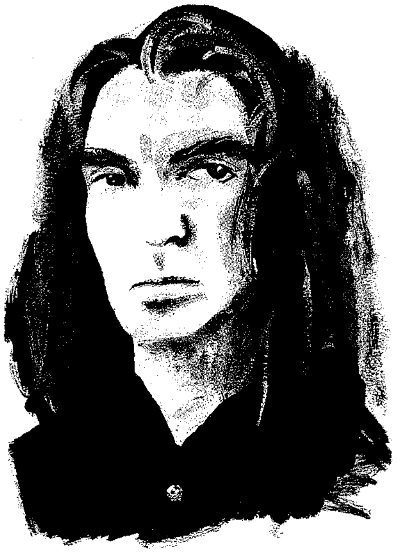
For a pop star whose appearance and songs ("Psycho Killer") once invited comparisons to Norman Bates, David Byrne is looking pretty suave these days. Byrne's new image—with his long, dark locks, he resembles a brunet Daryl Hall—blends perfectly with his new record, "David Byrne," which is his most playful and uncomplicated work since Talking Heads released "More Songs About Buildings and Food," in 1978. "Angels," the album's first single, opens with a big sexy guitar flourish that segues into a funky rave-up about redemption and emancipation. It's a jubilant, percussive ride, and it sounds like a hit. But beneath the shiny surface, Byrne is still preoccupied with the dark side of modern pleasure. "There's a richness to sadness that's missing from happiness," he said recently. "Anybody can be happy."

If Byrne is not happy, at least his new record is blissfully free of the conquistador ambition that hobbled his previous solo efforts. (He hired Latin musicians to add spice to his 1989 venture, "Rei Momo," and to "Uh-Oh" in 1992, but the results sometimes seemed like pepper on a rubber chicken.) Last year, Byrne gave world music a rest and did a surprise solo gig at his old haunt, CBGB, armed with a guitar and a drum machine. The skeletal arrangements complemented the new songs, setting off their strengths and their subtleties—it was a revelation. On June 15 and 16, Byrne will perform the same material, this time with an exuberantly loud four-piece rock band, at the plush and tony Supper Club (240 West 47th Street). It's an intimate venue, and a rare opportunity to catch this swinging former geek up close.

CONCERTS

Barbra Streisand—The colossal, the enormous, the huge, the mammoth, the monumental, the prodigious, the stupendous Barbra lands on the top of the heap in her home town. With Marvin Hamlisch conducting a sixty-four-piece orchestra. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. June 20 at 8. Through June 30.)

Soundgarden—The second-greatest remaining Seattle band sounds like a seventies-obsessed hard-rock act, but this quartet does its grandiose retro thing with textural daring and a jaded, angry intensity that makes it all seem very contemporary. The group's new album (and commercial breakthrough), "Superunknown," teems with trippy, Beatle-esque sounds, but, more than anything else, it's the verve and sophistication of their Led Zep riffs that carries the band over into irresistibility. Yet it wouldn't be fair to peg Soundgarden as derivative. The band has an unmistakable sonic signature that combines metallic heaviness and an elegant litheness, and Chris Cornell provides sinister and knowing vocal drama. With Tad and Eleven. (New York State Armory, 68 Lexington Ave., at 25th St. June 16-17 at 8.)



David Byrne at the Supper Club.

EINAT PELED

Depeche Mode—A band whose success rests largely on the grand, machine-driven scores of songwriter Martin Gore and the Gothic production methods of various producers, Depeche Mode is a perfect studio unit. Its problem in live performances is that the wide-open sprawl of an arena stage requires a little more hip-shaking energy than the band's music delivers. Lead singer David Gahan does his best to pump some cheery, wiggling life into the proceedings, but these are not songs to dance to. A cool, muted presentation may be as good as it's going to get. With Primal Scream and Stabbing Westward. (Jones Beach Theatre, 1-516 221-1000. June 17 at 8.)

Tori Amos—Amos is a minister's daughter, whose fervent, confessional 1992 album, "Little Earthquakes," set the stage for this year's "Under the Pink." The singer and pianist delivers a self-dramatizing, sexually confrontational performance that audiences seem to find hypnotic. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. June 15-16 at 8.)

Paddy Reilly—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. June 17 at 8.

Najma Akhtar—The Pakistani singer, with Church of Betty. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. June 17 at 8.)

Jimmie Vaughan / Lou Ann Barton—Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. June 18 at 3.

Fania Allstars—Featuring twenty performers, including Celia Cruz and Johnny Pacheco. (Madison Square Garden. June 18 at 8.)

Mary Black—With Sharon Shannon. (Beacon Theatre. June 18 at 8.)

Jorge Ben Jor / Simone Moreno—An afternoon of Afro-Brazilian funk. (Central Park SummerStage. June 19 at 3.)

Whitney Houston—Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 794-9300. June 19 at 8.

CLUBS

Academy, 234 W. 43rd St.—On June 15, be sure to catch the **proclaimers**, a duo of Scottish twins who look and sound something like a Celtic Buddy Holly squared. After developing a cult following for their burr-infused guitar pop, Charlie and Craig Reid, of Edinburgh, finally had their first American hit last year, when "I'm Gonna Be (500 Miles)," a single they originally released in the late eighties, was featured on the "Benny & Joon" soundtrack. The Proclaimers' current album, "Hit the Highway," ranks with their best work, offsetting bright, soulful rockers with endearingly wistful ballads. With guest **toshi reagon**. For concert information, call 249-8870.

A.K.A., 77 W. Houston St., at Wooster St. (673-7325)—Jazz, hip-hop, and world beat meet in this small, velvet-draped club. **gotham** appears on June 16.

Blarney Star, 43 Murray St. (732-2873)—June 17: Irish flute and guitar with Galway native **jack coen** and his son Jimmy.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Decent sight lines, great greasy food, prodigiously talented waitresses, and a consistent roster of high-quality acts. The **nitty gritty dirt band** is in on June 15. On June 17, check out **nrbq**. Guitarist Al Anderson's recent departure represents the loss of a beautiful voice and a fearsome instrumental presence. Al's replacement, Johnny Spampinato (who is bassist Joey Spampinato's younger brother), has a hard act to follow. **dave alvin** and **darden smith** arrive on June 18. Alvin's songwriting and guitarwork lent fire and grit to the Blasters' early-eighties albums; his brother Phil fronted that band, and when it broke up, there were those who wondered how ol' Dave would do on his own. Happily, after a brief stint with X, the axe-wielding Alvin proved himself a worthy solo artist, with an ear for killer pop hooks and a voice that compensates for lack of polish with a coarse, raspy authority.

Café Sin-é, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—The **saw doctors**, one of Ireland's best-loved bands, will light up this small peach-walled storefront (around midnight) on June 20.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll always sounds best in a dump, which may be why this legendary club is still thriving. **carbon** is here on June 16. . . . ¶ The club is now flanked by a bar and performance space called CB's Gallery. June 16: The **shams**. The **humphries** entertain on June 18.

Duplex, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. (255-5438)—Everyone is a star here—the pianist, the bartender, the waiters, and the audience. The **lady bunny** continues her extended run.

Grand, 76 E. 13th St. (777-0600)—A serious room for serious rockers. **gin mill** offers alternative pop on June 18, with guests Thwig and Crisis. Monday nights, the Grand hosts Soul Kitchen, an evening of seventies R. & B. for devotees of Don Cornelius.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—The great Irish party band **black 47** swings over from Paddy Reilly's on June 17. **from good homes** rocks the house on June 18, with winning support from the fledgling local band **valentine smith**. On June 20 and 21, catch **lypsinka** and **karen finley**, respectively, as the club's weeklong celebration of Stonewall kicks off. . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday night, at the Continental Club. The dancers all share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

Limelight, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—**tad** rolls in on June 19. While other nostalgia acts soberly regurgitate seventies-style traditions, from power rock to punk, the goofballs in Tad revel cheekily in all the self-important excesses of that curious decade. The result is noisy, bloated, and blissfully unpretentious. Wednesday night: Disco 2000.

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—The Upper East Side Blues. **clarence (gatemouth) brown** stops by on June 16, followed by **billy c. farlow** on June 18.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—June 16: Second-generation folk-rocker **jeff buckley**. **frente!** is here on June 17. Frente! is an Australian outfit offering spare acoustic arrangements and a baby-voiced female singer—features that never fail to make critics purr. The band seems poised for some pop success, too, having recently entered the charts with a canny enough cover of New Order's "Bizarre Love Triangle." The **story** spins its lyrical folk songs on June 21.

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—On June 15, catch **FRANK BLACK,** who as Black Frances fronted the delightfully raw, twisted postmodern pop band the Pixies. The singer's new solo album, "Teenager of the Year," is, like its predecessor, "Frank Black" (1992), a demented-sounding but melodic affair, with the aggressively spare arrangements one would expect from a Pixies alum. **LUSH** is in on June 16. **LUSCIOUS JACKSON** plays on June 17. Jackson is a decidedly New Yawk group of women whose ebullient blend of hip-hop and bluesy pop makes it impossible to pigeonhole them as either a girl group or a grrl group. "In Search of Many," their début EP on the Beastie Boys' Grand Royal label, earned rave reviews last year; a full album, due in August, promises to follow suit. All you really need to know is that Deborah Harry is a fan. June 18: Another area gig by **FRENTE!** Downtown oddity **ELLIOT SHARP** drops by on June 19.

RADIO WEST 43RD STREET

The heavy-rotation playlist on our own hit parade.

NIGHT IN MY VEINS (The Pretenders, "Last of the Independents").

(I'M A) SMART DRUG (The Blue Aeroplanes, "Life Model").

FALL DOWN (Toad the Wet Sprocket, "Dulcinea").

BUCK NAKED (David Byrne, "David Byrne").

HILLBILLY HULA GAL (Junior Brown, "12 Shades of Brown").

THE RAINBOW DOWN THE ROAD (Radney Foster and Patty Loveless, "Maverick" soundtrack).

ALL THAT HEAVEN WILL ALLOW (The Mavericks, "What a Crying Shame").

LET THE PICTURE PAINT ITSELF (Rodney Crowell, "Let the Picture Paint Itself").

TEASE ME (Chaka Demas & Pliers, "All She Wrote").

BIZARRE LOVE TRIANGLE (Frente!, "Marvin the Album").

SELLING THE DRAMA (Live, "Throwing Copper").

SULLIVAN STREET (Counting Crows, "August and Everything After").

POSSESSION (Sarah McLachlan, "Fumbling Towards Ecstasy").

WHERE IT ALL BEGINS (Allman Brothers Band, "Where It All Begins").

BRIDGES (The Blood Oranges, "The Crying Tree").

MY DARK STAR (The London Suede, "Stay Together").

FIVE BLOCKS TO THE SUBWAY (Biohazard, "State of the World Address").

Paddy Reilly's Music Bar, 495 Second Ave., at 28th St. (686-1210)—**BLACK 47** usually plays on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and Speir Mor (Gaelic for Big Sky) performs for a hearty following on Fridays. June 16: Irish fiddler **EILEEN IVERS.**

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif, dedicated to calypso, reggae, and bossa nova. R. & B. crooners **GERALD ALBRIGHT** and **LALAH HATHAWAY** begin a three-night engagement on June 21. Closed Sundays. Dining.

Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940)—**DAVID BYRNE** takes over this gilt and lamé club on June 15-16.

Thread Waxing Space, 476 Broadway. (966-9520)—**JOHN CALE** is here June 15-17. The Velvet Underground's co-founder will open the club's Spring Music Festival, which runs into early summer (through June 26), with "Memory Broadcast Network." Conceived by Cale, this primarily spoken-word piece features excerpts from the works of Tennessee Williams, Dylan Thomas, Lynne Tillman, and others, with incidental music by the composer. Jerome Sirlin, who also worked with Cale on "Songs for Drella," designed the set. On June 18, the London-based ambient house-music collective **LOOP GURU** makes its first New York appearance, with Sussan Deyhim providing vocals.

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Ireland's **SAW DOCTORS** are here June 15-17. On June 18, **MILO Z** does his retro-funk thing, with guests 1st Born 7. . . . ¶ Next door, at Tramps café, rockabilly star **ROBERT GORDON** swings by on June 18.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—The honey-voiced female folk duo the **STORY** is here on June 20, with guest **DANIEL CARTIER,** another mellifluous singer.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—This week, through June 19, the elegant and engaging **MARY CLEERE HARAN** is on hand, fresh from her triumphant run at the Rainbow Room. Haran stars in "The Vicious Cycle Revisited," a new revue that's part of the ongoing celebration of the Algonquin Round Table's seventy-fifth anniversary. Performing alongside her are actor-singer **SYDNEY SYMINGTON** and singer-pianist **RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT.** On June 21, singer **BETTY JOHNSON** begins a two-week engagement. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—Jazz singer **NANCY MARANO** and accordionist/vocalist **EDDIE MONTEIRO** are here through June 16. On June 17, the profoundly obnoxious comedienne **JUDY TENUTA** begins a one-week engagement. Cabaret legend **BLOSSOM DEARIE** presents an early show (6:30) on Fridays and Saturdays. On Thursdays, the early show belongs to singer **JOHN WALLOWITCH. JUDY BARNETT** holds forth on Monday evenings.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—An airy two-tiered space with pastel walls and potted greenery. June 19: Singer **RHONDA ROSS** (Diana's daughter) leads a trio. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—June 15-19: **HORACE SILVER,** hard with his **SILVER & BRASS ENSEMBLE.** Silver, the funkiest bopper of them all, is a wonderfully bracing pianist, composer, and bandleader, who never mistook accessibility for commercial pandering. Bolstered by a brass ensemble, he can exhibit his intelligent writing for that rarest of contemporary jazz units, the medium-sized band. The **BENNY CARTER** quartet and the **ROY HARGROVE** quintet begin engagements on June 21. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Pianist **KENNY BARRON** is here through June 18, with **BEN RILEY** and **RAY DRUMMOND.** Barron turns each set into a compact lesson in eloquent, unmannered improvisation. He may be the most sympathetic accompanist working, but in a trio setting, with the spotlight turned on himself, Barron is every bit the star. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The fabulous **BOBBY SHORT** continues through late June. Time has not diminished the tasteful virtuosity of Short's ivory-tickling; nor has it deflated his gregarious wit as a singer and showman. Now in his twenty-seventh year at the Carlyle, Short continues to give the royal treatment to gems by Ellington, Arlen, Gershwin, Berlin, and, of course, Cole Porter. A de-lightful, de-lovely evening, and a quintessentially New York experience. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano.

The Cooler, 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785)—Deep in the heart of the meat district, an authentic old locker has been converted into a comfortable, banquette-lined paradise. June 17-18: **OLIVER LAKE** pays tribute to sax great Eric Dolphy. Guitar guru **MARC RIBOT** and pianist **ANTHONY COLEMAN** are your hosts every Monday night in June.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—**JIMMY WITHERSPOON** continues through June 19. Health problems have taken some of the lustre off Witherspoon's mighty blues shouting, but the West Coast legend still has enough juice left in him to rock the house. Beginning June 21: the **JOE MORELLO** quartet. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

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and then his head
the French say
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NIGHT LIFE-Cont'd

FEZ, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—The **MINGUS BIG BAND** packs them in every Thursday; every Monday, **GUITARS PLAY MINGUS.** Dining.

FIVE SPOT, 4 W. 31st St. (631-0100)—A mammoth turn-of-the-century ballroom. June 17-18: The **GEOFFREY MC CABE** quartet. Dining.

IRIDIUM, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—June 15-18: The **TED NASH** quartet. Nash is a product of the Vanguard Orchestra, that longtime seedbed for vigorous and resourceful saxophonists. In the company of his own band, Nash, an intense and unpretentious swinger, can stretch out.

JUDYS', 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—On June 21, **SHAKE, WILDER, AND YOUNG,** a vocal trio whose material is in the scat-happy tradition of Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross. Closed Sundays.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, and a piano. **STEVE KUHN** and **DAVID FINCK** are in on June 15-18.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—The club is currently in the midst of its annual "What Is Jazz?" festival. The jazz you'll find here is unlike anything at Lincoln Center: it's noisy, aggressive, atonal, and not for the faint of heart. June 14: **TIM BERNE'S BLOODCOUNT.** June 15: **BOBBY PREVITE.** June 16: **JOEY BARON'S BARRON DOWN, HAMMIET BLUIETT,** and **MICHAEL CARVIN.** June 18: The **JOE LOVANO** sextet. June 20: The **MARTY EHRLICH** quartet, **SPANISH FLY,** and the **NEW KLEZMER TRIO.**

LE MADELEINE, 403 W. 43rd St. (246-2993)—Every Sunday evening, guitar great **GENE BERTONCINI** lights up this cozy Hell's Kitchen bistro with his simmering melodicism and chordal grace.

METRONOME, 915 Broadway at 21st St. (505-7400)—In the shadow of the Flatiron Building, a cavernous, dimly lit restaurant that features live music every weekend. June 17-18: Jazz vocalist and pianist **DENA DE ROSE.**

METROPOLIS, 31 Union Square W. (675-2300)—The basement of this swank café is now hosting a series of high-profile gigs. **DAVE FRISHBERG** performs June 17-19. If Frishberg didn't write and sing such clever songs, perhaps he'd be more renowned for his equally canny piano work. Of course, then we wouldn't have "My Attorney Bernie" or "Peel Me a Grape" or the immortal "Van Lingle Mungo," a paean to sports consisting solely of baseball players' names. Between quips, Frishberg slips in the sly, offhand runs that endeared him to mainstream masters like Bobby Hackett and Zoot Sims in the early sixties. On Tuesday nights, the **CHARLI PERSIP BIG BAND** performs.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—On Mondays, Woody Allen continues his night job as clarinet player in the **NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL AND RAGTIME ORCHESTRA,** a Dixieland-jazz ensemble. On other nights, be sure to catch **VERNEL BAGNERIS,** whose tribute to Jelly Roll Morton is a treat. There may be a tad too much talk in Bagneris's act, but he's a captivating performer. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—Apple-cheeked soprano **MAUREEN MC GOVERN** is here through June 18. Her Rainbow program is titled "Sing! Sing! Sing! . . . The Songs of World War II," and in it McGovern—the daughter of an Air Force pilot who flew over Normandy, and a longtime fan of swing-era music—puts forth such classics as "I'll Be Seeing You," "Take the 'A' Train," and "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy." Accompanying her are pianist Lee Musiker, bassist Jay Leonhart, drummer Allen Schartzberg, and reed instrumentalist Lou Marini. **LESLEY GORE** begins a run on June 21. Closed Mondays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Fridays belong to Lew Anderson's big band and Sam Ulano and his Bourbon Street Swingers and Saturdays feature Bob Cantwell and his Stompers. Every Thursday, Phoebe Légère and Stan Rubin and his big band provide the entertainment.

RUSSIAN TEA ROOM, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Upstairs, there's a small red, gold, and green cabaret. **PETER DUCHIN & FRIENDS** are here on June 19. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A jazz outpost where the musicians are always top-shelf. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

TAVERN ON THE GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—**ILLINOIS JACQUET** is in the midst of a one-month run. Jacquet's arrangements call to mind the rough-and-tumble charm of Count Basie and Lionel Hampton, both of whom he apprenticed with as a young man.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The **LARRY CORYELL** quartet continues through June 19. In returning to his jazz roots, Coryell has his heart in the right place, but his obvious enthusiasm can thwart his conceptual smarts; too often, he thinks with his fingers instead of his head. Like most jazz guitarists, Coryell is at his most impressive when he calms down. Starting June 21: the **CECIL TAYLOR UNIT.** When it comes to sound and rhythm, this perennially iconoclastic pianist plays by his own rules, but the telltale scent of jazz invariably wafts by. Working with a band of like-minded adventurers, Taylor can engulf a room in sheer power. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

VISIONES, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—A tiny, low-key supper club where the jazz, like the Spanish-American cuisine, can take on a spicy, multicultural flavor.

ZANZIBAR, 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (924-9755)—June 17-18: Explosive guitarist **HIRAM BULLOCK** performs, with bassist **WILL LEE,** of the CBS Orchestra, and drummer **CHARLIE DRAYTON.**

TEDDY MCELROY

ART

School's Out

THE Whitney Museum Independent Study Program is a quietly influential art-world institution, a kind of postgraduate seedbed for nascent avant-gardes. Providing studio space for young artists, as well as seminars with established artists, critics, and art historians, the program is dedicated to an intellectually demanding meeting of the minds. At the end of each school year, the program opens its doors to the public for a perusal of the smart art generated in this forward-looking laboratory. (The studios, situated on the fourth floor at 384 Broadway, two blocks south of Canal, are open Fridays and Saturdays from noon to six, through June 25.)

Perhaps the most striking thing about the works is the complete absence of conventional painting and sculpture—installation is the thing. Even Louise Diedrich's drawings of demonic-possession-racked Linda Blair require 3-D glasses (provided by the artist) for viewing. Anyone who saw the 1993 Whitney Biennial will recognize many of the themes and formal strategies here: the politics of identity, the critique of institutions, and the aesthetics of disarray. Patrick Maunsell forces the viewer to navigate a narrow, claustrophobic corridor to reach a small, unpleasantly bright room containing information on the U.S.S. Intrepid; Alessandro Codagnone shows a video in which he jumps rope, attired in boxing shorts, a Dolly Partonesque blond wig, and high heels; and Michael Minelli, in perhaps the most bluntly amusing installation, has created a celebrity-sleaze game board outfitted with plasticine figures of, among others, Amy Fisher and a lamb-toting Jodie Foster.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Picasso and the Weeping Women: The Years of Marie-Thérèse Walter and Dora Maar." Some eighty paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints. . . . ¶ "American Impressionism and Realism: The Painting of Modern Life, 1885-1915." John Singer Sargent and Mary Cassatt are included in the first major exhibition to focus on the similarities of these turn-of-the-century schools of painting. . . . ¶ "Divine Protection: Batak Art of North Sumatra." Seventy primarily wooden works from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, ranging from a three-inch-square ritual book to puppets. . . . ¶ Twenty-seven paintings by Sidney Nolan (1917-92), an Australian who chronicled the adventures of his countryman Ned Kelly, a nineteenth-century outlaw. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Sense and Sensibility: Women Artists and Minimalism in the Nineties." Polly Apfelbaum and Andrea Zittel are among the artists represented. Opens June 16. . . . ¶ "Lee Friedlander: Letters from the People." Black-and-white photographs of signs, posters, graffiti, and other public messages.

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Opens June 16. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Oskar Kokoschka, Works on Paper: The Early Years, 1897-1917." . . . ¶ "The Tradition of the New: Post-War Masterpieces from the Guggenheim Collection." (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6, and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM SOHO, 575 Broadway—"Rolywholyover A Circus." John Cage (1912-92) took his title from Joyce's "Finnegans Wake" and used, among other things, a computerized version of the "I Ching" to create a circus. Cage said, "The basic idea is that the exhibition would change so much that if you came back a second time, you wouldn't recognize it." It includes a rotating exhibit of work by fifty artists, including Rauschenberg and Joseph Cornell; *enso* scrolls; an interactive computer installation; an object each from the permanent collections of several New York museums; and a media room with a program that is always changing. For schedule information, call 423-3836. . . . ¶ "A Year with Children" features work by local schoolchildren. Through June 22. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of more than two hundred paintings and works on paper by Joseph Stella (1877-1946), the American Futurist. . . . ¶ A lobby exhibit of Isamu Noguchi's early abstract sculptures and drawings. Through June 19. . . . ¶ "Richard Avedon: Evidence 1944-94." A retrospective that includes the photographer's early unpublished work for *Life,* fashion shots for *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue,* several signature formal portraits, and a series of pictures done in the East Louisiana State Hospital, in February, 1963. Though the show has a decidedly informal air (there's no glass over the pictures, and several are just tacked to the wall or inside aluminum frames), its momentousness is underscored by the large scale of the photographs. Through June 26. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Lila Acheson Wallace Wing of Mammals and Their Extinct Relatives has opened. The museum's extensive collection of mammalian fossils has been organized according to evolutionary history, beginning three hundred million years ago. Seven murals by Charles R. Knight, three of which have been recently restored, flesh out the bones, providing full-color pictures of how some prehistoric creatures might have looked. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Louise Bourgeois: The Locus of Memory, Works 1982-1993." An expanded version of the sculptor's 1993 Venice Biennale exhibit, with some twenty-five works made from Carrara marble, rubber, wood, bronze, steel, and glass. There are also thirty works on paper. Bourgeois has long been a subterranean force in contemporary art, but in the last decade her haunted and often intensely theatrical sculptural investigations of memory, dread, and desire have become key works in the current artistic climate. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

ALTERNATIVE MUSEUM, 594 Broadway—Sam Wiener and Evangeline Tabasco have created a wicked satire on the culture of the museum shop: in "Art Depot" the ersatz shop has almost completely taken over the museum. The "exhibit," a suite of rusty minimalist sculptures attributed to one Dixie Sterroid, has been consigned to a tiny room at the rear, while the gallery itself is stacked high with toys and useless items based on famous art works: Brancusi-like pink flamingos for the lawn, a needlepoint kit based on a Jackson Pollock painting (called a "dripstitch"), a Botero bathroom scale, a packet of dirt to start your own Earth Room. And it's all for sale. Through June 25. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

ASIA SOCIETY, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"Asia/America: Identities in Contemporary Asian-American Art." The society's first exhibit of contemporary art includes paintings, sculptures, and photographs by twenty Asian-American artists. Of note is May Sun's "Fugitive Landing," an installation with English-language books about China on one side and, on the other side, a kind of Chinese fish pond cum trellis, with wooden footpaths and video images of Sun Yat-sen. Self-portraits of Tseng Kwong Chi in a Mao Tse-tung jacket, posing in front of such American icons as the Statue of Liberty and Mickey Mouse, are startling and both funny and serious. Through June 26. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Angles of Repose: A Garden Exhibition of Central Park Benches." A selection of benches from the Park, dating back to 1858. . . . ¶ "Packaging the New: Design and the American Consumer 1925-75." A trip down short-term-memory lane, documenting the rise of industrial designers, who became indispensable to the quenching of America's thirst for new products. The pink Formica kitchen display looks like a perky old magazine advertisement come to life. The docents should look like Stepford wives. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

DIA CENTER FOR THE ARTS, 548 W. 22nd St.—Irish artist James Coleman's new project, which involves slides and audiotapes, will be shown along with the first installment of a three-part retrospective of his work. . . . ¶ Work by Katharina Fritsch and Ann Hamilton (through June 19), and by Dan Graham. (Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6. Closes for the summer on June 19.) . . . ¶ At 393 West Broadway—Walter De Maria's "The Broken Kilometer." . . . ¶ At 141 Wooster St.—De Maria's "The New York Earth Room." (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6. Closes for the summer on June 18.)

FORBES MAGAZINE GALLERIES, Fifth Ave. at 12th St.—"The Words of War: Documents of World War II from the Forbes Magazine Collection" commemorates the fiftieth anniversary of D Day. (Open Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—"The Currency of Fame: Portrait Medals of the Renaissance." Gold, silver, bronze, and lead depictions of Lorenzo de' Medici and Dürer, among others. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—"The Books of Pierre Lecuire, 1953-93." Thirty-six art books produced by the French publisher. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Treasures in Heaven: Armenian Illuminated Manuscripts." Selections include a tenth-century Gospel and items dating from the Armenian diaspora of the eighteenth century. . . . ¶ Edward Burne-Jones's illustrations for "The Fairy Family," executed from 1854 to 1856, are the earliest known surviving drawings by this Pre-Raphaelite artist. The stories about mermaids, pixies, and brownies, among other elfin folk, were written by Archibald MacLaren. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEO DEL BARRIO, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Revelaciones: The Art of Manuel Alvarez Bravo" includes more than a hundred black-and-white photographs by this Mexican artist. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 5; Thursdays, noon to 7.)

Museum for African Art, 593 Broadway—"Western Artists/African Art." An exhibit of African objects that define African art for Western artists. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—"New York Beauties: Quilts from the Empire State." For the museum's New York Quilt Project, Quilt Days were held in various counties to locate, document, and preserve quilts. Of the approximately six thousand examples obtained, twenty-two are on view, the most flamboyant of which is Elizabeth Hamilton's one-of-a-kind Teaching Quilt (1934). Animals, tools, fruits and vegetables, and the like, all in bright red, are stitched topsy-turvy on a white ground, with a boy and girl on a seesaw in the center and a border of letters and words. Elementary but pleasing. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 7:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Stickball Hall of Fame" includes a film of a stickball game, photographs from 1898 to the present, and jerseys. Opens on June 18, with exhibition matches between some old-timers and the public, an awards ceremony, and workshops, from 1 to 4. . . . ¶ "Beals' Bohemians: Photographs by Jessie Tarbox Beals." Greenwich Village during the early nineteen-hundreds as captured by America's first woman photojournalist. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Glancing Backward: Edith Wharton's New York." Paintings, drawings, sculpture, and books that detail the literary career of Edith Wharton. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—"South Africa: The Cordoned Heart." Photo-essays on the working and living conditions of black South Africans. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"The 25th Anniversary Exhibition: Selected Works from the Permanent Collection, Part II." Works on paper. Through July 3. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. The following listings lead off with new shows.)

"4 Women"—Gillie Holme, Jessica Weiss, Elizabeth Meyersohn, and Anne Connell. Opens June 16. Through July 29. (Perspective Fine Arts, 19 E. 71st St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

"Sun and Sea: American Watercolors"—Elizabeth Bishop, Arthur Dove, John Marin, and others. Opens June 16. Through July 28. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

•

Donald Lipski—An array of small wall-mounted sculptures (circa 1978-91) composed of such everyday objects as razor blades, scissors, rubber bands, and cigarettes. Over all, a mood of slightly tiresome whimsy prevails. Through July 29. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Wayne Thiebaud—A mini-retrospective of Thiebaud's paintings inaugurates the new location of this gallery, owned by Allan Stone, who gave the artist his first one-man show in New York, back in 1962. Don't expect to trace Picasso-like transformations: aside from the early expressionistic "Boy in Water" (1961), few paintings included here diverge sharply from Thiebaud's singular style. Which just leaves more room for work rendered in his luscious hybrid of Pop, realism, and abstractionism. These age-of-advertising still-lifes, fey portraits, chaotic cityscapes, and reeling landscapes are as dark and dangerous as they are tender and humorous and beautiful. Through June 30. (Stone, 113 E. 90th St.)

John Cage (1912-92)—"The First Meeting of the Satie Society," an installation and collaborative project. (A concurrent Cage show is at the Guggenheim SoHo.) Through July 3. (Sheehan, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Dan Christenson—Abstract paintings dating from 1968 to the present. Through July 1. (Drake, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Sam Francis / Judy Pfaff—Recent paintings on paper by the well-known Abstract Expressionist. / Collages, many incorporating burn marks, wax, and photocopies. Through July 15. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

René Magritte (1898-1967)—"Le Domaine Enchanté," a suite of paintings from 1953, by the Belgian Surrealist. Through July 22. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Anniversary—A show in tribute to Otto Kallir (1894-1978), who founded the gallery in 1939. Included are paintings, drawings, and prints by Oskar Kokoschka, Morris Hirshfield, and Emil Nolde. Through Sept. 2. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

On Paper—Works by Lee Krasner, Alfonso Ossorio, Jackson Pollock, and Anne Ryan, on handmade paper by Douglass Morse Howell. Through July 22. (Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

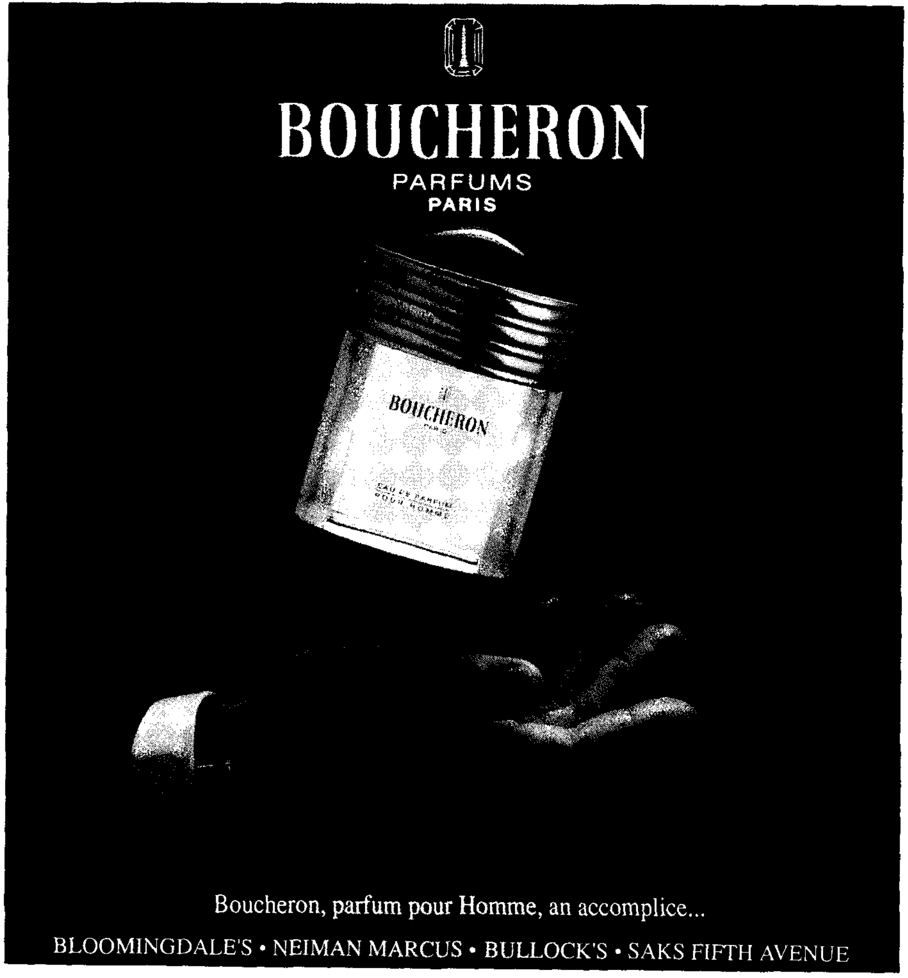
GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Michael Heizer—Along with fellow earthworks artists Robert Smithson, Walter de Maria, and Dennis Oppenheim, Heizer came to prominence in the late sixties, but his influential early work—isolated excavations in the desert—was known to the art world primarily in the form of documentary photographs; the sheer daunting scale of his art precluded substantial gallery representation. Now that the gargantuan Ace gallery has opened on the fringes of SoHo, that situation has been rectified. Several stone sculptures hang from massive steel cables, and rough-hewn boulders have been set into the walls and floor. There's no way the effect could be anything less than imposing, although the aura of conspicuous *folie de grandeur* leaves a question as to whether that effect is one of art or of ostentatious interior decoration. Through Aug. 15. (Ace, 275 Hudson St., at Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Sheba Ross—The original overexposed Madonna (the one of Biblical fame) undergoes a series of image transformations, in the form of large oil paintings. In her first one-woman show, Ross offers "Candyland Madonna" (1991), in which Our Lady is surrounded by the multicolored path from the children's board game, which here features such mottoes as "Dare to love beauty!" and "Ars longa, vita brevis." There's also a "Sea Shell Madonna," after Botticelli's nude (same shell, more clothes), and "Little Dots," which features a border of Dots (the movie candies). It all goes to show that religion may not be all it's cracked up to be, but it certainly does inspire a lot of art. Through June 30. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Beverly Semmes—If yellow is the color of fear, Beverly Semmes gives us reason to be afraid. The gallery walls have been painted yellow and hung with her oversize—*huge*—yellow-and-cream organza dresses, which have gone haywire despite their prim simplicity. "The Queen of England with One Long Flowered Arm" is an empire-waist dress with a left sleeve long enough to strangle a small kingdom (but it's piled in an impotent tangle on the floor). Other debilitating dresses and a collection of misshapen vessels complete the show. Through June 30. (Klein, 594 Broadway.)

Dennis Adams—A body of sculptures titled "Trans/Actions." Through July 1. (Kent, 67 Prince St. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.)



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ART-Cont'd

Toyce Anderson—Autobiographical mixed-medium assemblages. Through July 5. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

Ross Bleckner—Big, dark, ambitious paintings by the signature “AIDS painter” of the era. The use of color is new. Through June 25. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Michael Ray Charles—Paintings on paper and metal resembling weather-beaten advertisements from the twenties and thirties, which used stereotypes of blacks. Through July 1. (Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St.)

Julian Schnabel—Large abstract paintings on sailcloth, dedicated to the French film actress Jane Birkin. Through Sept. 9. (Pace, 142 Greene St.)

Charles Spurrier—Three large squares of Vaseline on the walls, two with the artist's fingerprints in black, and one covered with tiny squares of plastic in subtle Agnes Martin-like shades. Another piece, a rectangle, is just plain Vaseline. This is art of the ephemeral: when the show's over, so's the art. Through June 25. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Mathew Weaver—Small, bright-colored paintings. Through July 2. (Engelhorn, 470 Broome St.)

Rob Wynne—A double exhibition. In the Washington Square windows of Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl.: Thrift-shop clothing stitched with poetry and love letters, and mounted on hangers. Through July 22. . . . ¶ At Wimmer, 560 Broadway: Silk-screened wallpaper in a pattern of intertwining snakes covers the gallery walls. Through July 7.

"A Bouquet for Juan"—A tribute to Juan Gonzalez (1942-93), an artist who used realist techniques to render dream imagery. Works by Don Eddy, Frances Gillespie, Toby Kahn, and others who knew the artist. Through July 1. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

"A Floor in a Building in Brooklyn"—A show curated by Chuck Close that explores the work of eight artists sharing a floor in a Greenpoint factory building. Through July 30. (Anderson, 476 Broome St.)

"Unholy Wars"—Paintings by Arthur Cohen, Manuel Ocampo, and Christian Schumann, addressing violence and religion. Through July 16. (Postmasters, 80 Greene St.)

AUCTIONS

Looking for Lalique?—A sale of more than two hundred lots of Lalique glass, crystal, and jewelry, as well as such items as paperweights and statuettes, will take place at Doyle Galleries on June 16 at 6. Among the more important pieces are a “Le Jour et la Nuit” clock (estimate: $40,000-$50,000), a deep-amber “Gros Scarabees” vase (estimate: $12,000-$16,000), and a mahogany-and-glass jewelry box in a *monnaie du pape* pattern (estimate: $18,000-$24,000). (175 E. 87th St. For information, call 427-2730.)

Grab Bag—It's collectibles week at Sotheby's, with animation art, rock-and-roll and Hollywood memorabilia, dolls, toys, and comic art taking the stage on June 16-18, at 10:15 and 2. Elvis's Army hat (estimate: $8,000-$10,000); three panels of an original five-panel “Superman” sequence, the earliest known “Superman” art work (estimate: $80,000-$90,000); Liberace's 1980 Lincoln Continental stretch limousine (estimate: $20,000-$30,000)—that sort of thing. (York Ave. at 72nd St. For information, call 606-7176.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Mariana Cook—Photographs of famous dads with their daughters—General Colin Powell with Linda and Annemarie, Carlos and Natasha Fuentes, Chinua Achebe with Chinelo and Nwando—from Cook's recent book “Fathers and Daughters: In Their Own Words.” Through June 25. (Sander, 19 E. 76th St.)

Touhami Ennadre and Paul Rosin—Photographs by a French-Moroccan photographer and an American photographer that explore sexuality, death, and the body. Through July 15. (Exit Art, 548 Broadway.)

Lee Friedlander—Photographs of parks designed by Frederick Law Olmsted. Through June 25. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Bill Jacobson—A series of pale, haunting images that evoke the vulnerability of life in the age of AIDS. Through July 1. (Saul, 560 Broadway.)

Ugo Mulas—Photographs of famous artists taken in the sixties in New York. Through June 17. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

W. Eugene Smith—Images by a photographer best known for his photo-essays in *Life.* Through July 2. (Mann, 42 E. 76th St.)

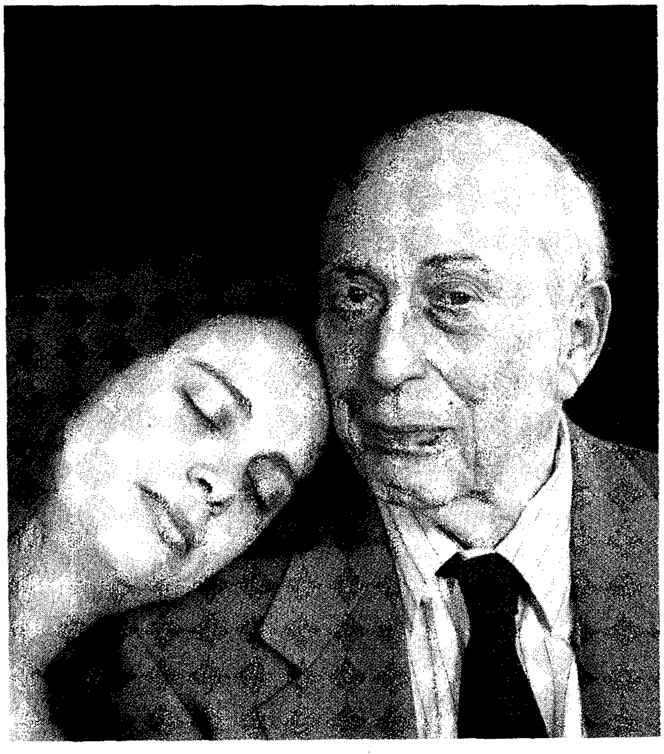
Neil Winokur—Portraits of “people, things, and dogs.” Through July 15. (Borden, 560 Broadway.)

"Natural Mechanics"—A group show featuring work by Garry Fabian Miller, Hitoshi Nomura, and Jack Sal. Through June 30. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—“Henri Cartier-Bresson: Hommage.” Along with a group of lithographs and some of the photographer's most famous and widely reproduced images, “Hommage” presents written tributes by other photographers, artists, writers, and critics. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.—Photographs commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of D Day. Through July 10. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney Museum of American Art, el Museo del Barrio, the Museum of the City of New York, and the Schomburg Center.)



Mariana Cook's self-portrait with her father (Sander).

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Oboissimo

When musicians in the orchestral ranks engage in raillery, they tend to draw upon a rich tradition of jokes about viola players. But, for some reason, when conductors throw punch lines they often target oboists. It is unclear why this is so, although it may reflect pique over the oboists' reputation for eccentricity rivalling that of the conductors themselves. One commonplace about oboists is that they all go crazy in the end. Robert Bloom, the late master teacher to a generation of oboists, had a ready response: “It's *not strictly* true that they all go crazy. The fact is, they're born that way. They just have to learn the fingerings.”

Oboists and oboe aficionados can look forward to a wild weekend on June 17-18, when the New School hosts an international conference that promises to define the state of the art of the oboe. Lectures and panel discussions will range from general (“Choosing an Oboe”) to specialized (“New Designs and Materials in Oboe Manufacture”), from historical (“Mozart's Oboe Concerto Reconsidered”) to futuristic (“The Oboe in an Electronic Era”). Those who weary of talk may retire to the instrument-makers' exhibit hall or drop in on master classes or recitals by notable artists. There will be opportunities to hear such diverse luminaries of the oboe world as François Leleux, so prodigiously accomplished that he was named the Paris Opera's principal oboist when he was only eighteen; Thomas Indermühle, a technical and interpretative wizard of the Franco-Swiss style of playing; and Matt Sullivan, a New Yorker whose experimental repertoire and technique suggest that “cutting edge” can refer to something other than the knife with which oboists carve their reeds.

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—*Presenting* free, outdoor concert performances. June 15: “Tosca,” with Maria Guleghina, Antonio Barasorda, and Justino Díaz; conducted by Thomas Fulton. (Van Cortlandt Park, the Bronx.) . . . ¶ June 1[illegible] “Lucia di Lammermoor,” with E[illegible] Mallas, John Fowler, Roberto Frontali, and Jeffrey Wells; Edoardo Müller. (Pelham Bay Park, the Bronx.) . . . ¶ June 18: “Tosca,” with Maria Guleghina, Lando Bartolini, and Justino Díaz; Thomas Fulton. (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, New Jersey.) . . . ¶ June 21: “Lucia di Lammermoor,” with Young Ok Shin, Ramon Vargas, Haijing Fu, and Paul Plishka; Edoardo Müller. (Brookdale Park, Montclair, New Jersey.) (Evenings at 8. For rain-date information, call 362-6000.)

Opera Manhattan—Presenting the first New York staging of Handel's 1715 opera "Amadigi," unusual in requiring a cast of only four high voices. Performed in Italian (with English supertitles) by soprano Rosemary Barenz and mezzo-sopranos Keren Bernbaum, Marion Capriotti, and Erin Langston; with Gabriel Guimarães conducting his reduced orchestration. (June 15 and June 17 at 8. Church of the Resurrection, 115 E. 74th St. For information about tickets, call 315-3161. Through June 24.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducts Nicolas Flagello's Concerto for String Orchestra, Vivaldi's C-Minor Cello Concerto (featuring Miriam Shames), Mozart's D-Major Divertimento (K. 136), serenades by Barber and Elgar, and Bartók's "Rumanian Dances." (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. June 16 at 8.)

"A Mass for Mass Trombones"—David Gilbert conducts Wendy Mae Chambers' spatial sonic extravaganza for seventy-seven trombones. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. June 18 at 9.)

Solti Orchestral Project—Georg Solti concludes his orchestral workshop, which brings together exceptionally promising student musicians and principal players from leading symphony orchestras, by conducting Brahms' "Variations on a Theme by Haydn," Strauss's "Don Juan," and Bartók's Concerto for Orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. June 21 at 8.)

Orchestra of the S.E.M. Ensemble—Petr Kotik conducts the première of his own "Quiescent Form" as well as works by Varèse (his "Intégrales"), Earle Brown, and Christian Wolff. (Willow Place Auditorium, 26 Willow Pl., Brooklyn. June 21 at 8. For information about tickets, call 1-718 488-7659.)

RECITALS

Douglas Drake—Organist, performing an all-Bach recital: the Preludes and Fugues in D Major and A Major, the G-Major "Pièce d'Orgue," the C-Minor Fantasia and Fugue, and chorale preludes from the Neumeister collection. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. June 15 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Bargemusic—Pianist Jennifer Hayghe performs Debussy's "Pour le Piano"; violinist Ida Levin complements her in Beethoven's D-Major Sonata (Op. 12, No. 1); and violist Hsin-Yon Huang and cellist Peter Wyrick join them for Brahms' G-Minor Piano Quartet. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. June 16 at 7:30 and June 19 at 4.)

Essential Music—The contemporary-music ensemble performs recent works by Christian Wolff, Peter Garland, John Kennedy, and Charles Wood. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. June 16 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Oboe Blow-Out—A two-day shindig for the oboe-obsessed, including exhibits, demonstrations, master classes, workshops, and panels (from 9 A.M. to 10 P.M. on June 17-18), as well as recitals by oboists of note. June 17 at 11 A.M.: Jean-Pierre Arnaud, the English hornist of the Paris Opera, playing music recently discovered in Paris's Bibliothèque Nationale; with pianist Margaret Kampmeier. . . . At 1: Stuart Dunkel, with pianist Guy Urban. . . . At 4: François Leleux, with pianist Laura Ward. . . . At 8: Matt Sullivan, a champion of contemporary scores, playing his own "Oh Boy!" as well as works by Laura Kaminsky, Stefan Wolpe, Corigliano, Cage, Mario Lavista, and Gershwin; with pianists Kirt Pavitt and Margaret Kampmeier, plus the Helios Ensemble. . . . ¶ June 18 at 10:30 A.M.: Frank Basile plays jazz works by Chick Corea, Miles Davis, and others, backed up by a trio. . . . At 1: Oboists Matt Dine and Brian Greene in a program of Zelenka and Gunther Schuller. . . . At 3: Allan Vogel. . . . At 8:

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CLASSICAL MUSIC-Cont'd

Thomas Indermühle performs works by Berio, Mozart, Schumann, C.P.E. Bach, Antonino Pasculli, and Ravel; with pianist Margaret Kampmeier. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. For information about tickets and for further details about the convocation's schedule and events, call 229-5690.)

William Schimmel—The accordionist performs a program of his own works, including several improvisations inspired by Bach. (Tenri Cultural Institute, 575 Broadway, at Prince St. 925-8500. June 17 at 8.)

Ilan Rechtman—Performing harpsichord works by Bach: the "Italian" Concerto and Partitas No. 3 and No. 5. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. June [illegible] at 11:30 A.M. Admission is free, but call 1-718 885-2478 to reserve a seat.)

Salon Soirée—This Sunday-afternoon series in a second-floor music room celebrates its second anniversary with a selection of trios (or movements thereof) by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven (the "Archduke"), Mendelssohn, Brahms, and Saint-Saëns. Performers include violinists Chin Kim and Anton Miller, cellists Maria Kisopoulos and Iris Regev, and pianists Max Barros and Ilan Rechtman (the series' musical director, who will also offer some of his own "Jazzicals"). (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. June 19 at 6 and 8. Admission is free, but call 876-6000 to reserve a seat.)

Beverly Somach—Violinist, performing sonatas by Beethoven (in C Minor, Op. 30, No. 2) and Poulenc, Szymanowski's "Trois Mythes," and Saint-Saëns' "Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso"; with pianist Judith Olson. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. June 20 at 8.)

OUT OF TOWN

Bach Aria Festival—A two-week investigation of Bach and his world. June 15 at 8:30: Samuel Baron leads the chamber orchestra in Telemann's "Water Music" and Bach's B-Minor Orchestral Suite (in which he will double as flute soloist). Also on the program are Bach's "Peasant" Cantata (with soprano Beverly Hoch and baritone James Maddalena) and several arias. . . . ¶ June 18 at 8:30: Bach's Cantatas No. 156 and No. 211 (the "Coffee" Cantata), as well as selections from other cantatas. . . . ¶ June 19 at 2: Vocal and instrumental chamber music by Bach, Biber, and Zelenka. (Staller Center for the Arts, Stony Brook, Long Island. For information about tickets, call 1-516 632-7239. Through June 26.)

Cape May Music Festival—June 15: The Baltimore Consort performs French, English, and Scottish Renaissance works. . . . ¶ June 16: The Meridian Arts Ensemble (a brass quintet) . . . . ¶ June 18: Bassist Milt Hinton's quartet. . . . ¶ June 19: The Chester String Quartet plays quartets by Haydn (in G Major, Op. 77, No. 1), Penderecki, and Schubert (the "Death and the Maiden"). (Evenings at 8:30. For information about tickets and locations in Cape May, N.J. and its surroundings, call 1-609 884-5404. The festival continues through June 26.)

Music Mountain—June 17 at 8: A seminar for young professional string quartets on the rise concludes with an all-Haydn program comprising four of his nicknamed quartets—the "Sun," the "Bird" the "Frog," and the "Fifths." . . . ¶ June 18 at 8: The Galvanized Jazz Band, in a New Orleans-flavored program. . . . ¶ June 19 at 3: The St. Lawrence String Quartet plays quartets by Mendelssohn (in E-Flat Major, Op. 12) and Beethoven (in A Minor, Op. 132), as well as Mozart's G-Minor Piano Quartet (with pianist Leonard Hokanson assisting). (Falls Village, Conn. For information about tickets, call 1-203 824-7126.)

Opera Festival of New Jersey—The festival, which will continue through July 16, opens with "La Bohème," conducted by Cal Stewart Kellogg. (Lawrenceville School, Lawrenceville, N.J. 1-609 936-1500. June 18 at 8.)

SPORTS

(The Knicks and the Rangers play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Yankees at Yankee Stadium, 1-718 293-6000; and the Mets at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499. World Cup Soccer at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. For tickets, call 1-800 769-1994.)

HOME TEAMS

Yankees—Vs. the Milwaukee Brewers, June 17 at 7:05 and June 18 (Bat Day) and June 19 at 1:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the Minnesota Twins, June 20-21 at 7:05.

Mets—Vs. the Philadelphia Phillies, June 15 at 7:40.

CHAMPIONSHIP HOCKEY

Bringing Home the Cup—As of press time, the Rangers were beating the Vancouver Canucks, 3-1, in the Stanley Cup finals.

CHAMPIONSHIP BASKETBALL

Taking Out the Trash—The Knicks survived the Indiana Pacers, 4-3, and are now grappling with the Houston Rockets for the N.B.A. Championship.

WORLD CUP SOCCER

Kickoff—The Italian National Team will face the Republic of Ireland on June 18 at 4.

FOR KIDS

(A list of activities for children and their parents or other adults.)

Doings for Dad—Kids aged five to ten get to immortalize their parental unit in a frame of their own design. (Children's Museum of the Arts, 72 Spring St. June 18-19 at noon, 1, 2, and 3. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Father's Day-card creation at the Children's Museum of Manhattan, June 18 from 11 to 4, and June 19 from noon to 4. (212 W. 83rd St. 721-1223.) . . . ¶ Also at the Children's Museum of Manhattan, budding Dan Rathers and Diane Sawyers can practice their talk-show techniques on their own dads between surprise visits from historic dads. (June 19 at 2:30 and 4.)

"Sounds of the Community"—Israeli and Hasidic music shares the bill with African percussion. (Brooklyn Children's Museum, 145 Brooklyn Ave. June 19 at 2. No charge beyond museum admission.)

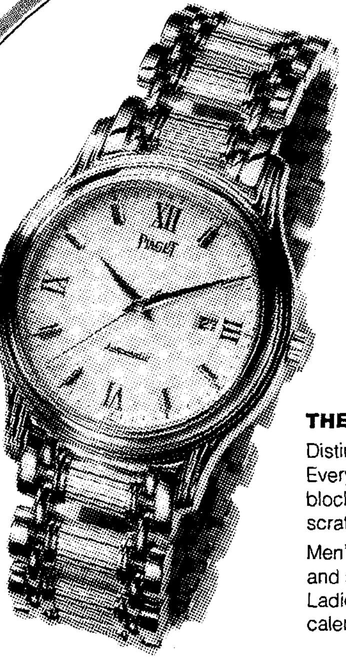
ABOVE AND BEYOND

Kings & Queens in Manhattan—Seventy grand masters will compete in the Intel World Chess Grand Prix Qualifier, on June 20-21, from 9 to 9. Six will participate in the grand prix at the end of the month. (Winter Garden, World Financial Center. No tickets necessary. For more information, call 1-800 388-5464.)

"Bloomsday on Broadway XIII"—This year's celebration of Joyce will include a reading of "The Oxen of the Sun" chapter of "Ulysses," in which Joyce imitates everything from Chaucer to Dublin street slang. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. June 16, from 7 to midnight. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Readings—June 15 at 8: E. Annie Proulx will read from her novel "The Shipping News." (Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ June 17 at 8: Diane Ackerman will read from her new book, "A Natural History of Love." (Universalist Church, 160 Central Park W., at 76th St. For information about tickets, call 875-4128.) . . . ¶ June 19 at 4: Owen Andrews, Barbara Jordan, and Vijay Seshadri will read from their own poetry. (Mazer Theatre, Educational Alliance, 197 East Broadway, at Jefferson St. Admission by contribution.) . . . ¶ June 21 at 6:30: Kamau Brathwaite and Carolyn Forché will read from their own poetry. (Battery Park City's Hudson River Park. No tickets necessary.)

Memoranda—June 19: Dad, you need anything? Just ask. . . . ¶ June 21: Get ready for summer and the longest day of the year.



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GAY NEW YORK

Twenty-five Years After

THE small riot that began on the night of June 27, 1969, at the Stonewall Inn, in Greenwich Village, will be commemorated this month, along with the struggles and achievements that grew out of it, by thousands of gay and lesbian citizens, activitists, performers, artists, writers, and athletes. Participants in the celebration know that discrimination still exists and that the AIDS crisis casts a long shadow, but they will be able to see how far they've come. Twenty-five years ago, who could have envisioned a team of transsexuals from Jakarta flying to New York to compete in an international volleyball tournament, or crowds of tourists buying Stonewall 25 commemorative rings?

The grand convergence of the Stonewall anniversary and Gay Games IV & Cultural Festival offers so many events that Everett Quinton (who recently volunteered to do the diving team's laundry) was moved to quip, "I'm glad I didn't kill myself when I was a teenager." This listing of highlights covers the period June 15-30.

MARCHES

Stonewall 25 March—Carrying a mile-long rainbow flag, marchers will leave 42nd St. and First Ave. on June 26, starting at 11. The march will move up First Ave., turn west at 57th St., and proceed north on Sixth Ave., entering Central Park by both the Sixth and the Seventh Ave. entrances. The marchers will congregate on the Great Lawn (mid-Park at 81st St.), where a rally will take place from 1 to 7. For more information, call 626-6925.

ACT UP—An AIDS protest march will leave from Sheridan Square, at Christopher St. and Seventh Ave., on June 26 at 10. Marchers will move north along a route that had not been announced by press time, and join the Stonewall 25 March at Central Park South. As of June 8, ACT UP organizers had not succeeded in obtaining a parade permit. For more information, call 774-4270.

GAY GAMES HIGHLIGHTS

(A few of the spectator-friendly or unusual events, and their starting times. For complete schedule information, call 633-9494. For tickets, call 307-7171.)

Opening Ceremonies—Featuring a procession of athletes, marching bands, the lighting of the flame, and a thousand-voice festival chorus. (Columbia University's Wien Stadium, Broadway at 218th St. June 18 at 6:30 P.M.)

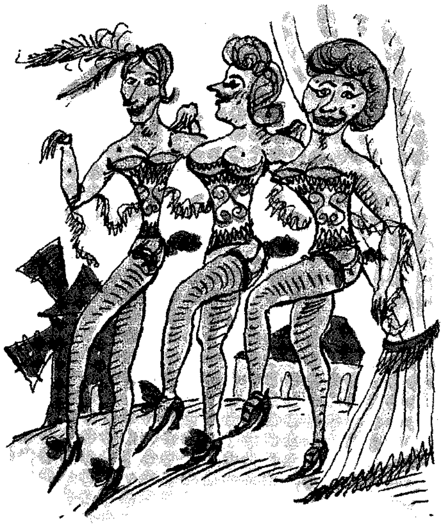
Diving—June 20 and June 22 at 5. (Asphalt Green Aquatic Center, York Ave. at 90th St.)

Figure Skating—June 21 at 1: Women's ice dancing. . . . ¶ June 23 at 1: Men's pair skating. . . . ¶ June 24 at 7: Exhibition of Champions. (Abe Stark Arena, W. 19th St., Coney Island.)

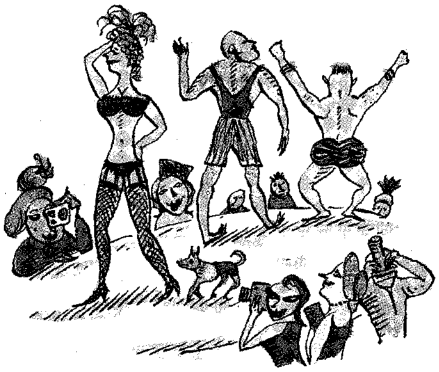
Marathon—Runners will loop through the Park and jog to Battery Park and back. The marathon begins and ends at Tavern on the Green. (Central Park W. at 67th St. June 25, from 6 A.M. to 11 A.M.)

Physique—June 21 at 10: Preliminaries. (Hotel Pennsylvania, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St.) . . . ¶ June 22 at 7:30: Finals. (Paramount, Madison Square Garden.)

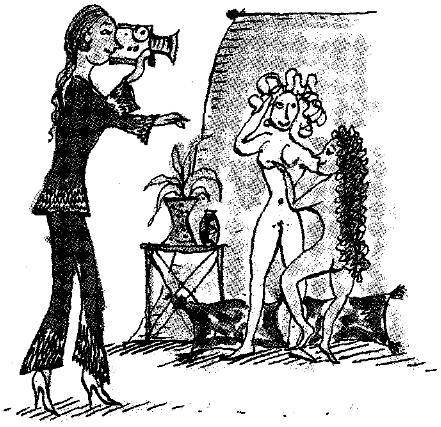
Soccer—June 20-23 at 9: Preliminary rounds. (Fountain of Planets, Flushing Meadow Park, Queens.) . . . ¶ June 24 at 10: Semifinals. (Flushing Meadow Park, and North Meadow, mid-Central Park, between 97th and 100th Sts.) . . . ¶ June 25 at 9: Finals. (Central Park.)



Drag extravaganzas . . .



. . . the Underwear Show . . .



. . . and lesbian and gay films at MOMA and Anthology Film Archives.

Track and Field—June 20-24 at noon. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island.)

Volleyball—June 19-22 at 9: Preliminary rounds. (Queens College, 65 Kissena Blvd.) . . . ¶ June 20-24 at noon: Preliminary rounds. . . . June 25 at 11: Finals. (Hunter College, West Bldg., Park Ave. at 68th St.)

Wrestling—Début of women's wrestling in the Gay Games. (New York University, Coles Sports Center, Mercer and Houston Sts. June 20 at 10, 3, and 7.)

Closing Ceremonies—The games will close with a procession of athletes; performances by Taylor Dayne, Aretha Franklin, Patti LaBelle, Cyndi Lauper, and Vanessa Williams; and speeches by Roberta Achtenberg, Harvey Fierstein, Ian McKellen, and Kathy Najimy. (Yankee Stadium. June 25 at 7:30.)

THEATRICAL PERFORMANCES

Stonewall: Night Variations—En Garde Arts presents the stories of nine characters who were at the Stonewall Inn on June 27, 1969. (Pier 25, West St. between Chambers and Laight Sts. June 18-July 17 at 8:30. For tickets, call 779-9777.)

Lypsinka—In "As I Lay Lipsynching," a new one-woman show. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. June 20 at 8 and 10. For tickets, call 307-7171.)

Westward HoMo!—Three performances in repertory. John McGivern's one-man show, "Midwest Side Show," about growing up Catholic in the Midwest; 4 Big Girls, an African-American comedy group; and Marcia Wilke in her one-woman show, "This Girl I Knew." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. June 21-23 at 7 and 10.)

OUTrageous Comedy '94—With Sandra Bernhard as host, featuring Maggie Cassella and Scott Capurro, among others. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. June 21 at 8. For tickets, call 307-7171.)

Sunset Salome—In a production billed as "a Mesopotamian opera," Norma Desmond gives Salome the Cecil B. De Mille treatment. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. June 22-25 at 7:30. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

Tales of the Tribe: Reclaiming the Legacy—The Pride Theatre Ensemble presents gay history at breakneck speed, from the beginning of time to the eve of Stonewall. Featuring new work by Terrence McNally, Allen Ginsberg, and Joan Larkin, and selections by Langston Hughes, Gertrude Stein, and Tennessee Williams. (Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. June 23-24 at 8; June 25 at 3 and 8; and June 28-29 at 8. For tickets, call 229-7743.)

Charles Busch's Dressing Up! The Ultimate Drag Review—Three Charleses—Busch, Pierce, and Nelson Reilly—will turn the pages of drag-queen history. Milton Berle will be there, bedecked with a Doris Day wig. Directed by Kenneth Elliott. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. June 24 at 8. For tickets call, 307-7171.)

One-Person Shows—Lisa Kron, who describes herself as "a lesbian Garrison Keillor," in "101 Humiliating Stories." (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 302-6989. Through July 2.) . . . ¶ In "Ian McKellen: A Knight Out at the Lyceum," Sir Ian performs his one-man show about being a gay man and an actor. (Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. June 21-25.) . . . ¶ Karen Finley's "A Certain Level of Denial." (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. June 21 at 8. For tickets, call 307-7171.) . . . ¶ Comedian Kate Clinton in "Out Is In." (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. June 22 at 8.)

Queer Performance '94—Nicky Paraiso's "Asian Boys." . . . ¶ The Gay Sweatshop Theatre Company in "In Your Face." . . . ¶ Kate Bornstein in "Virtually Yours." . . . ¶ Bette Bourne, of the drag company Bloolips, in "The Dish," a one-person show. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. June 16-July 2.)

MUSIC

Laugh, Sing, and Sweat—Cabaret saluting the Gay Games, with Charles Busch, Mercedes Hall, Frank Maya, Judy Tenuta, Ruth Messinger, and others. (Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. 244-3005. June 19 at 7.)

In Concert Again—Eartha Kitt, Liza Minnelli, André De Shields, Julie Halston, and B. D. Wong, among others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. June 20 at 8.)

Phranc—From the "average, all-American Jewish lesbian folksinger" who brought you covers of Neil Diamond's best—who knows? (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. June 22 at 8. For tickets, call 307-7171.)

Real Family Values—Comedy and a-cappella singing with Karen Williams and the Flirtations. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. June 23 at 7:30 and 10.)

EMMANUELLE PIERRE

Adult Children of Heterosexuals—The New York début of a "SWAT team of go-go girls and boys"—a thirteen-member cabaret band that plays hard funk and delivers high camp. (Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. 741-0391. June 23 at 8 and 10; June 24 at 10 and midnight; and June 26 at 10.)

Betty—A trio of harmonizers, none of whom is actually named Betty. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. June 25 at 8. For tickets, call 307-7171.)

In a Classical Vein—June 19 at 7: A free concert by the Unity Symphony Orchestra, playing works by Corigliano, Barber, and others. Conducted by Stephen Rogers Radcliffe. . . . June 20 at 8: International Lesbian and Gay Baroque Chamber Orchestra. (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448.) . . . ¶ Stonewall Chorale performs music by Britten, Paul Siskind, Kevin Oldham, Ned Rorem, and Stephen Sondheim. (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. June 19 at 8. For tickets, call 877-7336.) . . . ¶ "A Classical Afternoon," with composer-musicians Robert Cohen, Anthony de Mare, Richard Dowling, and Keith Pruitt. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. June 22, from noon to 2. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Lesbian and Gay Bands of America, with the Big Apple Corps, the Stonewall Chorale, pianist James Adler, and the Bay Area Raw Rahs (a cheerleading squad). (Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6741. June 23 at 8.)

DANCE

Bill T. Jones / Arnie Zane Dance Company—A program featuring the New York première of "After Black Room." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. June 19 at 7:30 and June 20 at 8.)

Passion and Grace—A series of performances featuring choreography by Robert LaFosse, Donald Byrd, and Marcelo Evelin, danced by members of the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre and the Merce Cunningham Dance Company, among others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Program I, June 22 at 8 and June 23 at 2. Program II, June 23-24 at 8.)

Swing and Country—June 21, from noon to midnight: Swing-dance competitions and exhibitions. The finals, featuring the Hot Lavender Swing Band, begin at 7. Amateurs join in at 8:30. . . . ¶ June 23, from noon to midnight: A country-and-Western dance competition. Same schedule as above. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. For more information, call 631-4260.)

FABULOUS FÊTES

(A few of the dozens of parties and other happenings in the second half of June. For complete schedules and tickets, call Out in NY '94, at 869-4490; Gay Games IV & Cultural Festival, at 633-9494; and the Lesbian & Gay Community Services Center, at 620-7310.)

Athletic Supporters' Ball—With Sandra Bernhard and Joi Cardwell. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. June 18, from 10 P.M. to 4 A.M. For tickets, call 307-7171.)

Garden Party—The Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center will hold its annual block party, with food, entertainment, exhibits, and a silent auction. (208 W. 13th St. 620-7310. June 20, from 5:30 to 11.)

Bang a Gong Drag-a-Thon—A benefit for Wigstock, with the Lady Bunny reënacting Stonewall. (Club USA, 218 W. 47th St. June 22, from 10 P.M. to 4 A.M. For tickets, call 307-7171.)

Pasta & Block Party—Carbo-loading in the Village. (Florent, 69 Gansevoort St. June 24, from 6 to 10. For tickets, call 307-7171.)

Girlworld—Dance, d.j.s, and performance artists, including Annie Sprinkle and Fem 2 Fem. (Industria, 775 Washington St. June 25, from 9 P.M. to 4 A.M. For tickets, call 307-7171.)

Homo Hoedown—With Doug Stevens and his Outband, the Outskirts, and Y'All. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. June 25, from 10:30 P.M. to 4 A.M. For tickets, call 307-7171.)

The Countdown / The Party After—Two alfresco Heritage of Pride parties with fireworks. Laura Branigan will be there on Friday, and Evelyn (Champagne) King on Saturday. (Waterfront, West and 11th Sts. June 25-26, from 4 to 10:30. For tickets, call 307-7171.)

Big Guns—Rock the Intrepid. (46th St. at the Hudson River. June 26, from 7 P.M. to 2 A.M. For tickets, call 307-7171.)

EXHIBITS

"Pride=Power!"—The exhibit includes photographs of the New York City Gay and Lesbian Pride March, posters, pennants, T-shirts, and other artifacts. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

"Becoming Visible: The Legacy of Stonewall"—Photos, posters, and related material place the Stonewall rebellion in the larger context of gay history. Opens June 18. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Mondays and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

"The Underwear Show"—Photographs of people in their skivvies. Opens June 16. Through July 3. (La Mama La Galleria, 6 E. 1st St. Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

"Long Road to Freedom: The 'Advocate' History of the Gay and Lesbian Movement"—From Stonewall to the present, as chronicled by *The Advocate*. Opens June 16. Through June 30. (Seagram Building, Park Ave. at 52nd St. Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

WORDS AND WALKS

(A few of the literary and historical offerings taking place over the next few weeks.)

Readings—June 19 at 7:30: Paul Rudnick. . . . June 21 at 7:30: Armistead Maupin. (Barnes & Noble, Sixth Ave. at 21st St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ June 21 at 8: Larry Kramer. . . . June 23 at 8: Marilyn Hacker and Richard Howard. . . . June 25 at 8: Martin Duberman. (A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ June 22 at 7: "An Evening of Literary Gossip and Romance," with Edward Albee, Carole Maso, and others, reading from the work of Tennessee Williams and Gertrude Stein, among others. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ June 24-25 at 8:30: Two benefit marathon readings with David Cale, Nan Goldin, Heather Lewis, Reno, and Penny Arcade, among several others. (Fez, 380 Lafayette St. 533-2680.)

Radio—June 20-24, from 6 A.M. to 9 A.M., June 25, from 10:30 to 10, and June 26, from 9:30 to 9: WBAI 99.5 FM will present the year in review, live Stonewall 25 coverage, talk shows, and music with a gay bent.

Walks—June 18 and June 25, from noon to 5: Sidewalks of New York will lead a tour to Ferncliff Mausoleum and Cemetery, Hartsdale, N.Y., where Judy Garland is buried. For more information, call 662-5300. . . . ¶ June 19 at 3: "Greenwich Village and the Stonewall Rebellion," led by Urban Explorations. For more information, call 1-718 721-5254. . . . ¶ June 25 at 1:30: "Remembering Stonewall," led by Arthur Marks. For more information, call 254-1200.

FILM AND VIDEO FESTIVALS

"Twenty-five Years of Exposure"—Includes an all-day Judy Garland extravaganza on June 23. Organized by the New York Lesbian and Gay Film Festival. From June 17 to June 23. (Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave. For more information, call 343-2707.)

"Gays & Film: Get Reel"—An international survey of gay documentaries and non-narrative film and video, ranging from Andy Warhol's "Blow Job" (1964) to "Paris Is Burning" (1990). (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 708-9480. June 17-July 17.)

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THE MOVIES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21				

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 32.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Grief" (directed by Richard Glatzer).
Theatre 2: "Go Fish" (Rose Troche).
Theatre 3: "Even Cowgirls Get the Blues" (†).
Theatre 4: "Kika" (Pedro Almodóvar, in Spanish).
Theatre 5: Through June 16: "Go Fish." From June 17: "My Life's in Turnaround" (Eric Schaeffer and Donal Lardner Ward).
Theatre 6: "Little Buddha" (†).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"Jack Be Nimble" (Garth Maxwell).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: Through June 16: "Dream Lover" (Nicholas Kazan). From June 17: "Getting Even with Dad" (Howard Deutch).
Theatre 2: "High Heels" (1991, Pedro Almodóvar).
Theatre 3: Through June 16: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (1988, Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish). From June 17: "Getting Even with Dad."

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "The Crow" (†).
Theatre 2: "Widows' Peak" (†).
Theatre 3: "Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell).
Theatre 4: "Maverick" (†).
Theatre 5: "City Slickers II: The Legend of Curly's Gold" (†).
Theatre 6: "City Slickers II" (†).
Theatre 7: Through June 16: "The Crow" (†). From June 17: "Wolf" (Mike Nichols).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Babyfever" (Henry Jaglom).

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Belle Époque" (Fernando Trueba).
Theatre 2: "Bruce Brown's The Endless Summer II" (†).
Theatre 3: "When a Man Loves a Woman" (Luis Mandoki).
Theatre 4: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Theatre 5: "Serial Mom" (John Waters).
Theatre 6: "Schindler's List" (S. Spielberg).
Theatre 7: "Renaissance Man" (†).

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell).
Theatre 2: "Kika" (Pedro Almodóvar, in Spanish).
Theatre 3: "Beverly Hills Cop III" (†).
Theatre 4: "When a Man Loves a Woman" (Luis Mandoki).
Theatre 5: Through June 16: "Beverly Hills Cop III" (†). From June 17: "Wolf" (Mike Nichols).
Theatre 6: "Fear of a Black Hat" (Rusty Cundieff).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: Through June 16: "When a Man Loves a Woman" (Luis Mandoki). From June 17: "Getting Even with Dad" (H. Deutch).
Theatre 2: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 3: "Renaissance Man" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Flintstones" (†).

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Maverick" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Cowboy Way" (†).
Theatre 3: Through June 16: "Beverly Hills Cop III" (†). From June 17: "Wolf" (Mike Nichols).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"City Slickers II: The Legend of Curly's Gold" (†).

Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Kika" (Pedro Almodóvar, in Spanish).

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "Sirens" (John Duigan).
Theatre 2: "When a Man Loves a Woman" (Luis Mandoki).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Renaissance Man" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Thirty Two Short Films About Glenn Gould" (François Girard).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Crow" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Cowboy Way" (†).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Crooklyn" (Spike Lee).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 2: "Speed" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Bruce Brown's The Endless Summer II" (†).
Theatre 2: "Little Buddha" (†).
Theatre 3: "Fear of a Black Hat" (Rusty Cundieff).

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "The Flintstones" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Flintstones" (†).
Theatre 3: "City Slickers II: The Legend of Curly's Gold" (†).
Theatre 4: Through June 16: "Schindler's List" (Steven Spielberg). From June 17: "Getting Even with Dad" (Howard Deutch).
Theatre 5: "City Slickers II" (†).
Theatre 6: "City Slickers II" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Maverick" (†).
Theatre 2: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through June 16: "Naked in New York" (Dan Algrant).
From June 17: "Wolf" (Mike Nichols).

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop III" (†).
Theatre 2: "Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Even Cowgirls Get the Blues" (†).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"With Honors" (Alek Keshishian).

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Crow" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "City Slickers II: The Legend of Curly's Gold" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Flintstones" (†).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "Maverick" (†).
Theatre 2: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 3: Through June 16: "Beverly Hills Cop III" (†). From June 17: "Wolf" (Mike Nichols).
Theatre 4: "Beverly Hills Cop III" (†).
Theatre 5: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Cowboy Way" (†).
Theatre 7: Through June 16: "Maverick" (†). From June 17: "Getting Even with Dad" (Howard Deutch).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Renaissance Man" (†).
Theatre 2: "When a Man Loves a Woman" (Luis Mandoki).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: "The Boys of St. Vincent" (†).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "Bhaji on the Beach" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop III" (†).
Theatre 2: "Speed" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Flintstones" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Cowboy Way" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Sirens" (directed by John Duigan).
Theatre 2: "Minotaur" (Dan McCormack) and "Some Folks Call It a Sling Blade" (George Hickenlooper).
Theatre 3: "Bitter Moon" (Roman Polanski) and "The Blue Kite" (Tian Zhuangzhuang).
Theatre 4: "Thirty Two Short Films About Glenn Gould" (François Girard).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Renaissance Man" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Flintstones" (†).
Theatre 3: "Maverick" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Flintstones" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Cowboy Way" (†).
Theatre 6: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 7: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 8: Through June 16: "City Slickers II: The Legend of Curly's Gold" (†). From June 17: "Getting Even with Dad" (Howard Deutch).
Theatre 9: "City Slickers II" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Crooklyn" (Spike Lee).
Theatre 2: "The Crow" (†).
Theatre 3: "Sankofa" (Haile Gerima).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"City Slickers II: The Legend of Curly's Gold" (†).

Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th. (247-4777)
"The Lion King" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Six Degrees of Separation" (F. Schepisi).
Theatre 2: "Philadelphia" (Jonathan Demme).
Theatre 3: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg).
Theatre 4: "Guarding Tess" (Hugh Wilson).
Theatre 5: "In the Name of the Father" (Jim Sheridan).
Theatre 6: "Clean Slate" (Mick Jackson).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through June 16: "That's Entertainment! III."
From June 17: "Wolf" (Mike Nichols).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Schindler's List" (Steven Spielberg).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Sirens" (John Duigan).

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Go Fish" (Rose Troche).
Theatre 2: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
"Naked in New York" (Dan Algrant).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Widows' Peak" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The House of the Spirits" (Bille August).

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"The Flintstones" (†).

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Little Buddha" (†).
Theatre 2: "White" (†).
Theatre 3: "Kika" (Pedro Almodóvar, in Spanish).
Theatre 4: "The Slingshot" (†).
Theatre 5: "Red Rock West" (John Dahl).
Theatre 6: "Belle Époque" (Fernando Trueba).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Speed" (†).

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop III" (†).
Theatre 2: "City Slickers II: The Legend of Curly's Gold" (†).
Theatre 3: Through June 16: "When a Man Loves a Woman" (Luis Mandoki). From June 17: "Wolf" (Mike Nichols).
Theatre 4: "Maverick" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Crow" (†).
Theatre 6: "Renaissance Man" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (316-4962)
"Naked in New York" (Dan Algrant).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through June 16: "Schindler's List" (Steven Spielberg). From June 17: "Getting Even with Dad" (Howard Deutch).
Theatre 2: "The Cowboy Way" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Crooklyn" (Spike Lee).
Theatre 2: "Even Cowgirls Get the Blues" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through June 16: "Serial Mom" (directed by John Waters). From June 17: "Getting Even with Dad" (Howard Deutch).
Theatre 2: "Naked Gun 33⅓: The Final Insult" (Peter Segal), with Leslie Nielsen.
Theatre 3: "Maverick" (†).
Theatre 4: "No Escape" (Martin Campbell).
Theatre 5: "The Cowboy Way" (†).
Theatre 6: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 7: "Speed" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Renaissance Man" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Fear of a Black Hat" (Rusty Cundieff).
Theatre 2: "The Crow" (†).
Theatre 3: "When a Man Loves a Woman" (Luis Mandoki).

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Beverly Hills Cop III" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Crooklyn" (Spike Lee).
Theatre 2: "The Flintstones" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
June 15: "Eskimo" (1933, directed by W. S. Van Dyke) and "Laughing Boy" (1934, Van Dyke).
June 16: "Buffalo Bill and the Indians" (1976, Robert Altman), with Paul Newman.
June 17-18: "Run of the Arrow" (†) and "Devil's Doorway" (1950, Anthony Mann).
June 19: "Cheyenne Autumn" (1964, John Ford).
June 20-21: "Apache" (1954, R. Aldrich) and "Jim Thorpe—All American" (1951, M. Curtiz).
June 21 (evening only): "The Last of the Mohicans" (1920, M. Tourneur and C. Brown).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
June 15: "The Big Heat" (1953, Fritz Lang) and "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt" (1956, Lang).
June 16: "The Southerner" (1945, Jean Renoir) and "The River" (1951, Renoir).
June 17-18: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972, B. Bertolucci) and "The Night of the Following Day" (†).
June 19: "The Tenant" (1976, Roman Polanski) and "Knife in the Water" (†).
June 20: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919, Robert Wiene) and "M" (1932, Fritz Lang).
June 21: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970, B. Rafelson) and "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972, Rafelson).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—June 16 at 2:30 and June 17 at 6: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955, directed by Ingmar Bergman). . . . ¶ June 16 at 6 and June 18 at 1: "The Adulteress" (1953, Marcel Carné). . . . ¶ June 17 at 2:30 and June 18 at 5: "Amarcord" (1974, Federico Fellini). . . . ¶ June 17 at 3: "Do the Right Thing" (1989, Spike Lee). . . . ¶ June 17 at 8 and June 18 at 3: "Yojimbo" (1961, Akira Kurosawa). . . . ¶ June 19 at noon: "The House on 92nd St." (1945, Henry Hathaway). . . . ¶ June 19 at 2: "Raging Bull" (1980, Martin Scorsese). . . . ¶ June 19 at 5: "Serpico" (1973, Sidney Lumet). . . . ¶ June 20 at 2 and June 21 at 6: "Parting Glances" (1986, Bill Sherwood). . . . ¶ June 20 at 6: "Rosemary's Baby" (1968, Roman Polanski). . . . ¶ June 21 at 2:30: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961, Blake Edwards).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—A program of films from Ireland.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—Films by cinematographer John Alton.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—June 15 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Mazeppa" (1993, Bartabas; in French).

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-0824)—A retrospective of Shiro Toyoda films. June 17 at 6:30: "Portrait of Hell" (1969).

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—A tribute to Dennis Potter. "Without Walls" (1994), a television interview of Potter by Melvyn Bragg. Showings Tuesdays through Thursdays at 4, Fridays at 4 and 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30. . . . "Lipstick on Your Collar" (1993), a six-hour program, shown in two parts. Part I is showing Saturdays at 3 and Part II is showing Sundays at 3.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (570-3949)—June 17 at 7: "Shakespeare Wallah" (1965, James Ivory). . . . ¶ June 18 at 7: "The River" (1951, Jean Renoir).

Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 41st St.—Mondays, starting at dusk, free drive-in-style moviegoing, beginning with Looney Tunes cartoons and coming attractions. The feature on June 20 will be "Funny Girl," William Wyler's 1968 film, with Barbra Streisand and Omar Sharif. (Rain date will be the next night.)

Film al Fresco, at Le Madri Restaurant, 168 W. 18th St. (727-8022)—Sunday evenings, more films out of doors, with food and live music beginning at 6, and the feature starting at about 9. On June 19, Giuseppe Tornatore's 1990 film, in Italian, "Everybody's Fine," with Marcello Mastroianni.

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MOVIES IN BRIEF

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

Getting Even with Dad—Macaulay Culkin as the neglected offspring of a petty thief (Ted Danson) whose plans to go straight collide with his son's scheme to win his dad's attention. With Glenne Headly. Written by Tom S. Parker and Jim Jennewein. Directed by Howard Deutch. Opening June 17.

The Lion King—Disney's new animated feature is being given an old-fashioned opening at Radio City Music Hall (June 15-23), including a stage show with Disney characters and the Rockettes. The general-release opening will be June 24. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.)

My Life's in Turnaround—Two impulsive losers (Eric Schaeffer and Donal Lardner Ward) decide to become filmmakers and enlist an agent friend (Lisa Gerstein) in their quest. With cameos by Martha Plimpton, Casey Siemaszko, and Phoebe Cates. Written and directed by Schaeffer and Ward. Opening June 17.

Wolf—Jack Nicholson as a New York book editor who is bitten by a giant wolf and slowly gets transformed into a beast. With Michelle Pfeiffer, Kate Nelligan, and Christopher Plummer. Written by Jim Harrison and Wesley Strick. Directed by Mike Nichols. Opening June 17.

CURRENT FILMS

(The following notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

Beverly Hills Cop III—Eddie Murphy's most profitable franchise is aging gracelessly, but the star himself shows hints of growth—in his third time out as motormouthed Motor City cop Axel Foley, he pulls off a heartfelt heroic scene or two. Steven E. de Souza's script has Foley following a trail of murder and deception into an L. A. amusement park called WonderWorld. The director, John Landis, fails to exploit the possibilities. He plays the setting for simple incongruity (Foley sleuthing in an elephant suit) or equally simple reversals (sci-fi rides becoming truly hazardous). He doesn't dare suggest that something's rotten at the core of America's fantasylands—WonderWorld's creative wizard, Uncle Dave (Alan Young), turns out to be a pussycat. The return of Bronson Pinchot's madcap foreigner Serge is funny (he now runs a "survival boutique"), but jarring; Landis never gets the most out of the multifunctional designer gun Serge gives to Foley.—M.S. (19th Street East 6, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Waverly, 84th Street Sixplex, and Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ 34th Street Showplace; through June 16.)

Bhaji on the Beach—This tangy British feminist comedy-drama portrays a diverse group of Indian women from Birmingham day-tripping to the working-class beach resort of Blackpool. It's humorous and prickly when charting generational and cultural rifts, erratic and heavy-handed at depicting the younger women's angry men. The director, Gurinder Chadha, has a palpable affection for her performers that overcomes her stop-and-go pacing: you grow fond of the most hidebound traditionalist, Pushpa (Zohra Segal), and still understand why the forward-looking Hashida (Sarita Khajuria) would toss a drink at her. The garish Bombay-style fantasy sequences are at least better than the ones in the recent Canadian film "Masala." Meera Syal wrote the script, from a story she and Chadha cooked up together. With Kim Vithana, Lalita Ahmed, and Shaheen Khan.—M.S. (Film Forum.)

The Boys of St. Vincent—From the outside, St. Vincent—an orphanage, run by a Roman Catholic religious order, in St. John's, Newfoundland—is Boys Town; on the inside, it's a Dickensian hell, in which trapped boys burn for their elders' sins. The head Brother, Peter Lavin (Henry Czerny), is a monster, constantly forcing his sexual attentions on ten-year-old Kevin Reevey (Johnny Morina), and he's not the only abuser on the staff. John N. Smith's movie—a two-part film, made for Canadian television—is muckraking social drama that transforms itself, in the course of its three hours, into something far more disturbing than a straightforward exposé. Part I, set in 1975, is nearly as haunting an evocation of children's helplessness as "The Night of the Hunter." Part II, set fifteen years later, is about the helplessness of adults, and is even finer. Czerny's performance is extraordinary. And Smith, not satisfied with simply provoking moral indignation, zooms in closer and closer on the damaged souls of the abused and the abusers; he ends up with a startlingly detailed picture of spiritual chaos.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/6/94.) (Film Forum.)

Bruce Brown's The Endless Summer II—Once again, Brown sends two surfers—here Robert (Wingnut) Weaver and Patrick O'Connell—around the world. With the exception of some freak-out wildlife footage, the gap between the buddy-buddy hijinks and the transcendental surfing sequences is embarrassing. In one way, the gap is authentic. These guys fulfill themselves on their boards—that's where they achieve genuine drama, comedy, and poetry. When Brown tries to express their passion verbally, outside of lingo like "ripping" and "stoked," he ends up devaluing it. For surfing fanatics, this movie is a repeatable fix; for the rest of us, one "Endless Summer" every thirty years is probably enough. Co-written by Dana Brown, Bruce's son.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, and Cinema II.)

City Slickers II: The Legend of Curly's Gold—For roughly two-thirds of the way, it's hysterical in every sense—a galloping leap up from the original. Although Billy Crystal, the star and moving force, still gets a mite dewy-eyed and messagey (this time about brotherly love), he manages to parody as well as act out the fantasies and sensitivities of fortyish urban males. With best pal Daniel Stern and cadging kid brother Jon Lovitz, Crystal heads West again, this time to hunt for gold, using a map he finds in the hat of the dead trail boss Curly (Jack Palance). Is Curly dead? Or does Crystal keep seeing his ghost? Those questions kick-start the comedy. What sustains it is the three-way chemistry of the ingratiating Everyguy Crystal, the pathetically vulnerable, almost fetal Stern, and the dissembling know-it-all Lovitz, who does a virtuoso job of teetering between being an idiot savant and an idiot. Palance is irrepressible. Paul Weiland directed, for the most part briskly, the script by Crystal, Lowell Ganz, and Babaloo Mandel.—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, 34th St. East, First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Guild, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

The Cowboy Way—Woody Harrelson pushes his goofball charisma too hard in this pat rodeo-on-the-rialto tale about a pair of champeen New Mexico cowpokes (Harrelson and Kiefer Sutherland) who search New York City for a missing friend (Joaquin Martinez) and his Cuban daughter (Cara Buono). The sorta bad guy (Tomas Milian) and the totally bad guy (Dylan McDermott) head an illegal immigrant labor ring. Naturally, they're no match for the wily Westerners, who know how to lasso and handle guns, and can find the Manhattan Bridge without a map. The movie can't sustain Saturday-matinée credibility, and there aren't enough nifty gimmicks for it to make a good cartoon. Ernie Hudson once again plays a friendly cop, while Luis Guzman does his umpteenth thug. Gregg Champion directed; the screenplay is credited to Bill Wittliff.—M.S. (34th Street Showplace, Manhattan Twin, Orpheum VII, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

The Crow—Alex Proyas' pulp revenge fantasy, based on a comic-book saga by James O'Barr, is dark, moody, and seductively overwrought; it's an amazingly pure expression of morbid adolescent romanticism. The movie tells the story of a young rock musician named Eric Draven (Brandon Lee), who, guided by an otherworldly crow, returns from the grave to hunt down the thugs who killed him and his fiancée. Proyas, whose previous experience is in commercials and music videos, has a flamboyantly artificial style that's peculiarly well suited to this pop-mythic universe. The picture's darkness is so complete that it becomes a kind of light. What gives the movie its greatest allure is the performance of Brandon Lee (who died, near the end o[illegible] filming, in a freakish accident on the set). He incarnates this character so unself-consciously that glum Eric seems like teen-age despair apotheosized—Everykid as the most beautiful of losers.—T.R. (5/23/94) (Village Theatre VII, Manhattan Twin, East 85th Street, 23rd St. West Triplex, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

Even Cowgirls Get the Blues—After "Drugstore Cowboy" and "My Own Private Idaho," a real disappointment from Gus Van Sant. His imagination still wanders off in amiable and perplexing directions, but the picture, adapted from Tom Robbins' novel, gives him nothing much to discover. Uma Thurman stars as Sissy, the hitcher with the phallic thumbs. The plot gets stuck on a women's ranch called the Rubber Rose, and the film dissipates in a flurry of consciously struck poses and cameo roles. It's a road movie going round in circles, and it ends without warning, completely out of gas. The cool, swooning soundtrack by k.d. lang hints at the trip it might have been.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center, 68th St. Playhouse, and Olympia.)

The Flintstones—The latest and least advisable attempt to turn a cartoon into a live-action feature. The cast looks sound enough—John Goodman as Fred Flintstone, Elizabeth Perkins as Wilma, Rick Moranis and Rosie O'Donnell as the Rubbles—but the script, cobbled together by a crowd of writers, gives them nothing but a handful of limp gags. Adaptations of "Batman" and "The Addams Family" offered a chance to root around in the dark side of the comic strip, whereas the original "Flintstones" thrived on energetic friendliness, which is destined to dry up on the big screen. Everything takes place in a horrible, plastic light, and even the main comic hook—primitive man as the first suburban American—is bent out of shape by the film's aggressive merchandising; a sign saying "RocDonald's" is not a joke, it's a plug. The saving grace is Elizabeth Taylor as Fred's mother-in-law, the terrifying Pearl Slaghoople. The director is Brian Levant, who made "Beethoven." This is an even bigger dog.—A.L. (Murray Hill Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and National Twin.)

The Lion King—The newest Walt Disney animated film, directed by Roger Allers and Rob Minkoff. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Radio City Music Hall.)

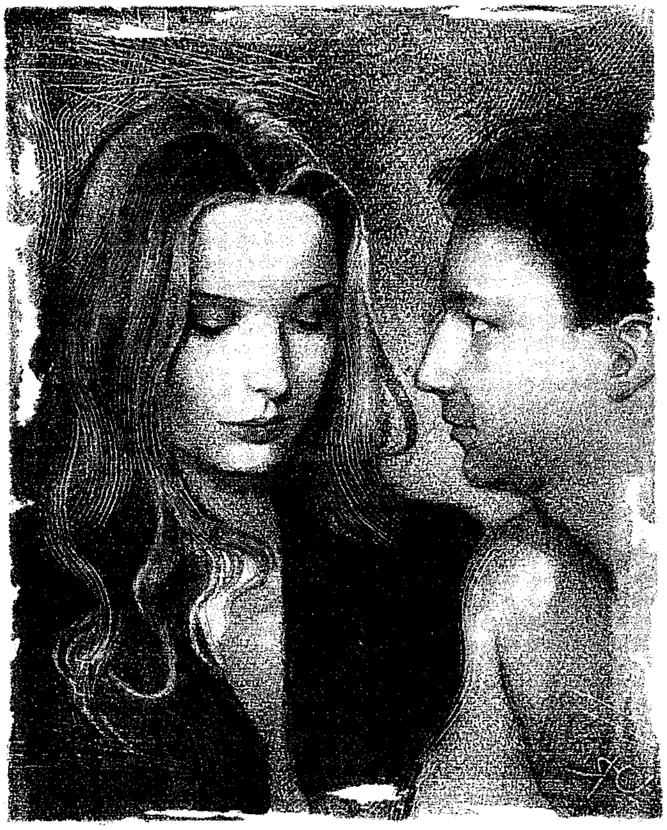
Little Buddha—How the director of "The Conformist," which looks better and sharper every year, ended up making "Little Buddha," which already looks out of date, [illegible] anybody's guess. In the late sixties, Bernardo Bertolucci might have got away with this kind of thing—this gentle, wondering, trippy slice of nonsense. Now it just makes you squirm. Bridget Fonda and Chris Isaak play the parents of a young boy who may be the reincarnation of a Tibetan lama. The film therefore splits between their home town of Seattle (gray and blue, glass and steel) and the mountain stronghold of the Buddhist monks (red and orange, silk and wood). This design pattern is the backbone of the picture; there really is nothing else to it. The only fun comes in the historical flashbacks to the story of Buddha, played by Keanu Reeves, stripped to the waist: the spiritual leader as supermodel.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center, Cinema I, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Maverick—Richard Donner's big-screen version of the popular TV Western series of the fifties couldn't be called a travesty of a classic, because the original show was itself resolutely un-classic—a genial revisionist take on the genre. The series' hero, Bret Maverick (then played by James Garner), wasn't a paragon of rugged integrity or two-fisted masculinity, but a slick, witty, suspiciously well-dressed gambler, whose pained reluctance to do what a man's gotta do was the show's richest source of comedy. The new Bret Maverick (Mel Gibson) is still a charmer, but an antsy, wild-eyed, motor-mouthed one, like the deranged daredevil cop that Gibson plays in the "Lethal Weapon" pictures. The whole movie has a frantic quality that seems a poor substitute for the original's sly, relaxed humor. There are a few laughs, but the picture feels awfully long, because almost everyone is trying too hard: the few performers who aren't, like James Coburn and Garner himself (on hand to play straight man to the star), come off best. At a couple of points, Garner has to remind Gibson not to "babble," and the dry old pro gets his laugh so effortlessly that it's impossible not to take his side.—T.R. (6/6/94) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Renaissance Man—One of those inspired-by-real-life stories with the real life squeezed out of it. The screenplay, about a Detroit adman (Danny DeVito) who teaches Shakespeare to raw Army recruits, is based on anecdotes that Jim Burnstein, the screenwriter, picked up while spreading the Bard's words to military personnel of all ages and types at an Air National Guard base. In the movie, every student is a basic-training misfit from a troubled or disadvantaged background, and the comedy-drama is set up, clumsily, so that each man or woman (DeVito included) uses the class's conquest of "Hamlet" to overcome a booby-trapped past and low self-esteem. The heart-tugging scenes arrive on schedule, along with the Shakespearean rap number and marching drill. Lusting for uplift, Penny Marshall does her worst directing to date; she pulls in tight and close for the soldiers' breakthroughs. Lillo Brancato, Jr., Stacey Dash, Kadeem Hardison, Richard T. Jones, Khalil Khan, Greg Sporleder, Ben Wright, and Mark Wahlberg (a.k.a. Marky Mark) are the recruits; Gregory Hines is their sergeant.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Gotham Cinema, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

The Slingshot—A quaint, folkloric parable of resilience, set in Stockholm in the twenties. The ten-year-old hero, Roland (Jesper Salén), manufactures slingshots out of scrap metal and banned condoms. Actually, his inventions are more like boomerangs—every ingenious plan he concocts comes back to hit him in the head. Ake Sandgren's movie (based on an autobiographical novel by Roland Schütt) has unusually spicy ingredients for a Scandinavian coming-of-age story. Roland has a Russian Jewish mother (Basia Frydman), a Socialist father (Stellan Skarsgard), and a would-be boxer brother (Niclas Olund) who keeps bashing him in the nose; the boy faces fearsome prejudices at school and bewildering frustrations at home. He's refreshingly tough, but the movie lacks richness and impact. The final note of affirmation seems forced, because the writer-director hasn't dug deep enough into Roland's character to suggest the man he'll become. In Swedish.—M.S. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Speed—Trouble on the Los Angeles freeway. Evil mastermind Dennis Hopper (who else?) is a disgruntled psycho who wires a bomb to the bottom of a city bus. If the speed drops below fifty, boom. Enter Keanu Reeves as a young cop who is one step behind Hopper, but catching up fast; we are way behind the movie, which outwits our expectations at every turn. The director is Jan De Bont, who used to be a cameraman; this is his first feature, and he sees the plot through in a surge of bright images. The result is clean, delirious, and, yes, speedy—the best big-vehicle-in-peril movie since Clouzot's "The Wages of Fear." But that film offered a vision of human duplicity pitted against a dour fate; De Bont's work is a mindlessly cheerful occasion for high humor, initiative, and good luck—and a great, gutsy turn from Sandra Bullock as a passenger who finds herself behind the wheel of the bus. You leave the theatre exhausted, and blissed out.—A.L. (6/13/94) (Murray Hill Cinemas, Baronet, Coronet, Orpheum VII, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Regency, and Criterion Center.)



Julie Delpy and Zbigniew Zamachowski in "White."

RAUL COLON

White—With Zbigniew Zamachowski and Julie Delpy, directed by Krzysztof Kieslowski. In Polish and French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Widows' Peak—In the scintillating opening of this corkscrew comedy (set in the twenties), the director, John Irvin, and the writer, Hugh Leonard, introduce a picturesque Irish spot where the choice hillside property belongs to a pack of wealthy widows led by Joan Plowright. Deftly and hilariously, the filmmakers sketch a snobbish, genteel matriarchy and the influence it has over men like the local dentist (Jim Broadbent) and Plowright's son (Adrian Dunbar). The movie doesn't stay at that high level; the script becomes a single-twist mystery about the enmity between the misfit of Widows' Peak—a poor spinster played by Mia Farrow—and its seductive newcomer, Natasha Richardson. But Irvin's direction has never been more confident and spirited, the casting is witty, and the ensemble work wonderful. The standout is Farrow, who brings force and passion to a tricky role.—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, and Paris.)

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow.)

Knife in the Water (1961)—The work of a wunderkind who grew up fast—Roman Polanski made this film when he was twenty-eight, but it has the low-key wryness and technical assurance you expect from directors twice as old. This sinister, unpredictable fusion of psychological drama and unromantic comedy unfolds mostly during a daylong sailboat journey. When a well-off husband and wife (Leon Niemczyk, Jolanta Umecka) take on a student (Zygmunt Malanowicz) as a deckhand, sexual tension and masculine rivalry add fire to built-in class jealousies. Using all his worldliness and expertise, Niemczyk, a successful sports reporter, bullies both the buxom young Umecka and the woefully unseaworthy Malanowicz. But even when the husband's two victims have sex, "Knife" doesn't become merely a triangle or crime-of-passion movie. It's about three people trying to transcend a shrivelling recognition of their limitations. Shortly before the wife and the student couple, she tells him, "You're just the same. Only younger by half, weaker, and twice as stupid." Polanski maintains an ultra-modern cool tone; no one leaves the water unscathed. The script is by Polanski and Jerzy Skolimowski. In Polish.—M.S. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 19.)

The Night of the Following Day (1969)—Fancy kidnapping-for-ransom movie, with the production designed in gold and brown and blue and black, and the characters silhouetted against white walls and talking in pseudo-casual gangster jargon. Playing cardboard-cutout thugs, Marlon Brando (gold-haired to match the visual scheme) and Richard Boone have an edge of irony that makes the bad movie seem a joke we're all partly in on. Rita Moreno (also gold-haired), who plays a ticky little drug addict, gives an expert, stylized performance. With Pamela Franklin and Jess Hahn. Directed by Hubert Cornfield, who wrote the script with Robert Phippeny, based on Lionel White's novel "The Snatchers."—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 17-18.)

Run of the Arrow (1956)—Authentic casting must not have been one of Sam Fuller's goals in this frontier Western: his Sioux include Jay C. Flippen as a former Union Army scout and Charles Bronson as a chief named Blue Buffalo. Rod Steiger tops his brooding Method energy with an abrasive brogue in order to play the hero, an Irish Southerner and Confederate infantryman who shuns the chaos back East and renews his soul with the Sioux until white American empire-building intrudes. Fuller's pulp tough-mindedness is refreshing after "Dances with Wolves." The Native American characters here aren't exceedingly gentle: they allow enemies a choice between execution and a race of last resort. In the "run of the arrow," they give their antagonists a head start equal to the flight of an arrow. After that, anyone who interferes with the chase is skinned alive. Brian Keith gives a graceful performance as a good U.S. Army officer. Otherwise, it's just a prime example of Fuller's here's-mud-in-your-eye movie-making.—M.S. (Film Forum 2; June 17-18.)

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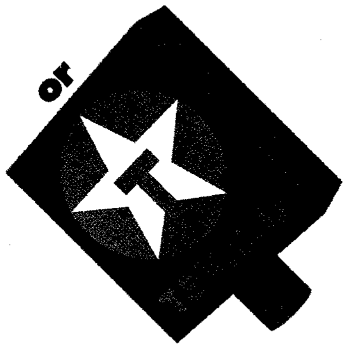

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

BEYOND STONEWALL: GAY STRUGGLES, 25 YEARS ON

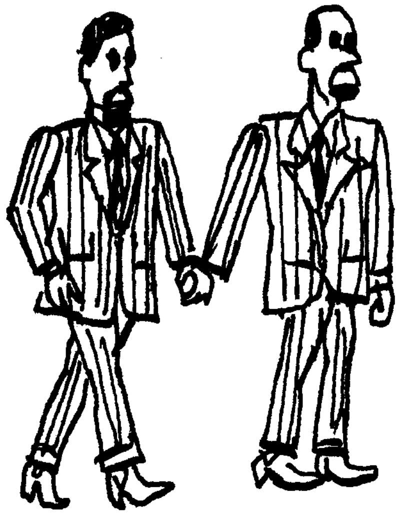
SOMEDAY, John Boswell's new book, "Same-Sex Unions in Premodern Europe," which will be published later this month by Villard, may be seen for what it is: an erudite work in which Yale's A. Whitney Griswold Professor of History applies his scholarly acumen to a matter of daunting textual and linguistic complexity. At this moment, however, a book arguing that, from as early as the eighth century, and continuing for hundreds of years, priests in the Roman Catholic and Eastern Orthodox Churches performed gay-marriage ceremonies in churches throughout Europe is unlikely to elicit such a sober assessment. For Boswell is publishing his controversial findings at a time when both Hawaii's highest court and its legislature are debating the legal sanction of gay marriage, when the Pope has called such marriages "a serious threat to the future of the family and society," and when within the gay community itself there is a good deal of discussion about the advisability of formal, same-sex union.

While Boswell is painfully aware of the ripples his work is likely to cause—not least within the Roman Catholic Church, of which he is a devout member—he says that he cannot let himself worry too much about how his scholarship might be enrolled in the various debates. He says that his experience with his 1980 book, "Christianity, Social Tolerance, and Homosexuality"—a reputation-making study arguing that the opposition of early Christianity to homosexuality was not monolithic—taught him the dangers of getting caught in crossfire. "I've also written books on Muslims in pre-1492 Spain and on abandoned children in medieval Europe, and my current project involves the interaction of Christianity, Judaism, and Islam," he said when we met him not long ago at Mory's, the Yale-affiliated eating club in New Haven. "So you can see why I don't always like being dragged in as the heavy artillery." Then, alluding to the fact that he is seriously ill, he added, "I don't want to be remembered as 'the gay medievalist.' "

Boswell, who is forty-seven, has dark-blond hair, quizzical blue eyes, and a comfortable, boyish effeminacy, and at Mory's, and then several weeks later at his home near campus, he spoke carefully but eagerly about the difficult course of his same-sex-unions research. It began twelve years ago, when he received in the mail (from a Jesuit priest, he told us) a reference to a Greek liturgical manual, compiled in the seventeenth century by the Dominican scholar Jacques Goar, in which the text of a same-sex-union ritual was reprinted. Fascinated, Boswell spent several summers quarrying European libraries for other reliable copies of the ceremony. In Paris, during one of these research forays, he had a revelatory dinner with a Dominican priest. Not only did the priest tell Boswell that many well-informed churchmen already knew about the rite but couldn't speak about it publicly; more startling, he said that he had seen a version of it performed the previous week in Greece. (Boswell does not give details in his book about where the rite is still performed, arguing that to do so "would unleash a horde of anthropologists on the villages in question" and result in the rite's being prohibited.)

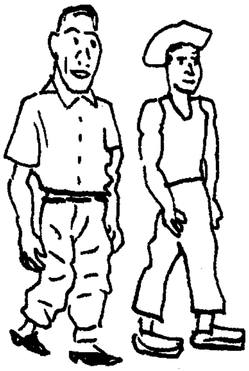
Not long after this encounter, while Boswell was in the Vatican Library researching another project, he began poking around with the idea of finding more evidence of a same-sex religious ritual, and, as he told us, "found eight of the most interesting manuscript versions of what was clearly a gay-marriage ceremony." Boswell says he sifted through them warily. "When people walked by me, I would hide what I was looking at," he recalled.

However arduous Boswell's search for documentation was, the process of proving that he had found a gay-marriage rite, and not, as other scholars may argue, evidence of blood-brotherhood or fraternal-adoption ceremonies, proved even more taxing. For one thing, most of the documents (he eventually found more than fifty copies of a same-sex ceremony) were written in Koiné Greek and Old Church Slavonic—ecclesiastical languages that posed problems of translation even for someone as linguistically dexterous as



ILLUSTRATIONS BY GARY PANTER

Boswell, who reads a couple of dozen languages, many of them arcane. For another, he faced most people's intuitive disinclination to believe what he claims are the facts: specifically, that until ceremonies of same-sex union were prohibited by the Roman Church and the Orthodox Church in the thirteenth century, they were conducted by priests in sanctified churches all over Europe; that they incorporated many of the practices used in heterosexual weddings, including Communion, circling the altar, wearing crowns, reading from Scripture, and kissing (but not the exchange of rings); that most of the texts he has found involve two men, but at least one example mentions two women; and that among those joined in such ceremonies were the Byzantine emperors Michael III and Basil I.

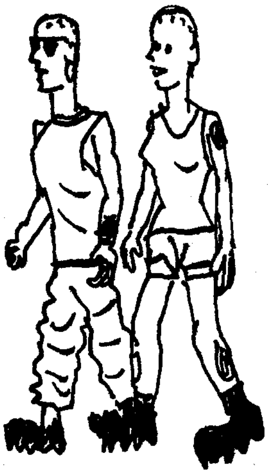


A key section of Boswell's dense yet beautifully written book is an extended argument concerning three questions that he says—perhaps bluffly, perhaps polemically—are "nonpolemical." For starters, he asked himself whether the ceremony solemnized a personal commitment, rather than a religious, political, or family union. "Unequivocally yes," he answers himself in "Same-Sex Unions." "It is unmistakably a voluntary, emotional union of two persons."

Was the union homosexual? Since the parties who were united were of the same sex, he came to believe that the answer was again affirmative; as to whether the union involved sexual relations between two men or two women, he concluded that it is impossible to be sure in the absence of interrogation of the parties—just as, he points out, it is impossible to determine whether the parties to a childless medieval heterosexual union ever had sex.

Boswell's third question was whether the rite was a gay marriage. In the modern sense of a long-lasting emotional union acknowledged by the community, he concluded that the answer was yes. In medieval terms, his response was much less definite, because, as he writes, "the concept of someone innately and exclusively 'homosexual' was largely unknown to the postclassical world."

Boswell believes that his answers to these questions will prevail. He sees his critics as likely to be a large, diverse group, including conservative Christians and radical gay academics but not, for the most part, his fellow-historians, who tend to think of him less as an authority on gay people than as someone who has pioneered imaginatively unprudish approaches to a variety of scholarly problems. And referring to his likely critics, he added, "They're going to lose any arguments they pick with me."



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"THE gene that makes us gay does not necessarily make us Democrats," Tony Brooks said one night last week, seated at a table in Woody's, a neighborhood hangout on Seventh Avenue South. He was speaking in his capacity as vice-president of the New York chapter of the Log Cabin Club, the national gay Republican group. (The name is for the childhood home of Abraham Lincoln, the Great Emancipator, and a Republican.) He and half a dozen other key members of the club here had gathered at the restaurant, as they often do—usually after club meetings, which are held once a month at the Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center, on West Thirteenth Street.

"We're up to a hundred and three members," Brooks said. He's twenty-nine years old and, thanks to a dark-blue suit and rep tie, and an Oliver North cowlick, he looked extremely Republican.

"Make that one-oh-four," Gerardo Ramírez, a forty-nine-year-old Episcopal priest and the president of the club, said, passing a sealed envelope to the club's treasurer, Michael De Angelis, who teaches law at Fordham. Four years ago, when the club here was founded (Log Cabin has thirty-six chapters in twenty-eight states), there were about two dozen members. Ramírez said the election of Rudolph Giuliani has brought more gays out of the closet—or maybe it's more Republicans.

"We're trying to inject some morality into the gay community," Brooks said. Others at the table groaned, and he changed "morality" to "responsibility."

Mostly, though, the members agree a lot. They all talked about being in a "double closet." They all had not so nice things to say about ACT UP (which has had not so nice things to say about them). They all talked about not having fitted in when they attended meetings of various other gay groups.

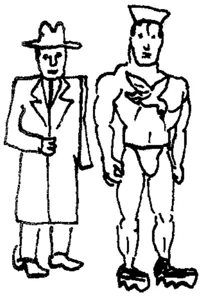
"I've heard someone say I was a C.I.A. plant," Susan Jester, one of the club's twenty female members, said. "I never fit the media stereotype of a lesbian. I don't wear flannel shirts."

Jester, who wears gray eyeshadow and upswept hair and in many ways fits the media stereotype of a member of a suburban car pool, is the executive administrator of Stonewall 25, the group that has organized the June 26th march and rally commemorating the Stonewall riot of June, 1969. About Stonewall, the Log Cabin members feel this way and that. "It was the first time I ever saw people like me on television," De Angelis recalled—with pleasure, it seemed—but he and the others at the table agreed that they themselves could never go in for throwing stuff at policemen.

The club will mark the Stonewall anniversary with a cocktail party at the New York Athletic Club. Mike Flynn, a co-founder of Log Cabin here, is a Giuliani appointee in the New York City Housing Authority, and it is his understanding that the Mayor will make an appearance. "He walked thirty blocks with us last year in the Gay Pride Parade," he said, and everyone nodded.

•

THOMAS STEEL, a gay man, is suing Robin Young, a lesbian, for paternity rights to their biological daughter, and the gay legal community is shuddering with apprehension. The case cuts to the core question of gay family life now: What constitutes a gay family? Beatrice Dohrn, the legal director of the Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund, says, "Family courts have traditionally assumed that it is in the best interests of all kids to have a mother and a father. But the fact is that lesbians and gay men are deliberately constructing families in numbers that are unprecedented—often by donor insemination or surrogacy. This is the first dispute of its kind in an appellate court in New York, and lesbians and gay men hoping to have kids are anxiously watching this case."



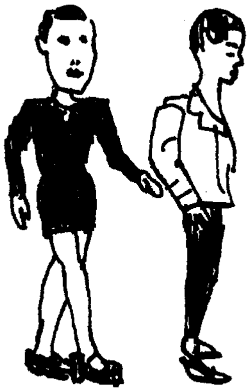
In 1979, Robin Young and Sandra Russo had few anxieties. They were in love and were living together in the Village, and they were eager to begin a family. Ms. Russo, who is small and vivacious, was an attorney for the Legal Aid Society (she now works at Legal Services for New York City), and Ms. Young, who looks like a preppy Merle Oberon, wanted to stay home with the kids. They hoped that each woman would bear one baby, and that the children would be reared as the offspring of both women, like siblings in a straight family. "In some sense, we were going to be a traditional family," Ms. Young said the other afternoon, as she and Ms. Russo sat on a sofa in their loft downtown.

Reasoning that gay men who were "out" were likely to be sympathetic to lesbians forming families—and might even be politically motivated to help create them—Ms. Young and Ms. Russo decided to find gay donors. They wanted men who were intelligent, and who lived far enough away so that their being a part of the family wasn't an option. Ms. Russo was the older of the two (she was thirty-nine at the time, and Ms. Young was twenty-four), so they decided that she should get pregnant first. When they were on vacation in San Francisco in August, 1979, a friend put them in touch with a physical therapist named Jack Kolb. "We talked to him about what we wanted—that this would be our family, that he would have no rights or responsibilities," Ms. Russo said. And he agreed to those stipulations, and also to their request that if the child ever wanted to meet him, he'd be available. Using a glass syringe, Ms. Russo inseminated herself, and the following May her daughter, Cade Russo-Young, was born in New York.

A few months later, the women (with Cade in tow) visited San Francisco again, hoping to find a donor for Ms. Young. The same friend suggested that Thomas Steel, a successful Bay Area lawyer, might assist them. Mr. Steel, Ms. Young, and Ms. Russo agreed orally that Ms. Young would inseminate herself; that Mr. Steel would have no parental rights or obligations; and that he would make himself known to the child if she asked about her biological origins. Another girl, Ry Russo-Young, was born in 1981.

For the first three years of Ry's life, Mr. Steel had virtually no contact with her or with Ms. Young or Ms. Russo. Then, sometime in 1985, Ry's older sister began to ask about her genetic history, so her parents arranged for the four of them to travel to San Francisco to meet, as Ms. Young and Ms. Russo put it to the girls, "the men who helped make you." Mr. Steel rented a house at Stinson Beach, about an hour north of the city, for a few days, and invited the visiting four, Mr. Kolb, and a bunch of friends to join them there. Everyone had a good time. "There was a wonderful, generous spirit about it," Ms. Russo recalled, and Ms. Young added, "We felt so thankful to these guys."

Mr. Steel began visiting the lesbian couple and the girls in Manhattan, and they, in turn, visited him on the West Coast. Together, the five spent vacations in rented houses on Long Island. Mr. Steel did not support Ry financially, but he says that he made gifts of money to the family, a claim that Ms. Young and Ms. Russo dispute. Mr. Steel also says that he developed special feelings for Ry. He maintains that he was as involved as any other noncustodial parent. Ms. Young says he was just a friend, as close as many of their other friends. What is clear is that Mr. Steel eventually began to chafe at having to see Ry only at the women's discretion. In the spring of 1991, when Ry was nine, he told Ms. Young and Ms. Russo that he wanted to take her to California that summer for a two-week stay—without Ms. Young and Ms. Russo—to meet his parents. The women refused. Mr. Steel promptly sued Ms. Young for paternity rights.



In March of 1992, the case went to trial here in family court, with Mr. Steel arguing—in what many in the gay legal community saw as surprisingly traditional language—the importance of both biological fatherhood and, to his mind, Ry's "illegitimate" status. The court denied his petition. The presiding judge, Edward Kaufmann, wrote, "When Ry was almost ten years old, he [Mr. Steel] decided . . . to attempt to change the ground rules of her life. This attempt has already caused Ry . . . psychological harm. . . . For her, a declaration of paternity would be a statement that her family is other than what she knows it to be and needs it to be."

Mr. Steel immediately appealed, maintaining that he sought only to provide Ry with additional love and financial security. The case was argued again last February in the Appellate Division of the State Supreme Court, and a decision is due shortly.

Legal experts say that the outcome is by no means certain, and Ms. Russo and Ms. Young are on tenterhooks. Meanwhile, the girls, now fourteen and twelve, are looking forward to participating in a summer Shakespeare festival upstate, where Ms. Russo and Ms. Young now own a country house. And, if Mr. Steel's paternity is again denied, Ms. Young plans to formally adopt Cade, and Ms. Russo plans to adopt Ry. As they sat together the other afternoon, the mothers sent the daughters—friendly, strapping, brown-haired girls, who actually look like sisters—out shopping for steak and artichokes for dinner. "The traffic on Seventh Avenue is lousy," Ms. Young warned the girls as they went off on their errand, and Ms. Russo added, "Stick with each other, please." ♦

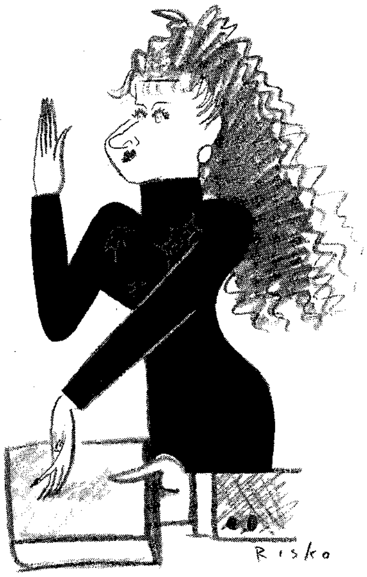
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

THE FRIENDS OF PAULA JONES

A disgruntled network of far-right activists was waiting for a break—then they met the woman of their dreams.

BY SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL

THERE is no reason, other than a wishful belief in neat endings, to suppose that it will ever be determined conclusively whether Paula Corbin Jones's claims about Bill Clinton's sexual advances are wholly true, partly true, or thoroughly false. Certainly she will get her day in court. But on that day, or a subsequent one, her case may well be dismissed on any number of grounds, beginning with extension of Presidential immunity to civil prosecution. Even if the United States District Court in Arkansas were to rule against Clinton on the immunity question, the appeals process might take years, and the next pre-trial step would be unlikely to occur until 1997, after the next election. And in a national survey of specialists which was carried out by *Legal Times*, a Washington law journal, extreme doubt about Jones's case was found to be universal. It seems to be a construct so fragile that it may crumble at the slightest movement of the legal process. For example, Stephen Tallent, a partner in Gibson, Dunn & Crutcher, was quoted as saying, "This complaint is drafted not with legal skill, but with talents more appropriate to a John Belushi/*National Lampoon* movie. The courts can dispose of Jones v. Clinton without much difficulty. The question remains whether the media can deal with the case as realistically." Robert Fitzpatrick, of Fitzpatrick & Verstegen, said about Jones's claims, "Dismissible on their face. . . . Give me a break." And so on.



Jones: More than a cause, she's an opportunity.

ROBERT RISKO

The difficulties that Jones faces are formidable. Her charge that she was punished at work for not delivering sexual favors has already been contradicted by evidence that she received merit raises after the alleged incident. If the case gets to the point of discovery—the legal process of questioning witnesses to determine whether the charges are worthy of adjudication—the President, who has already suffered indelible political damage, will be further harmed, but discovery may tell an unpretty story about Jones, too. One of Jones's sisters has expressed eagerness to testify against her claim of emotional distress. The sister and her husband, Charlotte and Mark Brown, ascribe Jones's bringing the suit to sheer greed. What is discovered could also lead to the case's being tossed out. Yet even if, in some distant year, it should actually come to trial, Jones's motives may never be fully clarified.

This mystery woman, however, has not pursued a trackless path to the front steps of the courthouse. She has left a trail of bent branches that winds through the reaches of the far right—territory occupied by abortion-clinic blockaders, television evangelists, professional media bashers, and profiteers in the martyr business. These are the newly acquired friends of Paula Jones. Their motives for attaching themselves to her are obvious. She is more than a cause—she is an opportunity. The stalwarts of traditional values have not hesitated to engage the prurience of the tabloid culture in their crusade.

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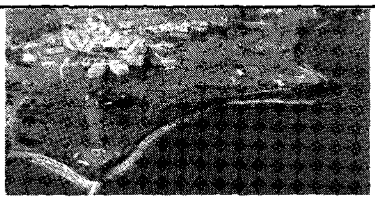

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"You bet they have a new cause," said Roger Craver, who is the leading direct-mail fund-raiser for progressive groups, including Amnesty International USA, Common Cause, and Planned Parenthood, and who studies closely the appeals of his right-wing counterparts and speaks regularly with them. "When I talk to right-wing fund-raisers, they say Hillary Clinton is ten times as good as Ted Kennedy for them. There is something about her that is angry-making to that donor base. What is deep down behind that Paula Jones stuff is that, sure, they'd like to get Bill Clinton but—I think—they're lashing out at Hillary far more. The right was working Ted Kennedy a long time. Now these right types have a movable feast of subjects, from the Clintons to gay rights to abortion. Whatever issue helps them organize at the grass-roots level and raise money, they'll move to. The Paula Jones issue is simply a current issue they can use to tie together their talk-show network, their mail, and this undereducated-male anger, and turn it into cash. Fear and cash, fear and cash. . . . When it's over and Paula Jones loses, they'll blame the courts and slick lawyering, and they'll be back in on something else. They have hit on a good thing. They have the face of evil in Bill and Hillary Clinton. They will keep aiming at that until it no longer pays. The sad part is seeing these right-wingers as jokes. They're not silly. You can't follow their lawyer trail easily, you can't follow their money trail easily. This is water-moccasin-style politics. It's silent and deadly. You don't see it coming until it strikes."

HOW Jones inspired her defenders begins with the failure of a small-time attorney to cut a Hollywood deal. Paula Corbin is the daughter of a millworker who was also a part-time preacher in the Nazarene faith—a religion in which the denial of earthly pleasure is a sign of election. Her teen-age rebellion took the form of rowdiness. She held a string of five clerical jobs, none for long, and attended secretarial school, but failed to complete the course. Late in 1991, she married Steve Jones, who had once played the ghost of Elvis in an offbeat movie. *People* reported that, as a Northwest Airline ticket agent, he enjoyed showing off photographs he took of Paula in provocative, semi-clothed poses. And he aggressively expressed a loathing of Bill Clinton, plastering "Bush-Quayle" stickers everywhere—and even wearing a button on his uniform until his supervisor told him to remove it. Yet nobody has recalled his ever mentioning an incident of sexual harassment involving his wife and Clinton.

The January issue of a right-wing monthly, the *American Spectator*, ran an article by David Brock, the author of "The Real Anita Hill," which was filled with tales told by Arkansas state troopers about the former governor's purported sexual exploits. In the piece, one of the troopers, Danny Ferguson, recounted a story about a woman named Paula who, after meeting Governor Clinton in a hotel room, offered to be "available" as his "regular girlfriend."

Paula Corbin Jones was by then living in Long Beach, California, where she and her husband had moved with the idea that he could break into the movies. Some of their neighbors describe the couple as quarrelsome and hostile, shouting obscene epithets at those who requested more civil behavior. When Jones was back home in January, a friend and former co-worker, Debra Ballentine, told her about the *Spectator* article. Jones said later that she was infuriated with Ferguson. Ballentine, according to Jones's sister and brother-in-law and others, brought Jones to a longtime close friend of hers, a lawyer named Daniel Traylor, who mainly handled real-estate-tax transactions from a one-man office.

Traylor tried to make an arrangement with the President through a local businessman, George L. Cook. In a deadpan affidavit given to the President's lawyer, Cook described their meeting in January:

> Traylor contacted me through a mutual friend because he thought I could convey a message to the White House.
>
> Traylor revealed that he represented Paula Jones who said she had a claim against President Clinton and, if she did not get money for it, she would embarrass him publicly.
>
> After Traylor described his client's claims, I asked him why he would take a case like that. He said he knew his case was weak, but he needed the client and he needed the money. I told Traylor it was a preposterous claim and he should not expect to get any money out of it. Traylor said it would help if President Clinton would get Paula a job out in California.
>
> I told Traylor that would be illegal.

According to Cook, the Joneses imagined that the "job out in California" would be provided by Clinton's friend Harry Thomason, who produces television sitcoms, including "Hearts Afire" and the now cancelled "Designing Women." Cook says that he instantly rejected Traylor's pitch.

Traylor, having failed to get Cook to put them in touch with the President, thereupon marched himself and his client into the publicity maw of the right. (He and Jones had already signed an agreement dividing any moneys from movie, television, and book deals.) The first place Traylor headed for was the office of Cliff Jackson, the Little Rock lawyer who has assigned himself the lifetime role of Clinton's nemesis. Jackson was on a Fulbright scholarship at Oxford when Clinton was a Rhodes Scholar there. Both had promising futures. Jackson, like Clinton, sought a political career, but after serving as a local Republican functionary, he lost his only election (he ran on an independent ticket), in 1976. In 1992, Clinton was running for President, and Jackson, having long since left a minor firm to hang out his own shingle, founded a political-action committee devoted to slashing the favorite son. The Alliance for Rebirth of an Independent American Spirit, as he called it, raised funds from anti-Clinton donors and also from big backers of George Bush. Jackson bought large ads in New Hampshire newspapers and on radio stations asking "Do you really want to gamble on Bill Clinton . . . and have to worry when the other shoe will drop?" Jackson surfaced again in the imbroglio about Clinton's draft problems, and spoke openly about having made an exclusive arrangement to provide anti-Clinton stories to the Los Angeles *Times*. And it was Jackson who had brought the disgruntled state troopers to writers from the L.A. *Times* and the *American Spectator*. "I arranged for them to speak with David Brock and Bill Rempel," Jackson told me in May, with evident pride.

Traylor went to Jackson on the mistaken assumption, according to Jackson, that he represented Ferguson and that some sort of deal might be struck with him. "Traylor told me Ferguson had slandered his client," Jackson says. But soon after talking to the reporters, Ferguson had pulled back from the other troopers and refused to be represented by Jackson. "Wait a minute!" Jackson recalls telling Traylor. Rather than defend Ferguson, Jackson was now inclined to disbelieve him. He wanted to meet Paula Jones. "She told me her version of events in detail," he says. "Basically, I decided her story was internally consistent. I had trouble with Danny Ferguson's version." Jackson's change of heart upset Traylor's bid for redress. He was at a dead end.

Jackson, however, had an idea. In a few weeks, he would be going to Washington to attend the Conservative Political Action Conference, an annual trade show of the right, at which the latest ideological wares are on display. Jackson was scheduled to appear on a panel with David Brock, speaking on "The Media and Clinton," and to announce at a press conference, with his Arkansas-trooper clients at his side, the formation of the Troopergate Whistle-Blower Fund—"complete with its own 1-800 number"—to assist those who wish to come forward with new tales about Clinton. Jackson suggested that Traylor and Jones share the stage with him.

Craig Shirley, the publicist for the Jones press conference, who has worked for new-right clients and as a consultant to the Republican National Committee, told me, "Everyone's making the partisan charge, but big fuckin' deal. She could be totally disproved. This and Whitewater in '96 aren't going to amount to a tinker's damn if the economy's good. But if it's bad everything's on the table. Everyone has partisan reasons. That's my point. This is a partisan town."

On February 11th, in the ballroom of the Omni Shoreham Hotel, Jackson, the troopers, Traylor, and the Joneses appeared before a crowd of reporters. An affidavit signed by Jones four days earlier which alleged unspecified "unwelcomed sexual advances" was handed out. So were two other affidavits, by Debra Ballentine and Pamela Blackard (another former co-worker), which asserted that Jones had told them of the incident (whose details they did not recount) and that she had been distressed. Jackson, serving as the master of ceremonies, called for questions.

"What kind of advances?" a reporter asked. "Was there exposure of sexual parts?"

"I've instructed her not to get into that at this point," Traylor interjected.

The press conference ended with a reporter asking, "Did the Governor ask you to perform fellatio?"

"Excuse me?" said Jones.

"Fellatio?" shouted a reporter.

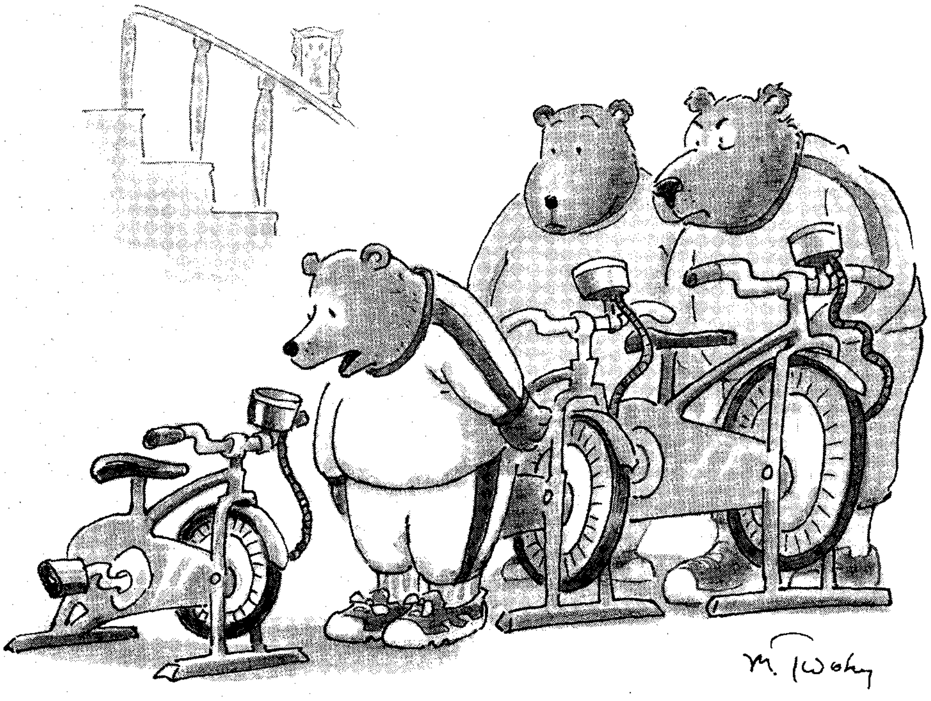
"Thank you," Jackson said. "I will be available outside the room in just a few minutes if you have any questions."

"Traylor ignored every bit of advice I gave him," Jackson complained to me later. "I advised him he shouldn't restrict questions. He restricted her from saying what went on in the room. He shut her down." It is Jackson's contention that Traylor was still trying to make a deal with Clinton. Indeed, just before the press conference Traylor had faxed a letter to the President saying, "There is the matter of potential tort liability that should be addressed at your first opportunity." He received no reply.

The lawyer and the Joneses retreated to a room in the hotel's Presidential Suite, which had been reserved by a group with a noncommittal name, the Legal Affairs Council; the group had also arranged the use of the ballroom for the press conference. The night before, the council had presented two of the troopers with plaques and a check for a thousand dollars to split between them. Under the headline "PAULA JONES FLEES THE PRESS-ANIMALS," its newsletter reported, "Room service was on us . . . for this brave group who had taken on the President of the United States. There, in a safe sanctuary, for the next twenty-four hours the Paula Jones group tried to figure out how to attract media coverage of their demand of the President of the United States."

The Legal Affairs Council is a nonprofit right-wing legal watchdog organization that raises money, mainly for beleaguered conservatives. Richard Delgaudio, its president, acquired his skill as a fund-raiser for Americans for Reagan, a committee tied to the Congressional Club, which is the center of Jesse Helms's network and has raised tens of millions over the years. Delgaudio spun off his own enterprise in late 1986, using the Oliver North Defense Fund to establish a donor base. Since then, he has set up similar efforts on behalf of the Iran-contra defendants Elliott Abrams and Caspar Weinberger. The Jones case, he believes, is something special. "I think there's a potential for the impeachment of a President," Delgaudio told me recently.

Upon leaving Washington, the Joneses began a round of interviews in right-wing outlets. The first television appearance that Paula Jones made was on "The Other Side of the Story," a program on a conservative cable channel



"Hey—somebody's been putting additional mileage on my bike, too!"

called National Empowerment Television. The program's host is Reed Irvine, the president of a group called Accuracy in Media, and he has made a decades-long career of attacking the press for "liberal bias." His interview with Jones, broadcast on April 6th, consisted mostly of her charges and his commentary.

"Maybe I could get potentially a better job," Jones said, explaining why she met, she claims, with Clinton.

"Well, he certainly had something in mind for you, didn't he?" Irvine said.

In another exchange, Jones said of Clinton, "He was talking about my curves, how he thought that my hair looked really attractive going down, you know, going down the middle of my back, and stuff like that."

"Yeah." Irvine chuckled. "We've got your picture up here on the screen, Paula, so people can see you've got nice hair. We can't see your curves. But, ah, anyway . . ."

Jones made only one political point: that her story was not receiving the attention it deserves. "What they call it, this is news and it needs to be out. People need to know who's running their country."

I spoke with Irvine a few hours after I interviewed Jackson. "I hear you talked to Cliff Jackson," Irvine said. "You find this right-wing cabal trying to bring down this President?"

I asked Irvine whether he had maintained contact with Jones since his interview with her.

"I've talked to her a few times," he said. "I'm not going to tell you about every conversation. I don't remember." For his group, in any case, the Jones case has proved beneficial. "I've had a lot of response," he said.

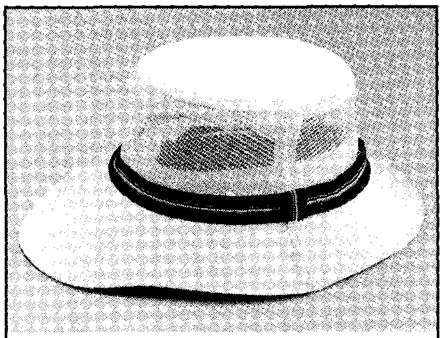
Jones's next appearance was on Pat Robertson's "700 Club," on the Christian Broadcasting Network, three weeks later. Once again, she elaborated at length on the details of her story. "I felt dirty, I felt raped," she said, "whether he touched me or not." When she finished, Robertson spoke directly to his viewers: "I know if you feel like I do, you feel like the breath's been taken out of you." Afterward, a 1-800 number flashed on the screen, urging contributions to him.

On May 6th, Jones's lawyers, surrounded by an irritable crowd of hundreds of reporters who had been milling in front of the Little Rock courthouse for two days, filed her suit against Bill Clinton and Danny Ferguson. It was highly unusual in its specificity, adding spectacular new charges. In particular, the complaint mirrored the claim that had been made against Michael Jackson: "There were distinguishing characteristics in Clinton's genital area that were obvious to Jones." This fillip suggested the humiliating possibility of the President's undergoing a physical examination. The legal claims levelled against Clinton did not include sexual harassment—since the limit on filing such charges had expired three years earlier. Instead, he was accused of subjecting Jones to a quid pro quo of sexual favors to keep her job, a rejection of which caused her to be punished economically by her superiors; of conspiring with Ferguson to violate her constitutional rights; of intentionally inflicting emotional distress; and of defaming Jones's character by denying her version of events.

The delay in filing the suit had been caused by a family squabble. Jones's sister and brother-in-law tried to talk her out of going ahead. "She was just mad, very. She wanted me to be on her side," Mark Brown told me. Brown, a former machinist, is living on Social Security disability payments in Cabot, Arkansas. "I care about Paula. I know most of you folks, the only thing that's really important is who's going to get the biggest headline story, sell the most newspapers. I don't want to see her destroyed. Paula's got in way big. She can't come out."

After work on the day of the alleged incident, which she claims caused her severe distress, Paula went over to the Browns' house, as she often did, Brown recalled. "She was having a good old time, a great time. She was laughing and giggling, no big deal. She just talked about her job, things about the day. She didn't say nothing to me about the Governor, nothing at all. Then she went home. . . . Paula's suing over a stupid lie, and she knows it. Paula hasn't done this on her own—shit, no, by no means. Paula didn't think up this all by herself. Paula's had coaching. Debra Ballentine talked Paula into all this mess, I'm sure of that. Traylor is Debra's friend—not lawyer but friend."

He added, "It's a lie, because of one woman wanting to be real wealthy, to be



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"Waiter! My glass is half empty."

in the movies and be on TV, and movies, and books, and movies. This is a hell of a price to pay, a premeditated lie—by more than one person, too."

"I don't believe Debra Ballentine," Charlotte Brown told me about Jones's corroborating witness. On May 5th, Brown told reporters that a week before travelling to Washington to stage her press conference Jones said to her, "Whichever way it went, it smelled money." And, although Brown believes that Clinton made a pass at her sister, she also said, on May 20th on "The Sally Jesse Raphaël Show," "It's possible that there might have been a little flirting going on. But that was all." She added, "I know my sister, and if anything had happened that day, if she had been sexually harassed, she would have done something about it then."

By the time of the filing of the suit, Traylor had been pushed aside as Jones's main lawyer in favor of Gilbert Davis, who was assisted by Joseph Cammarata, both of Fairfax, Virginia. Formerly minor Republican federal appointees, they were "hired upon the recommendation of Nelson Lund, who was a legal counsel in the Bush White House," according to the conservative columnist Robert Novak.

I asked Cammarata how he and Davis had managed to land Jones as a client. "We're not going to discuss that," he said. "This is an ordinary client, an ordinary case." I asked him whether Jones was paying her lawyers herself, or whether others were involved. "I'm not going to comment on whether she has a lot of money. I'm not going to comment," he said. I asked if there was a deal with television, book, and movie rights. "I'm not going to comment on any fee arrangement," he replied.

On May 12th, in a town house on Capitol Hill, the Reverend Patrick Mahoney announced the formation of a legal-defense fund for Paula Jones. He explained that he was in constant touch with the Joneses, and added, "I view myself as a facilitator here. I'm concerned about this case." On the very day that Mahoney held his press conference, the Senate outlawed his previous cause: the blockading of abortion clinics was made a federal crime. Mahoney is a leader of Operation Rescue, the militant anti-abortion group of the religious right. He has been named as a defendant in twenty-four separate legal suits for blockading clinics. The courts have levied more than two million dollars in fines and legal fees against Operation Rescue—and two hundred and four thousand dollars against Mahoney personally—all of which have gone unpaid. The group and its leaders have hidden their assets. A pamphlet issued under the rubric of the Joshua Project, an Operation Rescue spinoff, declares, "Simply put—if America is to survive she *must be rebuilt on the foundation of the* laws and principles found in the Word of God." Bill Clinton, Mahoney declared at a rally in April, heads "the most un-Christian Administration in the history of the United States."

In the Jones case Mahoney has found a vehicle that allows him to lambaste the feminist groups that have successfully hounded him through the courts. In the Joneses themselves he has found a couple to minister to. "A lot of soul-searching is going on at both ends," he told me. "I was nervous getting involved." But he has developed a bond with the Joneses. "I built a good relationship with Steve. I talk with Paula. She's naïve. I see how they're doing. They're angered and hurt. We bounce things off each other. I love it. It's a David and Goliath."

The day after Mahoney made his announcement, Delgaudio sent out a news release with the headline "CONSERVATIVE LEGAL GROUP IS FIRST TO DONATE FUNDS FOR LEGAL EXPENSES OF PAULA CORBIN JONES." Delgaudio later told me, "I spent an hour and a half on the phone with Gil Davis. We know people in common. We're not just putting out the press release. We're lending direct assistance. We handed over four thousand dollars." About Mahoney's effort he remarked, "If there's somebody who wants to write out a fifteen-dollar contribution, I'd prefer they write the check out to my organization."

Jerry Falwell, the erstwhile leader of the Moral Majority, who is still the host of the "Old Time Gospel Hour," leaped into the fray with a long infomercial promoting videotapes showing the evil of the Clintons, one of which features Steve Jones. "The reason the liberal national news media wants to discredit Paula Corbin Jones is because they feel that Bill Clinton's socialist agenda is so important that they are willing to ignore, hypocritically ignore, the

President's alleged repeated sexual harassment and misconduct," Falwell says on the infomercial. As he says the words "socialist agenda" an image of two men kissing flashes briefly on the screen.

On the infomercial, Steve Jones, punching the air and kicking sand at a beach, speaks into the camera: "Every time I look at Clinton I see him with his pants down in front of my wife and it just—oh, God, it infuriates me. It really infuriates me . . . that we've got this perverted doughboy in the White House."

"Wow!" Falwell exclaims.

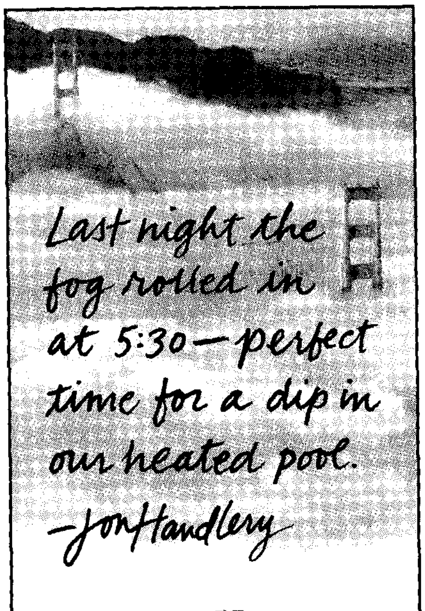
A 1-800 number appears on the screen. "I hold in my hands these two exposés, VHS videotapes, which I told you last week would not be available after that program," Falwell says solemnly. "However, a grass-roots explosion has occurred in America. . . . We were about to walk away from this thing, thinking that no one in America cared but us. But, thank God, you and I are now making a difference, and multitudes are telling me, 'Jerry, don't quit now.' "

THE Joneses have become icons to Falwell and Mahoney, Delgaudio and Jackson and Irvine—and to others on the right. Yet the couple are not universally worshipped by conservatives. Indeed, there is a good deal of publicly unexpressed disquiet about them, and there are also outright warnings to Republicans from a number of conservative columnists—notably William Safire, Paul Gigot, and Cal Thomas—to avoid the issue. For some, the entire matter is simply too distasteful to get involved with, and one need not be a liberal to suspect that Jones's credibility may be uncertain. Among some leaders of the conservative movement, there is also worry that an ephemeral tabloid story is overwhelming the emergence of an actual political position. "I personally feel it's a dreadful mistake for conservatives to get sucked into a preoccupation with this sort of thing," I was told by Paul Weyrich, the president of the Free Congress Foundation and a founder of the Heritage Foundation. "People have been faxing things around about various allegations. I think it's unhealthy. It distracts from serious issues that need the attention of this movement. Instead, a lot of them are clinging to the next chapter of the soap opera. There's no positive end to this, except wallowing around in muck. No matter what you think you know, you don't know until the facts are disclosed. You can't make conclusions as if he were tried and convicted. We ought to assume the man is innocent until proved guilty, and not hang on every word of what's coming up next."

Only a trial can finally determine innocence or guilt. But the problem with this straightforward notion is that it is improbable that a trial will occur. Paula Jones has set in motion a whirlwind of innuendo. Virtually overnight, she has lived a dream of being transformed from an uplifted face in the crowd to one who holds it transfixed. Whatever happens with her suit, she will still be a legend—a squalid legend but a legend nonetheless. Is she too "naïve," as Patrick Mahoney suggests, to know she must be a victim?

The case of Paula Jones is—for now, at least—the reductio ad absurdum of the proposition that the personal is the political. This incident is focussed on Bill Clinton, but future incidents, with their own peculiar twists and turns, will inevitably come to the fore about other politicians. Rumors are already extant about a number of prospective Republican candidates for the Presidency in 1996. Does fairness compel airing accusations against all candidates? Upholding conservative values, after all, immediately subjects Republicans to a potential charge of hypocrisy. It is perhaps harder for Republicans to admit past error and survive, given the nature of their primary electorate. Once a drop of blood enters the water, the frenzy is nearly impossible to contain. The respectable press can almost always be drawn to follow the tabloid media, rationalizing its regret later with the thought that it is unavoidably reporting the facts of a situation or filling in neglected biographical gaps.

This inevitable scene is not partisan. Ultimately, it is destructive of all partisanship—partisanship in the sense of vigorous public combat about competing visions of society. Where the personal is the political, in this sense, there is no real politics. The underlying assumption of "the character issue" is that the true self is a hidden self—that the public self is merely a deceptive mask. Psychological reductionism becomes an iron law diminishing all politicians to the one-dimensional. In the tabloid haze, public life evaporates. ◆



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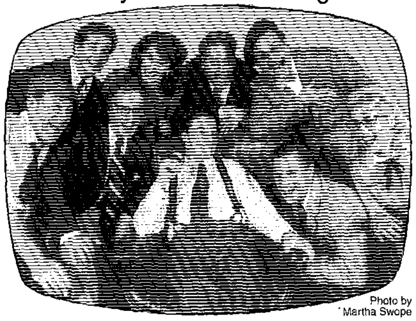

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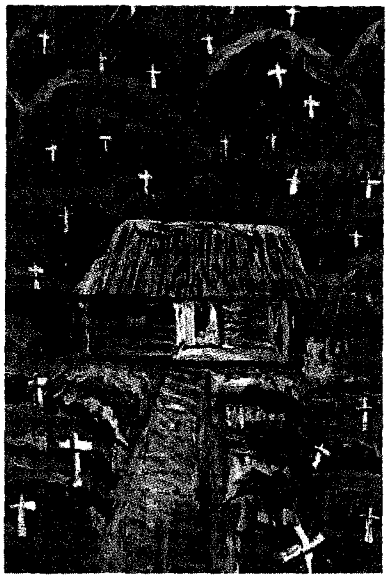
ANNALS OF CIVIL WAR

FLIGHT FROM DEATH

The violence in Rwanda was threatening to explode in Burundi, where the author's Tutsi relatives live, and he knew he had to get them out.

BY ALEX SHOUMATOFF

THE minibus sped past hundreds of *déplacés* walking along the road with mattresses, cooking pots, and bundles of possessions on their heads. "Africa and its interminable wars," Jean Rwagasana, in the front seat beside me, muttered in French, the colonial lingua franca. These were people of Kamenge, which is a suburb of Bujumbura, the capital of Burundi, a tiny, populous Central African country that has been convulsed with ethnic slaughter for thirty years. It was mid-April, and they were fleeing the Army, which was battling the rebels in Kamenge and, in its usual heavy-handed way, killing everyone in its path, including women and children of the Hutu ethnic group, to which both the rebels and the *déplacés* belonged. The Army and the country were dominated by Burundi's other ethnic group, the Tutsis, though Tutsis were said to compose only about fifteen per cent of the population. In Rwanda, Burundi's twin, just to the north, the Hutu majority was in control of the government; there, too, the Tutsis were said to compose fifteen per cent of the population—until a few weeks ago, when Hutu extremists slaughtered perhaps as many as half a million Tutsis and moderate Hutus in what was shaping up as a savage genocidal massacre. For now, Burundi was calmer, but, as Jean put it, "the tension is rising." He went on to tell me, "Just yesterday, on a street in downtown Bujumbura, a woman started screaming. Maybe she was being robbed, or maybe it was a ruse by bandits to create panic. Everybody started running, but nobody knew what he was running from, or where he was running to. I stopped a man and asked him why he was running, and he said, 'Because everybody else is.' "



FELIX PADRON

Rwanda and Burundi are yoked by a common culture, language, and history. They are mirror images of a single nightmare, and they feed each other's violence; most people felt that it was only a matter of time—weeks, months, a year at most—before the aftershock of Rwanda would hit Burundi. (In fact, the killings in Rwanda were partly a reaction to an underreported massacre last fall in Burundi, in which tens of thousands of people—perhaps even hundreds of thousands—were killed.) My wife, whom I married in Africa and who came to the United States seven years ago, is a Tutsi, and Jean's mother, Pascaline, is a beloved relative of hers. I had come to get the Rwagasanas (as I have called them) out before the slaughter returned to Burundi.

There is a taboo in Burundi against ethnic hostility at the workplace or while sharing public transport, and the sixteen other passengers crammed into the minibus rode along in wary silence. Discreetly, I checked out the ethnic mixture. There were three obvious Tutsis. Tall, slender, with high foreheads, prominent cheekbones, and narrow features, they were a different physical type from the five passengers who were short and stocky and had the flat noses and thick lips typical of Hutus. These differences, which are discernible in only about half the population of Rwanda and Burundi, were long ascribed to a now discredited racial classification: the Tutsis were

"Hamitic," the Hutus "Bantu." But they are the *only* differences between Hutus and Tutsis, apart from the fact that Hutus are traditionally cultivators and Tutsis cattle-keepers. The people of these countries speak the same languages (Kinyarwanda and Kirundi, which overlap by about eighty per cent) and share the same customs and land base, so the Hutus and the Tutsis are not tribes, as frequently mislabelled by Western writers, but somewhat physically differentiated social groups—loose, fluid castes, really. A Hutu originally meant a servant, a Tutsi someone rich and powerful. The Hutu-Tutsi group consciousness was exacerbated by the European colonizers.

The rest of the passengers were indeterminate. Nosewise, heightwise, or any otherwise, it was impossible even for Jean to tell what they were. The population of Burundi is very mixed. But they themselves knew what they were; in this part of the world, one is either a Hutu or a Tutsi. The affiliation passes from father to son. This system had resulted in killings by Hutus of fellow-Hutus with Tutsi mothers whom they happened to resemble, and, the other day, in the killing of a Zairean caddie at the Bujumbura golf course who had made the mistake of going to Kamenge and was taken by the Tutsi soldiers for a Hutu.

The road to the province where Jean lived ran almost dead straight for fifty miles. As we left the last of Bujumbura's suburbs and the gleaming sheet of Lake Tanganyika, we began to pass thorn scrub studded with the cactuslike candelabra of euphorbia trees. Every fifteen minutes, we would come to a roadblock, and a tall, heavily armed soldier, in blue-and-black-spotted fatigues, would come up to the bus and say, "*Karangamuntu!*" ("Identify yourselves!"), and we would hand him our papers. About halfway along the journey, a car was on fire in the middle of the road. Sooty flames were shooting thirty feet into the air. A man—a Hutu—with a machete waved us onto a muddy track leading into desolate bush. I knew that Hutus along this stretch of road had been putting up makeshift barriers, dragging Tutsis out of their vehicles, and hacking them to death with their pangas, or machetes, and that much of the time in recent months it had been unsafe for Jean and his family to travel to Bujumbura. "I don't like this," I whispered to Jean. We sat bolt upright in the clammy heat, as the track led to a village, but soon we were safely on the main road again, flying like a bat out of hell. "This little country is terrible," said Jean, a genial, street-smart student at the University of Bujumbura. "One day it's calm, the next you see bodies all over the place. *Ça vient quand ça veut*—it has a will of its own."

BURUNDI had been in a state of general panic since last October 21st, when Melchior Ndadaye, its first elected President—and, by no coincidence, a Hutu—was assassinated by a group of Tutsi junior officers. This had triggered the worst bloodbath since 1972. Hutus in the countryside, egged on by inflammatory broadcasts from Rwanda, had started killing their Tutsi neighbors; then the Army had come in and had killed even more Hutus. Half of the country had been in flames. Observers flying in helicopters over Burundi's hills reported hundreds of bodies scattered around smoldering huts. On one hill, Hutus were slaughtering Tutsis; on the next, it was the other way around. How many were killed? "One cannot know the number," a provincial governor told me. The government estimated the figure to be between eight and ten thousand, but other estimates ranged from twenty-five thousand to as high as two hundred thousand. The victims were both Tutsi and Hutu; most of the eight hundred thousand or so refugees who poured into neighboring Rwanda, Zaire, and Tanzania were Hutu. The Rwagasanas were especially vulnerable, because they were Rwandan Tutsis who had fled during the last big pogrom there, in 1973. The Burundian Hutus usually make a point of going after the Banyarwanda, as these exiles are called, because the Banyarwanda have generally done well for themselves, and because many of their sons are fighting in the Rwandan Patriotic Front, which invaded Rwanda four years ago and now controls two-thirds of the country.

My wife had reached Pascaline by telephone (from upstate New York, where we live) a few days after President Ndadaye's funeral, on December 6th, which had incited a new spasm of butchery. Pascaline told us that since October the family had been sleeping in the bush, under a grass roof spanning two anthills, because armed Hutus were on the prowl and it was unsafe to stay in the house at night.

On New Year's Day, we talked again. The situation hadn't changed. Pascaline was a strong woman, whose family had already suffered every conceivable horror over the years, but this time she burst into tears. "This may be the last time we will be talking to each other," she said. "If you can just get the children out and I die, it wouldn't be so bad." A few nights later, I was awakened by my wife's sobbing. "I eat and sleep, eat and sleep, and feel so helpless," she said. So we decided—my wife, three of her relatives who had already made it to the First World, and I—that I would go alone to Africa and try to get the Rwagasanas visas to America.

By late January, the killing had spread to the capital. Eight of Bujumbura's eighteen *quartiers populaires* underwent violent, spontaneous ethnic cleansing. In four, all the Hutus were driven out or killed, and their homes were torched with gasoline or blown up with grenades. Now, Jean told me, if a Hutu ventured into one of them, even a taxi-driver with a Tutsi passenger, the cry went up "*Bord! Bord!*" (*quartier* slang for "quarry," or "game"), young Tutsis came running, and the Hutu was stoned, beaten, or kicked to death on the spot. The same happened to a Tutsi who entered one of the four recently cleansed Hutulands. "If you get on the wrong bus, *c'est fini pour toi*," Jean said. On March 19th, he recalled, he was returning from a wedding in a bus full of Banyarwanda, and it was stopped by a makeshift barricade and surrounded by a gang of young Hutus armed with pangas, knives, and hatchets. This was in the still mixed *quartier* of Bwiza; the assailants were probably Hutus who had been driven out of the adjacent, now completely Tutsi *quartier* of Nyakabiga. "They told the driver to let out all the Tutsis," Jean recalled. "He refused. Then they broke one of the bus windows and started pulling a girl's hair. Their leader ordered gasoline to be brought, so the bus could be set on fire with us inside. I thought my time had come. But just then a military patrol came by, and they all fled."

Then, on April 6th, there was a spectacular double assassination in Rwanda, and that country, which had remained calm throughout Burundi's bloodbath,

"Ah, here is your fax now."

• •

exploded. Rwanda's longtime President, Juvénal Habyarimana, and Burundi's new President, Cyprien Ntaryamira, who had just taken office, were returning together in Habyarimana's plane to Kigali, Rwanda's capital—following a conference, in Dar es Salaam, Tanzania, on the Central African crisis—when the plane was apparently hit by rocket fire. It came down in the garden of the Rwandan Presidential palace, and both Presidents were killed. At first, everyone thought that the plane had been shot down by the insurgent Rwandan Patriotic Front, but the killers may have been extremists in Habyarimana's own party. Last August, at Arusha, Tanzania, Habyarimana had reluctantly agreed to form a transitional government and to integrate his Army with the R.P.F. Since then, he had been using every delaying tactic in the book to avoid implementing the accords, but in recent weeks it had become clear to everyone that he had run out of excuses.

In any case, within hours of the assassination an unprecedented purge began, not only of Tutsis but of Hutu opposition leaders, sixty-eight of whom were killed in the first three days, and of prominent businessmen and intellectuals—the cream of Rwanda. The transitional Prime Minister, Agathe Uwilingiyimana, a Hutu who supported the Arusha accords, was hideously murdered. Her Belgian United Nations guards were genitally mutilated and tortured to death. The Minister of Labor was reported to have been cut into three pieces, and those pieces to have been used as a roadblock. Most of the killing was done by members of Habyarimana's seven-hundred-man Hutu Presidential Guard and drink-and-marijuana-crazed young members of his party known as *interahamwe*—"those who think together and attack together." In Gisenyi, a city on Lake Kivu, bordering Zaire, where thousands of Tutsis and Hutu moderates and members of the élite were butchered, a Rwandan journalist told me, some Hutu *interahamwe* burst into a church and asked the priest if he was Hutu or Tutsi. The priest was a Hutu, but this was impossible to tell from his nose or his height, and he said, "I am a member of the human race." The *interahamwe* thereupon chopped him into pieces.

Sylvestre Ntibantunganya, the president of the National Assembly and a Hutu, became the new, interim President of Burundi. Ntibantunganya was doing his best to keep the country calm, but he was in a very dangerous position, caught between Hutu and Tutsi extremists, and everyone was waiting for the backlash from Rwanda. Burundi's next bloodbath, many feared, would be worse than the one in October, and perhaps even worse than Rwanda's.

SOMETHING was required to explain why the entire Rwagasana family—Pascaline, Antoine, and their children who were still living in Burundi—needed to come to America immediately. The fact that they were in mortal danger was not an acceptable argument. From America, they would make their way to a third country, where other family members were already living, and there they would ask for political asylum. It wasn't possible to go to that country directly, because it was flooded with asylum applicants from disintegrating Third World countries and had stopped giving visas to them. So we scheduled a wedding. Janvier, the Rwagasanas' fourth child, who had immigrated to the New World five years earlier, was marrying an American girl. I drafted a letter to the vice-consul in Bujumbura explaining that we would be financially responsible for the Rwagasanas during their visit to the United States. (If only one or two people had been going to Janvier's wedding, it probably wouldn't have been necessary for me to go to Bujumbura in person, but the whole family was a tall order.)

As it happens, twenty-one years earlier the Rwagasanas had used a marriage to escape from Rwanda. Antoine had then been a secondary-school forestry teacher and Pascaline had been working in a bank in Nyanza, where the last king had held court. Their four eldest children had been born by then, and they had built a four-bedroom house. They were *bien,* as well-off as possible for Tutsis in postcolonial Rwanda. The bottom line was that they were alive, having survived massacres in '59, '60, '63, and '67; Antoine's father had been killed and his mother and a younger brother had been imprisoned in the last flareup.

The friction between the Hutus and the Tutsis goes back centuries. Rwanda and Burundi were independent kingdoms until 1899, when they became colonies of Germany; after the First World War, Belgium took them over. The Tutsis had been the ruling class, and the colonial administrators, in both colonies. In 1959, as Rwanda looked toward independence, the Hutus began killing Tutsi chiefs and subchiefs, burning Tutsis' huts, and chopping off their feet—literally cutting them down to size. In April, 1973, the Rwagasanas, having barely escaped a pogrom two months earlier, learned that another panga-wielding mob was headed their way. There wasn't even time to pack. They hired a Hutu with a truck to drive them to "a wedding in Kigali." Antoine and his two brothers rode in front, and Pascaline, her widowed mother-in-law, Irène (who by then was out of prison), and the four children in back. After some distance, Antoine's brother Damasone held a knife to the driver, and said, "I don't want to kill you. We are just trying to save our family. We aren't going to Kigali. Drive us to Burundi."

When they reached the border, they found the guard asleep. Albert, the third brother, who could pass for a Hutu, slapped him awake and asked impatiently, "Has Minister Sezirahiga passed?" Sezirahiga was the minister in charge of carrying out the "social revolution"—as the purge of Tutsis was euphemistically called—in southern Rwanda. The guard didn't know what to say. "I'll bet he passed here," Albert went on. "And you were asleep! And how could you let these Tutsis escape? Open the gate immediately." So the guard let them through.

If the Rwagasanas had thought that Burundi would be an improvement, they were sadly mistaken. "When we came here, we found what we had left, only in reverse," Pascaline recalls. "The soldiers made Hutu functionaries carry our bags ten kilometres, to a military camp, because, the commandant said, 'your brothers drove these people here.' " The year before, Burundi had had a "social revolution" of its own—a Hutu insurrection followed by devastating reprisals on the civilian population, and in the end a total of about a hundred and fifty thousand Burundians lost their lives. The Hutu élite—all those with a secondary-school education or who were prominent in any way—had practically been wiped out, so there were openings for the refugee Rwandan intellectuals and former Rwandan government officials who were pouring into Bujumbura. By June, Antoine had found work, as the manager of a Belgian-owned coffee plantation. He knew he could be replaced by a qualified Burundian at any time, but he lasted in this job until 1991, when there were massacres in Burundi for the third year in a row. In that particular area, long a hotbed of Hutu rebel activity, the Army was merciless: Hutus were bayonetted on the way to Mass. The horrified Belgian coffee-growers sold the plantation to some Burundians, who replaced Antoine and promptly ran the plantation into the ground.

Jean and I got off the bus at our destination and walked through the market, where several dozen women were selling fish, banana beer, clothes, and produce they had grown in the lush fields outside the town and brought to the market in baskets on their heads, with their babies strapped to their backs. A procession of lyre-horned Ankole cattle ambled by. We found Pascaline, a short, solid woman of fifty-two with a frank, expressive face, sitting at a sewing machine in a dress shop, just off the market, which she owned in partnership with two friends. Pascaline had come to our wedding, in 1990—a three-day blast in a Banyarwanda refugee village in Uganda, which was where my wife grew up.

The Rwagasanas lived on the other side of the market, in the *quartier commercial*—a mixed neighborhood of Zaireans, Banyarwanda, and mostly Hutu Burundians—in a beautiful house behind a hedge. They had built the house in 1983. It had a gracefully roofed front porch, but most of the time everyone sat on the cozy back porch, off the kitchen. The walls were brown stucco, the roof corrugated iron sheeting. The

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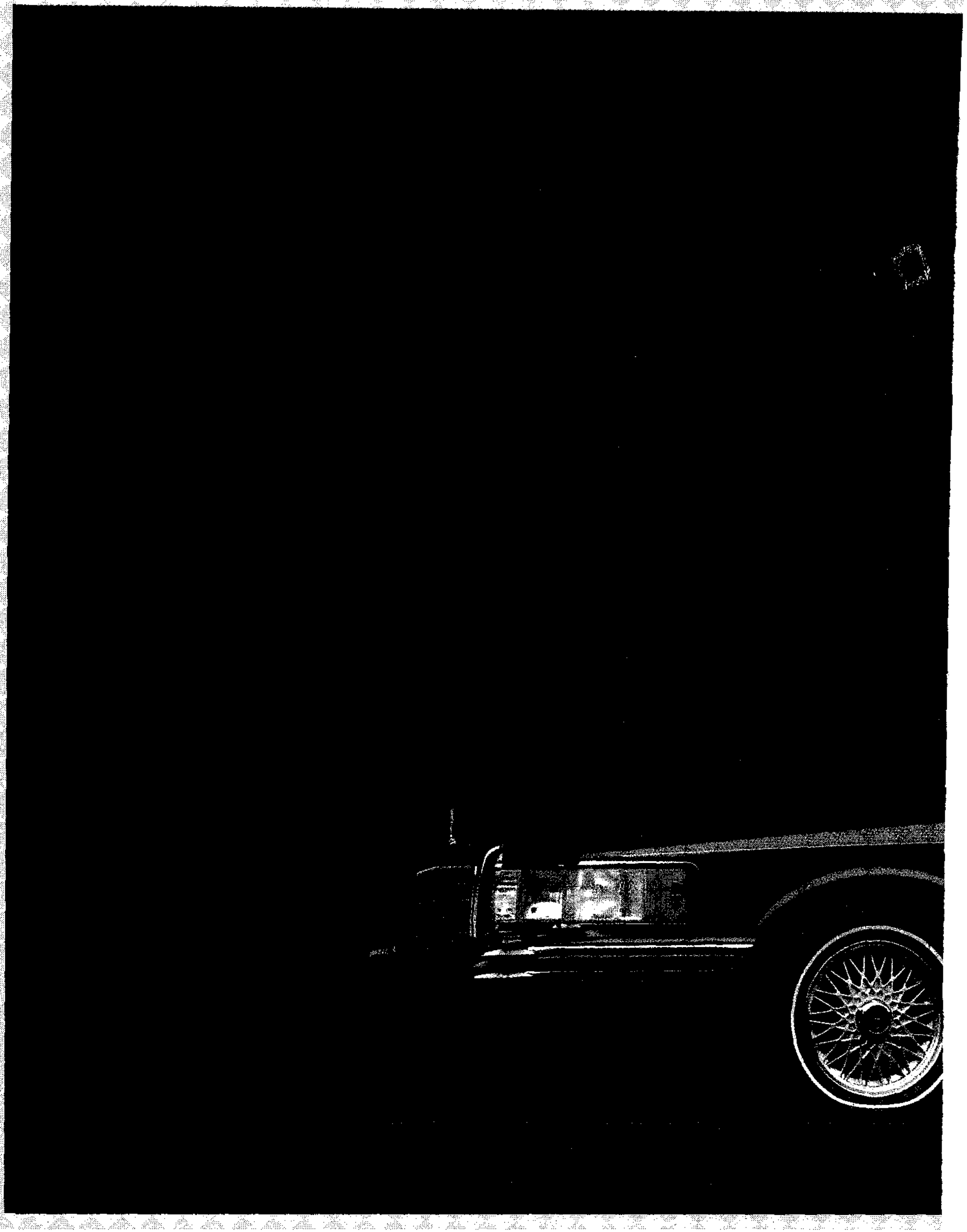

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house had running water, electricity, a television, and a telephone; it was one of the nicest in town. Jean wasn't sure that Pascaline had accepted the idea of losing everything for a second time. There might have to be a *chaude discussion.* I told Pascaline that I had stayed up the previous night reading about the gruesome history of postcolonial Burundi—an account of one brutally crushed Hutu insurrection after another—and had been forced to conclude that things weren't going to get better anytime soon. I knew that each member of the family had had his or her moment. Jean's had been on the bus in Bwiza two weeks earlier. One of his sisters had been raped at school by two Hutu boys some years ago, then beaten to a pulp and left for dead. Last October 22nd, the day after President Ndadaye's assassination, a mob carrying pangas had stormed the parochial school that Gilbert, the fifteen-year-old, attended. One of the priests had given a rifle to a student whose father was in the Army and who knew how to shoot, and the student had driven off the attackers, killing one. Up the road, in the commune of Kibimba, a Hutu headmaster had locked sixty-four of his Tutsi students in a room, doused it with gasoline, and set it on fire, burning them alive. "I don't think there is really any choice," I said to Pascaline. "You can't stay here."

"I know that we must go, for the sake of the children," she said. "But it isn't going to be easy, starting again at zero at our age. I've always worked for myself, and I can't stand being *sans activité.*"

Antoine, in his fifties, was already considered an elder, and was addressed by the respectful title *muzehe.* What was he going to do, away from his coffee bushes and his cows? Thinking of a teen-age relative of theirs who had hanged himself in the late eighties in the country where they would be seeking asylum, I said, "No, it isn't going to be easy. You'll be blacks in a white society, second-class citizens."

"That won't be anything new," Pascaline said. "As Banyarwanda, we have known nothing but discrimination since we came here. All in all, I think I would rather be discriminated against by whites. At least you know where you stand."

"And the winters are brutal," I continued. "The weakness of the light can lead to depression."

"Is it true that half of this country's land surface is covered with ice?" Jean asked.

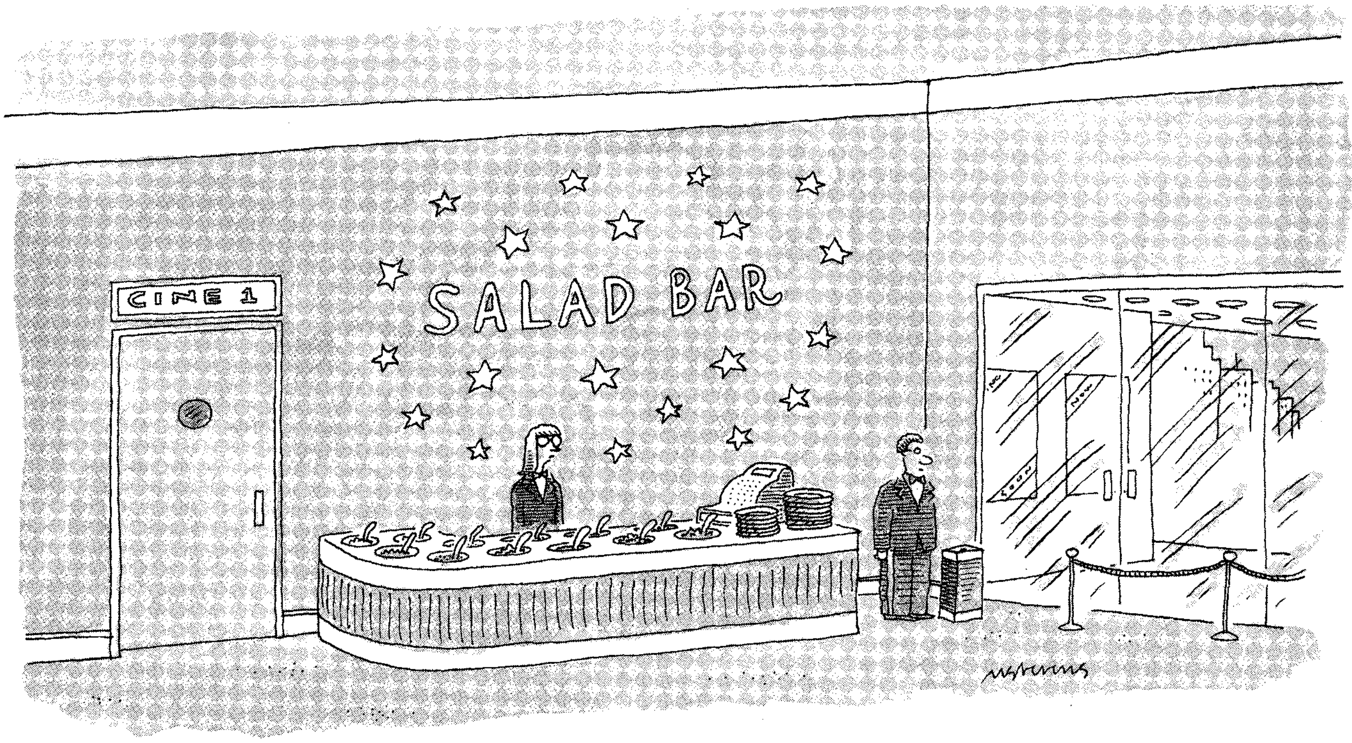
I felt like the Angel of Exile, who had come to take the Rwagasanas away from everything they knew. But it wasn't as if they hadn't already lost their country twenty years ago. At least, they would have each other, and a chance, at last, to lead a decent, normal life.

SINCE its bloody "pacification" three years earlier, the Rwagasanas' province had been calm. Only thirty-five people had been killed in the province following the October outbreak; most of the carnage had taken place in eastern Burundi. Still, the situation for the Rwagasanas remained very threatening. People had stopped coming to Pascaline's *petit cabaret*—two thatched huts in the front yard, which had been the town's most popular bar. She couldn't even shop in the market anymore—the women, who were Hutus, would take her money and then not give her the food—so the Zairean house girl made the purchases. Antoine didn't dare to check on his thirty cows, which grazed on ten lush acres outside the town. For three of the past seven months, the couple had slept in the bush, as they had in 1989 and again in 1991, and for another two-month stretch they had stayed locked in the house, not leaving it even once. In the middle of the night, people would throw stones onto the roof and shout, "We're going to get this house!" In January, some Hutu neighbors reported to the provincial authorities that Pascaline and Antoine had put up Paul Kagame, the commander of the Rwandan Patriotic Front. That was a malicious lie, whose purpose was to discredit the Rwagasanas.

"We are marked," Jean said.

"Yes," his father said, adding, "We are alone."

The sad thing was that Antoine and Pascaline were apolitical country people, who had no use for the Hutu-Tutsi



mind-set. Antoine never even mentioned that six of his brothers and sisters and their spouses and children—twenty-eight relatives in all—had just been killed in Rwanda; I learned this later from his son. In fact, his closest friend was a Hutu, named Romain. Romain had been Antoine's student in Rwanda as a refugee from Burundi, after fleeing the 1972 purge of Hutus. Now he was a powerful man, one of the local deputies of the Hutu-dominated party that had come into power last August. The party had been pressuring him to break off his friendship with his old teacher, Romain told me that evening as we sat drinking beer in the deserted cabaret. "But I refuse." Such a friendship as the one that existed between Antoine and Romain was "not frequent," they both admitted. It was as rare as a white man and a black man becoming bosom buddies in the Old South.

Romain's wife, Odette, was one of Pascaline's partners in the dress shop. Odette's mother was a Tutsi, and Odette herself looked sufficiently Tutsi to have been in danger during the October killing spree, so she had fled with her children to Rwanda (which was then relatively safe but where, if they had stayed, they would certainly have been killed), and Pascaline had sent them food and money. "No one can understand this friendship," Pascaline said, chuckling. "How could I be helping Hutus in my former country, from which I had been driven out by Hutus?" This friendship gave the Rwagasanas a measure of protection that the other Banyarwanda in the commune didn't have. The others, who had lived farther out in the countryside, had all lost their homes to arson and were now camped near the Army barracks down the road.

The family's cows could be sold for only a third of what they were worth—not even fifty dollars a head—and only through an intermediary. They barely paid for their keep with the milk they gave, but in the Tutsi culture cows were symbols of wealth. Antoine would not leave until they had been properly disposed of. A Hutu cattle-keeper had told Antoine, "We aren't going to give you anything for your cows, because we're going to get them anyway."

Pascaline asked if she could take her best plates, the white porcelain ones with gold trim, which she kept in the dining-room cupboard. The answer could only be no, and someone said, "It has to look as if you were just coming for a visit." Antoine went around with me as I took pictures of each room and then of the outside of the house from different angles. It was important to have a record of it for future generations.

THE Rwagasanas' refugee status, like that of the hundreds of thousands of Banyarwanda who have been living in Burundi, Uganda, Tanzania, and Zaire, many of them since 1959, was permanent and immutable. The Banyarwanda were not allowed to have passports—only travel documents, or *titres de voyage.* It was very difficult to get an American visa with a *titre de voyage,* so Jean had been trying to get Burundian passports for the family. But the process wasn't as far along as I'd hoped. He had only just "penetrated the milieu," as he put it. The afternoon I arrived in Bujumbura, he and I had gone to see a Banyarwanda woman he knew in the Asian quarter, and she put him in touch with a Burundian woman who had a friend in the Department of National Documentation and Migrations who could fix us up with the necessary passports for seven hundred dollars. That evening, Jean went to see the go-between, and gave her three hundred and fifty dollars as a down payment, the balance to be paid upon delivery of the passports, which the woman assured Jean would be ready in two days.

Meanwhile, I reported to the American Embassy, which had been pared down to essential personnel; families and dependents had been flown home a week earlier. I met the consular officer who would decide whether to issue visas to the Rwagasanas. She had been up for three days straight helping with the evacuation of two hundred and eighty-four Americans from Kigali, and she looked beat. I told her that my wife's relations wanted to come to America for a wedding and would be applying for visas, and she said, "Well, they'd better have proof of ties. They need to convince me they're coming back to Burundi. I won't take their word for it."

"My impression is that they're not going to cut us any slack," I told Jean that evening. "So your documents will have to be impeccable. You're going to have to get the deeds to the house and the

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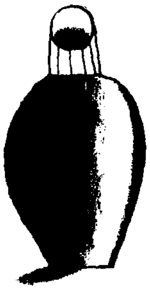
land, and anything else that will show you have a reason to return." Most of the Burundians who flocked to the American Embassy on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings to apply for visas, I discovered by chatting with them in the waiting room, had fishy stories supported by spurious documents, and I later learned that most of them were turned down. Some of the applicants, whose passports were hot off the presses and were possibly forged, were told by the consular officer to come back after they had travelled to a few other countries. But this was not an option for the Rwagasanas. They had to get out now, and not look back. Refugees from Rwanda—including *interahamwe*—were pouring into their province, and the situation was heating up.



With so many people trying to leave Burundi, the traffic in passports was brisk. Our own order, which was netting someone in the Department of National Documentation and Migrations a cut of the seven hundred dollars, seemed to be proceeding smoothly. On Thursday evening, two days after making the down payment, a jubilant Jean stopped by my hotel to show me his and his parents' passports. They were in order. The remaining passports, for the other children, would be ready the next day, the woman had assured him.

THE next morning, I went to see Colonel Jean-Baptiste Bagaza, a Tutsi who from 1976 to 1987 had been the second President of the Republic; he had been overthrown in a coup. During Bagaza's tenure, there had been no massacres to speak of. (The most threatening enemies of the regime had simply disappeared or met with accidents.) It had been taboo to even mention the words Hutu or Tutsi. Bagaza had taken power in a bloodless coup at the age of thirty and had started out full of revolutionary vigor, inviting what was left (after the 1972 purge) of the Hutu intelligentsia to return from exile, and phasing out the feudal sharecropping system. But, in the classic African trajectory, he had become increasingly repressive, driving out Greek and Pakistani tradespeople, expelling missionaries, jailing priests, limiting the activities of the Catholic Church, and, finally, alienating even the Army. "Is Bagaza considered a *grand Président*?" I asked the driver of the taxi who took me to the villa.

"No," he said. "A former President."

"The biggest mistake is to draw parallels with Rwanda," Bagaza cautioned, and he gave me his spin on the Hutu-Tutsi conflict. "Our internal politics are very different. Our kingdom was much more egalitarian. We had many more Hutu chiefs and, later, during the colonial period, ministers and generals. The relationship between the two ethnic groups was not one of domination so much as one of trade between professional categories—pastoralists and agriculturists. But the colonial system always developed an intermediate class between the Europeans and the masses, and in both Rwanda and Burundi the Belgians made the Tutsis their intermediaries. The Tutsis were brought closer to modern life than the others. But on the eve of independence the élites of both countries adopted the anti-European rhetoric of African nationalism, and the Belgians turned on them. In Rwanda, radical Belgian priests helped the Hutus found PARMEHUTU, the Party for the Emancipation of the Hutus, which overthrew the Tutsis. The Tutsis of Burundi saw what could happen to them, and they gradually took complete control of the government and the Army. In 1965, some Hutu officers who felt oppressed by the reactionary King Mwambutsa and by the Tutsi high command attempted a coup, which led to the first massacre of Tutsis and then the repression of Hutu political leaders who had been inciting the masses. Everything started there."

But if the polarization of the ethnic groups had been created largely by the party politics at independence, by "leaders who exploited passions to rise and gain power," today's ethnic conflict, he agreed, had become something personal in each family. (A woman who spent two years in Burundi with the Peace Corps told me, "There is a hatred deep in the bones of these people that you and I will never understand. The rivers have run red too many times.")

"How do you end the cycles of vengeance?" I asked Bagaza. In Jean's words, how do you "deracinate the mentality that someone who doesn't mind the Tutsis is an enemy of the Hutus," and vice versa? How do you get people to see that they best honor their dead not by avenging them but by dedicating themselves to healing the social psychosis that started the killing?

"There must be a big conference between the Hutus and the Tutsis to study the problem of coexistence," Bagaza said. "We must look for the solution within ourselves, and study the old ways where we coexisted harmoniously. No one can help us."

An African diplomat I spoke to in Bujumbura was in near-agreement, saying, "Burundi doesn't need a thousand *casques bleus*"—United Nations peacekeeping troops, which the Hutu-dominated, nominally governing party had been asking for to protect it from the Army. "What it needs is a thousand psychiatrists."

Others maintained that the basic problem in Central Africa is not ethnic, but *la politique du ventre*—the politics of scarcity. Because these countries are so poor, the state is the only game in town; the only way to make something of oneself is to use a government post for personal gain. This was why the Burundian Tutsis were so reluctant to share their power and privileges with the Hutu majority, and it was the root cause of the apocalypse in Rwanda.

That evening, Jean stopped by my hotel again: the children's passports still weren't ready. Nothing could be done over the weekend, and on Monday morning we still didn't have them. That was the last day I could go with the Rwagasanas to the Embassy, because I was flying to Uganda that afternoon.

WHEN I reached Kampala, the full horror of what had happened in Rwanda was just unfolding. The original figure for the number of Tutsis who had been hacked to death with pangas, blown up with grenades, and mowed down with Kalashnikovs—a hundred thousand—was "too optimistic," a Banyarwanda intellectual living in Kampala told me. "That is only the number of those killed in Kigali."

According to Human Rights Watch/Africa, there were one million one hundred thousand Tutsis in Rwanda before April 7th. Others estimate the number at seven hundred thousand, but no one really knows how many there were then, or how many there are now. Many

Tutsis concealed their ethnicity, and the proportion of fifteen per cent that one keeps hearing for the Tutsis in both countries (which does not take into consideration the many mixed marriages) is an estimate dating from colonial times.

"The highest concentration was in the western province of Kibuye," my informant went on. "I wonder if there is a single Tutsi left in Rwanda except in the part held by the R.P.F. Only those who managed to flee the country survived, and I doubt if they number more than fifty thousand. All the exits had been sealed. Rwanda is a small country and is easily administered if you are planning to commit genocide. The west is blocked by Lake Kivu, and those who tried to escape into Zaire and Tanzania found the borders closed. Payments seem to have been made to the governors of the adjacent provinces not to let any Tutsis in." The borders were later opened for hundreds of thousands of Hutus, fleeing in terror of R.P.F. reprisals (which turned out to be unfounded), in what the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees described as "the largest and fastest" mass exodus ever seen. Tens of thousands of Tutsis in Kigali fled south, hoping to escape to Burundi, but they never reached the border. It now looks as if tens of thousands may still be alive in Rwanda, trapped in seminaries and stadiums, like the thirty-eight thousand refugees—most of them Tutsi—rescued on June 2nd by the R.P.F. from the Catholic compound at Kabgayi.

The papers in Africa and abroad were full of grisly details. A man was heard crying weakly for "water, water" and was pulled out of a pit where he had spent four days among hundreds of corpses. A baby was found still alive at her dead mother's breast. Bleached, bloated, mutilated bodies floated by on the Kagera River, which describes the Rwanda-Tanzania border, at the rate of one every five minutes. Thousands of corpses washed into Lake Victoria, two thousand or so at the fishing village of Kasensero, in Uganda. According to a Ugandan official, the people who buried the first few bodies have become "mentally deranged." At a hospital in Butare, Rwanda's second-largest city, a hundred and seventy staff members and patients were killed by *interahamwe* in front of foreign doctors. Throughout the country, the panga was the murder weapon of choice, but screwdrivers, saws, hammers, and hatchets were also used. A full panga job took about twenty minutes. First the hands were chopped off, then deep gashes were scored in the back, and finally the head was whacked. If you preferred a quick death, by a bullet, you had to pay for it. The going rate was five thousand Rwandan francs, or about thirty-five dollars. The "tribal" identity card, introduced by the Belgians and supposed to have been phased out in 1991, was useful for telling who was who. There is video footage of *interahamwe* stopping citizens on a road, checking their identity cards, and executing those who were Tutsis on the spot. Grenades and other weapons had been distributed to the Hutus in each commune, and each person knew which Tutsis he had to kill. Immediately after Habyarimana's plane was shot down, the radical Hutu Radio des Mille Collines (which in October had urged the Hutus of Burundi to avenge President Ndadaye's assassination) began to call on the Hutus of Rwanda to take revenge on the Tutsi assassins of their beloved leader (who had probably been killed by Hutu extremists like themselves) and on all Tutsi sympathizers. "When you are killing the wives, don't spare those who are pregnant," the station urged. "The mistake we made in 1959 was not to kill the children. Now they have come back to fight us." Among the most common massacre sites were the churches, in which the Tutsis tried to take sanctuary.

On May 24th, at a meeting in Geneva of the United Nations Human Rights Commission, our State Department belatedly issued a statement saying, "We feel strongly that acts of genocide have been committed."

"I need to be around women, but not a woman."

MY wife begged me over the phone not to go to Rwanda. She said her mother, in Kampala, had talked to a soothsayer, and the soothsayer had told her that if I went to Rwanda I would be killed. But I did go, with two of my wife's nieces, Claudar and Igisetsa, each of whom had a brother in the R.P.F. Having been born in Ugandan refugee camps, neither had ever been to Rwanda. We took a bus to the city of Kabale, in the southwestern corner of Uganda, and hired a taxi to take us over the Rwanda border to the R.P.F.'s headquarters, in Mulindi. "Our land. Our promised land," seventeen-year-old Claudar said in awe as we drove through

"I just knew you were either somebody or his lawyer."

• •

killed," the lieutenant said grimly. "It makes you want to finish the job."

Many people, including a growing segment of the international community, felt that the R.P.F. should be allowed to finish taking over Rwanda without outside interference. There was a lot of bitterness in the R.P.F., because the United Nations peacekeeping troops who were already in Rwanda to enforce the ceasefire signed at Arusha hadn't done anything to stop the massacres, and now United Nations Secretary-General Boutros Boutros-Ghali wanted to send fifty-five hundred more troops. "Who needs them now?" the lieutenant asked. "Who is it they are going to protect? The assassins and the cadavers?"

We spent two days at Mulindi, stranded by torrential rain. I asked Wilson Rutayisire, the R.P.F.'s commissioner of information, how the R.P.F. planned to run the country, since all the moderate Hutus it could have worked with had been killed, and so many machete-wielding crazies were still at large. Were there any plans to politicize the extremist Tutsis in Burundi?

"That's not our responsibility," he said. "Our efforts now are devoted to the problems of genocide, lawlessness, ending the war, and grappling with relief and casualties. About the future we can only say that we will put in a broad-based arrangement that will maintain the spirit of the Arusha accords, whose modalities will be worked out."

"What are you going to do with the *interahamwe*?"

"They will be brought to justice—tried and sent to prison." There have been some summary executions, but, he emphasized, "our men are under strict orders not to engage in any revenge killing, especially of Hutu civilians."

a hauntingly beautiful but eerily empty landscape of luminous green hills and lush valley floors. The entire population had fled; terraced hillsides were reverting to the wild; the tea plantations in the valley had been let go, and their unkempt bushes were twice their usual height. "Our country," twenty-three-year-old Igisetsa sighed. "So quiet." Glossy ibises and dusky, primitive-looking hammerkops, with swept-back crests and stout bills, probed in mudflats. We passed through the commune of Mukaranje, where my father-in-law had been an *umutware*, or subchief, under the Belgians. He had been imprisoned in 1959, but his sons had busted him out with the help of his Hutu servants, and they had all fled to Uganda.

We pulled into Mulindi and greeted the R.P.F. soldiers, who wore green camouflage uniforms, black Wellingtons, and berets, and looked less like brutal soldiers than like sensitive intellectuals, which some of them were. The R.P.F. was basically ten thousand Tutsi exiles whom nobody had given the time of day to for thirty years and who, in 1990, decided to claim the right to return to their homeland—to have a country—in much the same spirit as that of the Jews who created Israel. Half of them, it seemed, were my wife's relatives, among them my best man and the Rwagasanas' oldest son, of whom we had had no news. The R.P.F. was in the best position, as far as I could see, to set things right in Central Africa. They were disciplined, and their ideology was sound: what they wanted was a Rwanda in which all citizens—Hutus, Tutsis, and Twa (Pygmies, who account for something like one per cent of the population)—had the same rights. They were not a Tutsi supremacist movement; more than a third of them were Hutus. The sad thing, I observed to a young lieutenant, was that more Tutsis had probably just been killed in Rwanda than were ever going to be repatriated. The R.P.F.'s military and political success had precipitated the genocide—just as, in the sixties, the government had slaughtered Tutsi civilians after offensives by an earlier rebel group, the Inyenzi, or Cockroaches. "We can't stop fighting because people are being

"I GUESS the soothsayer was wrong," I teased my mother-in-law when we got back to Kampala. She laughed.

I called Jean. "We still don't have the other passports," he said. So I flew back to Bujumbura for an all-court press. What was supposed to have taken two days had stretched out to nearly a month. During this visit, I stayed with cousins in the ethnically cleansed, Hutuless *quartier* of Nyakabiga. These cousins had no compassion for the Hutus. Cousin Josephine's sister, who was married to Cousin Leonard's brother, and three of her children had just been killed in Kigali, and the brother and the one remaining child were among the tens of thousands of Tutsis still trapped in Rwanda. With several dozen Tutsis, they had been stuck for the previous six weeks without plumbing or electricity in the Hôtel des Milles Collines, drinking and cooking with the water in the swimming pool, and protected by six *casques bleus.*

The day after my return, Jean learned that the passports were ready but hadn't been signed, because the commissioner whose signature was needed had been arrested: he was a Hutu, and weapons had been found in his home. Two days later, our go-between brought Gilbert's passport. It had been signed by the new commissioner, but the stamp with the commissioner's name and title was missing, so it had to go back.

On Wednesday, the family came down to Bujumbura for the third time that week, hoping that all the passports would be ready, but they weren't. So we decided to go to the Embassy and apply for visas for just Antoine, Pascaline, and Jean—the crucial visas. If they got theirs, it would be difficult for the Embassy to turn down the children. The consular officer interviewed the three of them together; I was not invited. After about fifteen minutes, they returned to the waiting room, looking sombre. But when we got out on the street Jean patted his attaché case, gave a little thumbs-up sign, and broke into a big smile. "She was really friendly," Jean said. "She asked my father why he was going and he said, '*C'est pour le mariage.*' My father is not a man who anyone could believe would tell a lie. 'Why wouldn't you stay?' she went on. '*Moi*? At my age?' he said. 'To do what?' She looked at his bank statement and asked 'Are you going to liquidate your account?' and he said no." Apparently, it was the indisputable fact that the Rwagasanas were leaving their property and savings in Burundi that persuaded the official of their intentions to return.

The next day, Jean picked up the passports, stamped with three-month tourist visas.

On the following Tuesday night—the final hour, because the consular officer was leaving for two weeks on Thursday, the wedding date (which we were locked into) was in eleven days, and the plane tickets still had to be express-mailed from New York—the children's passports were delivered, and the next morning Antoine and I trooped back down to the Embassy with the children. The consular officer kept them in with her for a very long time. I started to get worried.

"She asked us so many questions and I felt *beaucoup de peur*," Gilbert said when he finally got out. "At first, we played dumb. She asked me how long I was going to stay, and I said, 'Two weeks. We're going back right after the wedding. There's nothing else we want to see or do in America.' 'Where's your return plane reservation?' she asked. I said, 'My father has it.' She called him in and he said he didn't have it. But he got out of this brilliantly by saying 'I showed it to you last time.' Then we all started telling her stories, and we really got into it. In the end, she smiled and gave us the visas. But I thought for a while she was going to say *non.*"

On May 21st, Janvier's wedding day—and the day a front-page *Times* article reported that as many as ten thousand corpses had been washed into Lake Victoria—my wife and I and the Rwagasanas were standing on our deck in upstate New York, surveying miles of forest. I handed each of them a glass of champagne and pointed out a shadbush that was in showy bloom and was alive with spring warblers. "You have come at the perfect time," I said. "For the next four months, this will seem like the most beautiful place on earth."

Pascaline wondered why the United States couldn't give some of this empty land to the people who were stateless, and Antoine asked, "Are there any wild beasts in this forest?"

"Only deer, coyotes—which are like jackals—red foxes, and the rare bear," I said. "There are no lions, no spitting cobras, no *interahamwe* with machetes. There is no danger here. Welcome." ♦

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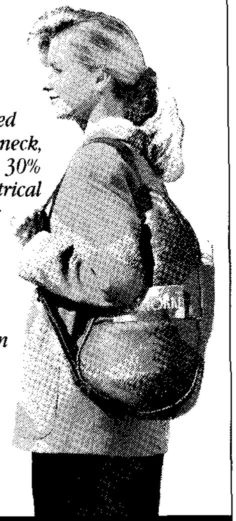

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PERSONAL HISTORY

MESSAGES FROM MY FATHER

While the author was growing up, he knew his father as a man of clearly focussed expectations and certain values that nothing could shake. The father didn't try to pass them on to his son through traditional heart-to-hearts, but somehow he didn't have to.

BY CALVIN TRILLIN

THE man was stubborn. Take the coffee incident. This happened after I was living away from home, working as a reporter in the South. I was back in Kansas City for a visit, and my father and mother and I were sitting at the kitchen table. My mother had just made coffee. After pouring a cup for me, she asked if I wanted some milk in it.

"I don't use milk," I said.

"Well, I'll tell you one thing," my father said. "If you were blindfolded, you couldn't tell if there was milk in it or not."

As it happened, my father had never tasted coffee in his life. Was he a Mormon? No, he was not a Mormon. A health nut? No. The only nutritional theory I can remember his propounding was that you couldn't gain more weight from eating something than the food itself weighed, so devouring a one-pound box of intensely rich chocolate candy couldn't put on more than one pound. ("It stands to reason" was how he usually introduced that theory, among others.) Was he someone who had some rare allergy to coffee beans or caffeine? No, he thought of allergies as the sort of affliction that cropped up among my mother's relatives, who apparently constructed elaborate defenses against illnesses, real and imagined, and were described around our house as "nervous."

He didn't drink coffee because at some point in his childhood he had sworn that he never would. My father had sworn off any number of things. As a young man, he smoked for a few years and then swore off cigarettes. He swore off liquor before he was old enough to taste any—supposedly because of his disgust at the smell of stale beer in the taverns where he sold newspapers as a boy. As far as I can remember, he never gave any reason for swearing off coffee. It may be that coffee just got caught up in the boyhood oath against liquor, tossed in because it was also something grownups drank. I think he also must have sworn off swearing; if you exhausted his patience, his strongest expression was "For cryin' out loud!" I sometimes imagined my father as swearing off things just to keep in practice—the sort of person who looks himself in the mirror after shaving one day and, for no particular reason, says to the image he sees, "You have hit your last bucket of driving-range golf balls" or "No more popcorn for you, young fella."

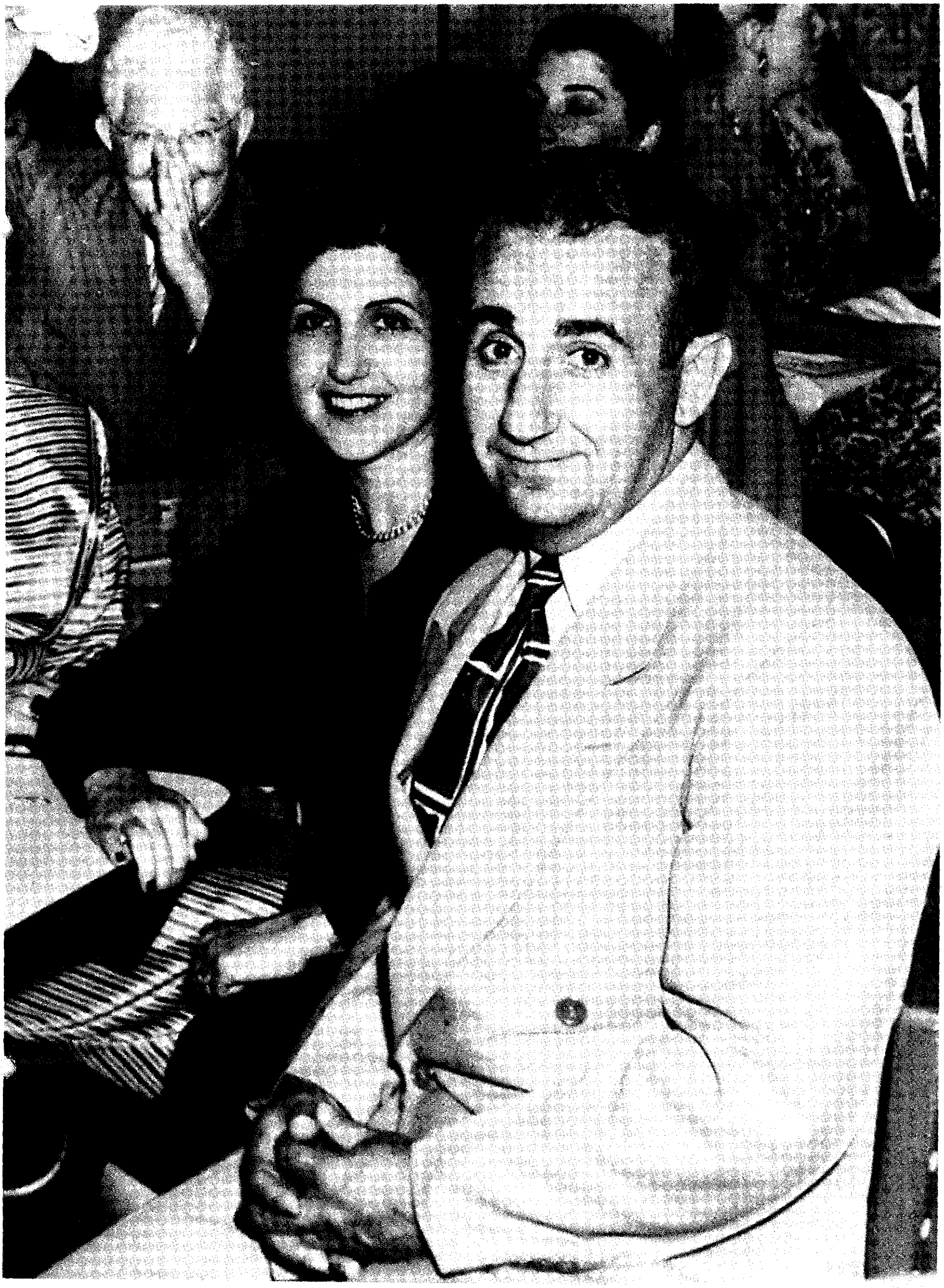
The act of swearing off, in other words, seemed to overwhelm whatever had triggered it. It's possible, I suppose, that over the years my father could have forgotten why he struck something off the rolls. In his case, though, forgetting what had been behind some absolute prohibition would not have been an argument for ending it. If he swore off something, it stayed sworn off. He had no need to offer explanations for the ban, because it applied to him alone. He didn't harangue people about the wickedness of demon rum; I have no reason to believe that he thought it was wicked. He had nothing against anyone else's drinking coffee, including me. He wasn't questioning my ability to tell the difference between black coffee and coffee with milk as a way of telling me that coffee wasn't worth drinking. He spoke in a perfectly agreeable tone, as if he were passing on some interesting fact about coffee that he had just read in the Kansas City *Star.*

I also spoke in a perfectly agreeable tone. I said, "Does it occur to you that, as someone who has never tasted coffee, with or without milk, you may not be a great authority on this subject?"

"I don't care what you say," my father said, using an opening phrase he often employed even if you hadn't said anything. "Blindfolded, you wouldn't know if there was milk in it or not." This is stubborn.

In my mother's view, my father's stubbornness was perfectly understandable if you considered the family he came from. When the subject of the St. Joe people came up—my father had grown up in St. Joseph, Missouri, about fifty miles north of Kansas City, and when I was a child a lot of his relatives still lived there—she often summed up her feelings with one forcefully expressed word: "Mules!"

My mother accepted without question the notion that such characteristics as stubbornness run in families. In her mind, I think, it was partly a matter of what would now be called genetic predisposition. When I displayed behavior that she considered obstinate—that happened with some regularity—she would tell me I took after my father's family, the St. Joe people. I was not troubled by this. There seemed to be only two alternatives, and what little boy wants to take after people who are nervous? When I got angry with my parents as a child, I stomped up to my room and remained there, silently smoldering, for periods that reflected impressive stubbornness—or so I thought until I read, a couple of years ago, about a young man in Thailand who, denied a motorcycle by his parents, went to his room to sulk and was still there twenty-two years later. My mother also seemed to believe that the stubbornness of my father's family was, in effect, cultural: some tribes in New Guinea put rings in their noses; the St. Joe people practiced pigheadedness. She was perfectly willing to admit that her own mother's family had customs that encouraged nervousness. It was she as often as my father who reminded us that some of her relatives drank a glass of warm wa-



Edyth and Abe Trillin on vacation in California, photographed at Billy Gray's Band Box, in Hollywood, 1946.

ter before retiring, to settle their stomachs.

I suppose I absorbed some of this belief in family characteristics, because when I found myself trying to figure out how my father's family became involved in the unlikely journey that took them to St. Joe in the first place stubbornness was the first explanation I thought of. There was a lot about my father that was strictly western Missouri. He spoke with an accent that would be familiar to anyone who remembers the speeches of Harry S. Truman. By his description, a golf drive that disappeared in the clouds or a towering home run that cleared the fence at Ruppert Stadium was "hit all the way to Clay County." It was from him that I picked up the not altogether elegant Midwestern phrase "I haven't had so much fun since the hogs ate my little sister." His childhood memories were of St. Joe, around the time of the Great War; as a boy, he had broken his arm jumping off a barn that once belonged to Jesse James, perhaps the city's best-known resident.

But my father had actually been brought to St. Joe at the age of two. His family—then known as Trilinsky—was from a place that was always described as "near Kiev." I've sometimes said that a child growing up in Kansas City, unfamiliar with the world of the shtetl, could get the impression that people who came from "near Kiev" had lived in the suburbs. Except that it would have had to be an extremely poor suburb—like one of those sorry, badly used farm towns which Midwestern cities sometimes envelop as they expand. I never heard the name of the place mentioned. I knew nothing of what life had been like near Kiev, or how the decision to leave had been made. It wasn't a secret. The people who knew—my grandparents' generation—simply didn't talk about it to me, maybe because I didn't ask. My father, of course, had virtually no memories of the Old Country to talk about. I asked him once if he remembered anything at all about Russia, and he said that he had a vague memory of getting his foot stuck in the mud.

About all I knew of how my father's family got to St. Joe was that they went there directly from Galveston, Texas, where the boat from the Old Country had landed. When I was a child, I didn't realize that there was anything out of the ordinary in getting on a boat in darkest Europe, getting off in Galveston, and going straight from there to St. Joseph, Missouri. Only later did it occur to me that what I had learned in school about the great immigration from Southern and Eastern Europe at the beginning of the century said nothing at all about the route my family had taken from suburban Kiev. Ellis Island was mentioned. The Statue of Liberty was mentioned. The Lower East Side was mentioned. There was not a word about Galveston. How did this family—a family indistinguishable from thousands of other poor Eastern European Jewish families saying their farewells to the czar, a family that could have been expected to fetch up on, say, Delancey Street—land in Galveston?

Could it have been stubbornness? According to one of the theories I came up with, my grandfather and his brother-in-law, my Uncle Benny Daynovsky, were talking to a friend of theirs one day in the suburbs of Kiev about where you land when you go to America. The only two places any of them had ever heard of in America were New York and Texas. The friend said that when you went to America you landed in New York. My grandfather shook his head. "No," he said. "Texas." By the time they left for the New World, my grandfather knew that the place you landed when you went to America was indeed New York, but he was willing to travel a couple of thousand miles out of his way in steerage rather than admit that he'd been wrong. Mules!

THE DAY DREAMERS

All day all over the city every person
Wanders a different city, sealed intact
And haunted as the abandoned subway stations
Under the city. Where is my alley doorway?

Stone gable, brick escarpment, cliffs of crystal.
Where is my terraced street above the harbor,
Café and hidden workshop, house of love?
Webbed vault, tiled blackness. Where is my park, the path

Through conifers, my iron bench, a shiver
Of ivy and margin birch above the traffic?
A voice. *There is a mountain and a wood*
Between us—one wrote, lovesick—*Where the late*

Hunter and the bird have seen us. Aimless at dusk,
Heart muttering like any derelict,
Or working all morning, violent with will—
Where is my garland of lights? My silver rail?

—Robert Pinsky

MY father was a grocer. At least, that's what I always say when I'm asked what he did for a living. Actually, he got out of the grocery business when I was eleven or twelve. While I was in high school, he bought and ran a restaurant—a rather bland, boozeless place in a row of shops not far from where we lived. He changed its name from Hoover's to Trillin's. During that period, in the box marked "Father's Occupation" on those cards you had to fill out in block letters at the beginning of every school term, my sister, Sukey, and I wrote, with as much of a flourish as we could get out of block letters, "Restaurateur." He was briefly part owner of a tavern, and, also briefly, the owner of a small residential hotel that, as I remember, bore the unlikely Kansas City name of La Palma—or maybe even *The* La Palma. He was involved for a time as a partner in building a small subdivision. In the last years of his life, he worked in commercial real estate. Some of these enterprises overlapped, but, now that I've figured out the dates, I find, to my surprise, that he spent almost as many years doing other things as he spent in the grocery business.

Still, when I think of my father's work it's the grocer's constant, often monotonous routines that come to mind: the predawn trips to the city market; the six-day weeks; the regular inventories that ended with both of my parents sitting at the breakfast-room table operating adding machines; the mystery cans that had lost their labels and therefore found their way to our larder; the imprecations against the chain stores that were trying to put independent grocers out of business. Several years ago, in an article that dealt partly with a man in Milwaukee who was for a time a second-generation grocer, I wrote, "The grocery business is notorious for embodying just about every headache that exists in retail trade—dreadful hours that culminate in Saturday's being the busiest day of the week, endemic labor problems, spoilage. In the grocery business, it's accepted that one measure of a man's success is raising a son with enough sense to go into another line of work." I must have been thinking of my father as well as of the man in Milwaukee, although I don't recall my father's having any labor problems beyond the contretemps that were presumably behind his theory—one of his absolute theories, leaving no room for exceptions—that a deep streak of insanity ran through people who earned their livings as butchers.

"Harold doesn't seem crazy to me," I remember telling him once about a butcher I liked.

The answer was the same as when I pointed out a cousin of my mother's who did not appear to have any sort of nervous tic: "It just hasn't shown up yet."

My father was himself a second-generation grocer—his father, who died before I was born, had run a little grocery store in St. Joe—and he definitely thought of himself as someone with enough sense to go into another line of work. Patching together memories of vague references, I think that at some point between the time he graduated from high school and the time he moved to Kansas City he may have been involved in an unsuccessful business venture in St. Joe. For whatever reason, going into a small business that he was already familiar with apparently became the only option that seemed viable.

Particularly in those early days, when my father was trying to make a living from a tiny store on the edge of downtown Kansas City during the Depression, my mother worked alongside him, which made her a second-generation grocer herself. She often said that she had grown up in a grocery store. I have a photograph of her, as a teen-ager, standing solemnly with her parents in one of those old-fashioned stores which displayed cans and boxes in perfect pyramids. In the last years of her life, when she finally agreed that hiring a private aide at the nursing home was a worthwhile way to spend money she had worked hard for, the phrase she used to justify her decision was "Otherwise, why did I sack all those onions?"

Eventually, my father owned five grocery stores, almost any one of which would fit into, say, the dairy department of a modern Kansas City supermarket. Having five stores, each supposedly with its own manager, did not reduce his hours. It made for even more butchers. My mother still filled in often at the checkout counter, usually at the newest and largest store, which carried the modern name of Trillin's Super Market. It was a point of pride with her that she was the fastest checkout person my father had available. (Both she and my father, products of the era when grocers totted the bill on the back of a paper sack rather than at a checkout cash register, could add a column of numbers so quickly that it might have qualified as a parlor trick if most of the other people in the parlor hadn't themselves been grocers.) Even with five stores, my father got up at four in the morning six days a week to go to the city market for his produce. When people he met heard of this schedule, they almost always said to him something like "Well, I suppose you get used to it after a while, don't you?" and he always said "No." At some point, my mother began reminding him that other grocers truly managed all right by sending someone else to the market, or even by ordering over the phone. Trying to persuade him of that, she said, was "like talking to the wall."

It was a given in our family that my father was a grocer so that I wouldn't have to be. He hated it. When he began, he

"The garden is my résumé."

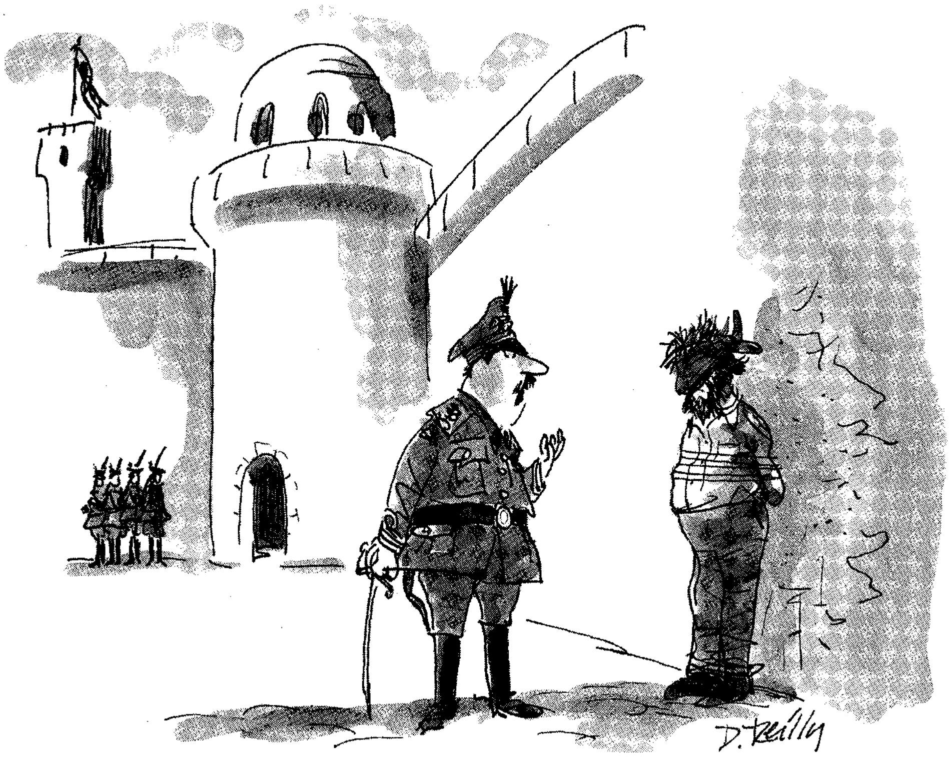
had registered a sort of time-release oath that called for him to leave the trade after a certain number of years. As it turned out, he wasn't able to meet the self-imposed deadline. The pledge fell due during the Second World War, a force even more powerful than one of my father's oaths. When the war was over, though, he began selling his stores. In a year or two, they were gone. He was in his early forties.

Looking back on this, I see it as a move of astonishing audacity. Not that I ever doubted that he would abandon the grocery business once the time-release oath came due. The man was stubborn. On the other hand, I think that even as an eleven- or twelve-year-old boy I must have understood that my father was a cautious businessman, someone with a storekeeper's dread of debt. We didn't even have a mortgage on our house. Living in a middle-class neighborhood in a middle-American city during the Second World War and the boom that followed it, I had literally never heard of someone's father not working. When my father was asked during the next year or two how he made a living, he sometimes said he played pitch with his city-market cronies, whose workday began to slow up enough around nine in the morning to permit a game of cards.

My father was, in fact, skilled at cards. He played a lot of gin rummy, pitch, pinochle, hearts, poker—basically, everything except bridge. But he never played for stakes that could have any effect on supporting a family of four. He would have considered that sort of gambling an act of shameless profligacy. He was someone who never forgot the Depression, someone who had prospered by working hard and watching every penny. He wasn't stingy, but he was thrifty—the sort of man who preferred to stop for popcorn (the large economy size) on the way to the ballpark. Because he thought his children should see the country, he organized automobile trips that lasted for weeks, but he'd wince every time Sukey ordered the most expensive item on the menu.

As a child, I understood that frugality was a matter of character, but I had no idea whether or not it was also a matter of necessity. When my father sold his last grocery store, I had no way of knowing whether we could afford a lull in the breadwinner's efforts. He was not the sort of person who talked about such matters to children. Looking back, I assume that the war had been a prosperous time for grocers and that he had carefully put aside whatever funds were necessary to carry him through a period of looking for another line of work—just as he had carefully put aside the funds necessary before having our house built. Sukey and I weren't exactly worried, but we were at a loss as to how to describe our family's situation. What were we supposed to put in the space marked "Father's Occupation" on the cards we filled in with block letters at the beginning of each term. The two of us had a sort of meeting about that. What we decided on was "Temporarily Retired."

I continued to think of him as a grocer. I was out of college before I was able to walk into a Safeway or an A. & P. without a twinge of guilt. I still think of him as a grocer. Part of the reason may be that some of the values I associate with him are intertwined with the grocery business. He paid his bills the day he got them. He cared about the people who worked for him—even the insane butchers. Once, when he had to fire someone, I happened to overhear the conversation. I had been stocking shelves at Trillin's Super Market, and at the end of the day I was waiting for my father to finish up, so we could go home. What I overheard made me think that even if I could ever bring myself to fire someone I could never do it with that combination of firmness and what I would now call sensitivity—a word that, it almost goes without saying, I was unfamiliar with at the time. I always took it for granted that his strict notion of honesty was central to the way he ran his grocery stores, although at home it sometimes manifested itself in rules that seemed to approach the loony side of upright: a child who was small for his age not paying full adult fare at the movies a day after his twelfth birthday would be cheating the movie theatre; a boy driving the day before his sixteenth birthday would be breaking the law. He raised me not to be him, I once wrote, but it has occurred to me more than once that a reporter could do worse than aspire to a standard of behavior reflected in my father's approach to being a grocer: give good weight, refuse to buckle under to pressure from the chain stores, treat with contempt the wartime temptation to get rich by cutting a few corners.



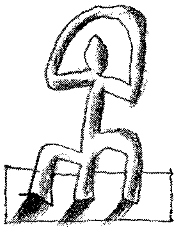
"I'm sorry, we've had to drop the traditional last cigarette, on account of complaints from the firing squad about secondhand smoke."

My father, I think, did not make a strong first impression. His name was unprepossessing. He was called Abe—not Abraham, just Abe—and he had no middle name or initial. Abe was an informal translation of Avram, which was what he was called when he landed at Galveston. For a while, in later years, he signed his business correspondence A. H. Trillin. I think that petered out when Sukey, who was always better at kidding him than I was, started calling him Ah-Ha! He was short, around five feet five. He had a prominent nose and a negligible chin and clear blue eyes. He was light-complexioned. He was strong—naturally thick in the chest and shoulders, I think, and probably made stronger by years of carrying heavy boxes around grocery stores. (He had a characteristic way of carrying a case of canned goods or a pasteboard box full of groceries—on one hand, bent back near the shoulder, the way a waiter sometimes carries a heavy tray.) As a young man, he had wrestled at the Y. He admired strength. He often used the word "powerful," and when he did he wasn't talking about someone who was a titan of business or a man to be reckoned with at City Hall; he was talking about someone who could lift the end of a car off the ground.

When I was a child, I took it for granted, as children do, that my father was powerful in both senses of the word—as well as being a lot smarter than most other people. He was the leader not only of our own family but of the family he had come from—an oldest son whose father had died at an early age. For a while after the war, he employed his brother, my Uncle Maish; for years, he employed one of his brothers-in-law. In a circle that began with his siblings and included some of the other St. Joe relatives, he appeared to be the most substantial and prosperous person.

I remember the moment when it dawned on me that my father did not impress the world at large as a powerful figure. We were at a camera store on the Plaza—a faux-Andalusian shopping district that remains the toniest place for retail business in Kansas City. I don't remember how old I was, but it was old enough, at least, to be using a camera. We were standing at a counter waiting to be helped, but nobody seemed to be paying much attention. My father was standing quietly, with a faraway look in his eye, and it struck me that he was not one of the people in the world who would noisily demand service or one of the people whose very presence would command attention. He was not powerful in the way that most people use that word—although in those days I suspect that he and Uncle Maish together might have gone a long way toward lifting the end of a car off the ground.

In novels of American strivers, the sort of realization I had in that camera store can cause the hero to become disillusioned with his father or to resolve that he himself will, at any cost, be a person who commands attention. I didn't have that sort of reaction. I do remember the moment—I remember the precise counter we stood at and precisely the direction we were facing—but it was not a moment that changed my opinion of my father or changed the way I thought about myself. That may have been because in his own world he was a figure of such strength. It may have been because his values were so deeply embedded—he had such stubborn confidence in their rightness—that it would have seemed trivial to put much weight on how the world of less certain human beings might respond to him.



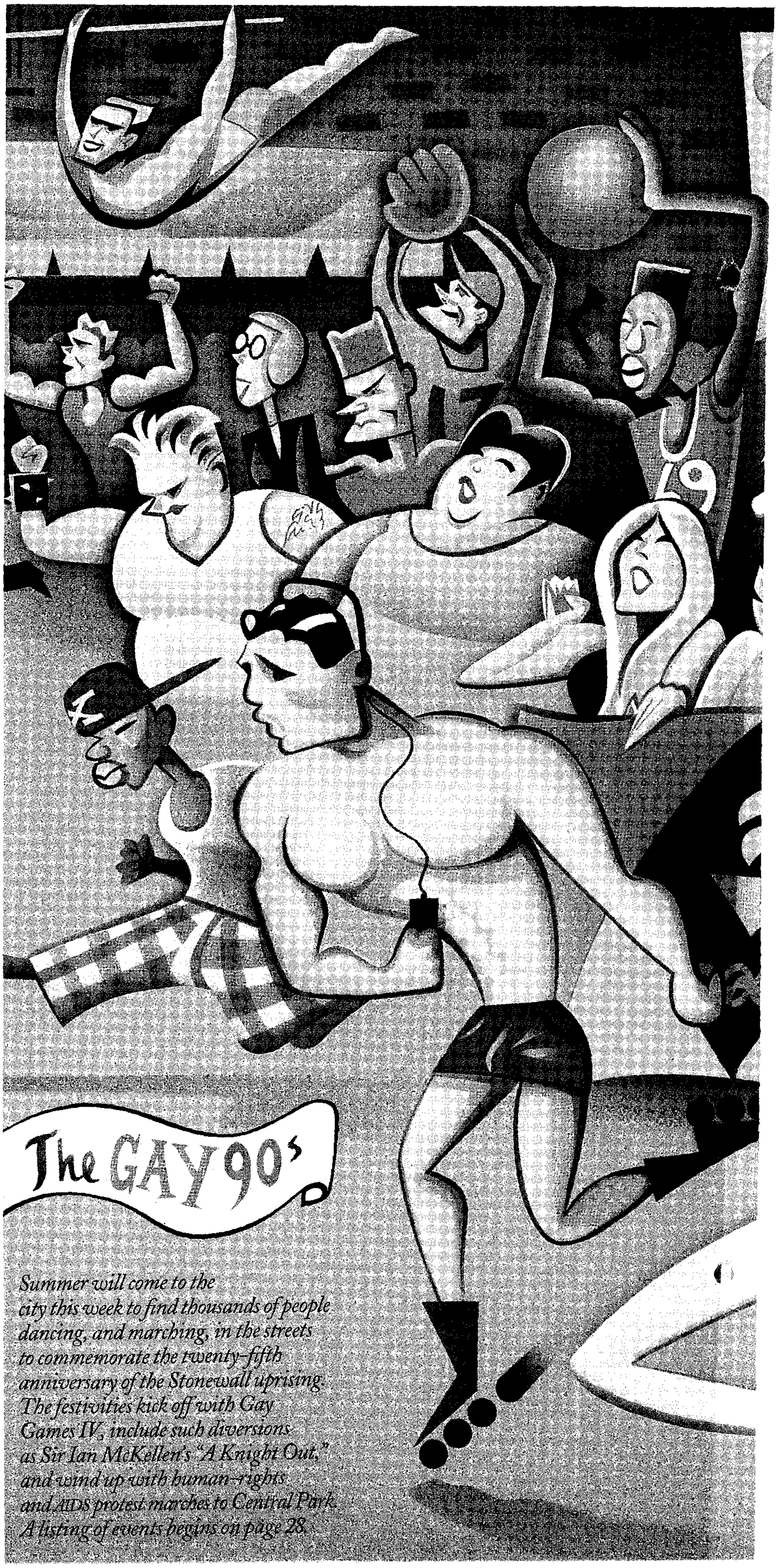
Also, I understood that my father, who in some ways seemed so Midwestern, had a strong sense that proper behavior was modest behavior—the sense that Midwesterners reflect when they say something like "No big deal." Even the words to live by that I have always associated most strongly with him—"You might as well be a mensch"—lack grandiosity. The German word *Mensch*, which means person or human being, can take on in Yiddish the meaning of a *real* human being: a person who always does the right thing, in matters large and small; a person who would not only put himself at risk for a friend but also leave a borrowed apartment in better shape than he found it. My father clearly meant for me to be a mensch. It has always interested me, though, that he did not say "You must always be a mensch" or "The honor of this family demands that you be a mensch" but "You might as well be a mensch," as if he had given some consideration to the alternatives.

I also knew that he had contempt for people who felt the need to pump up their own importance. The phrase he used to describe that sort of person was "big *k'nocker*." The Yiddish word *k'nocker*, with both of its first consonants pronounced, is a derisive form of the English "big shot." My father used it to refer to people who boasted of their triumphs or drove showy cars or displayed signs of having absorbed the teaching of the Talmud on the blessedness of charity without going on to read the section that says that the most blessed charity is the kind given anonymously. These were big *k'nockers*. The phrase has never left my consciousness. There have been occasions in New York when, for one reason or another, I have spent an evening in the apartment—always a luxurious, lavishly decorated apartment—of the sort of person who boasts about the art on the walls and drops a lot of names and makes sweeping pronouncements with an air of absolute infallibility. Going down in the elevator, I think of what my father's response to the evening would be. He would say nothing all the way down. As the elevator doors opened and we walked into the lobby, he would sum up the host in two words: "Big *k'nocker*."

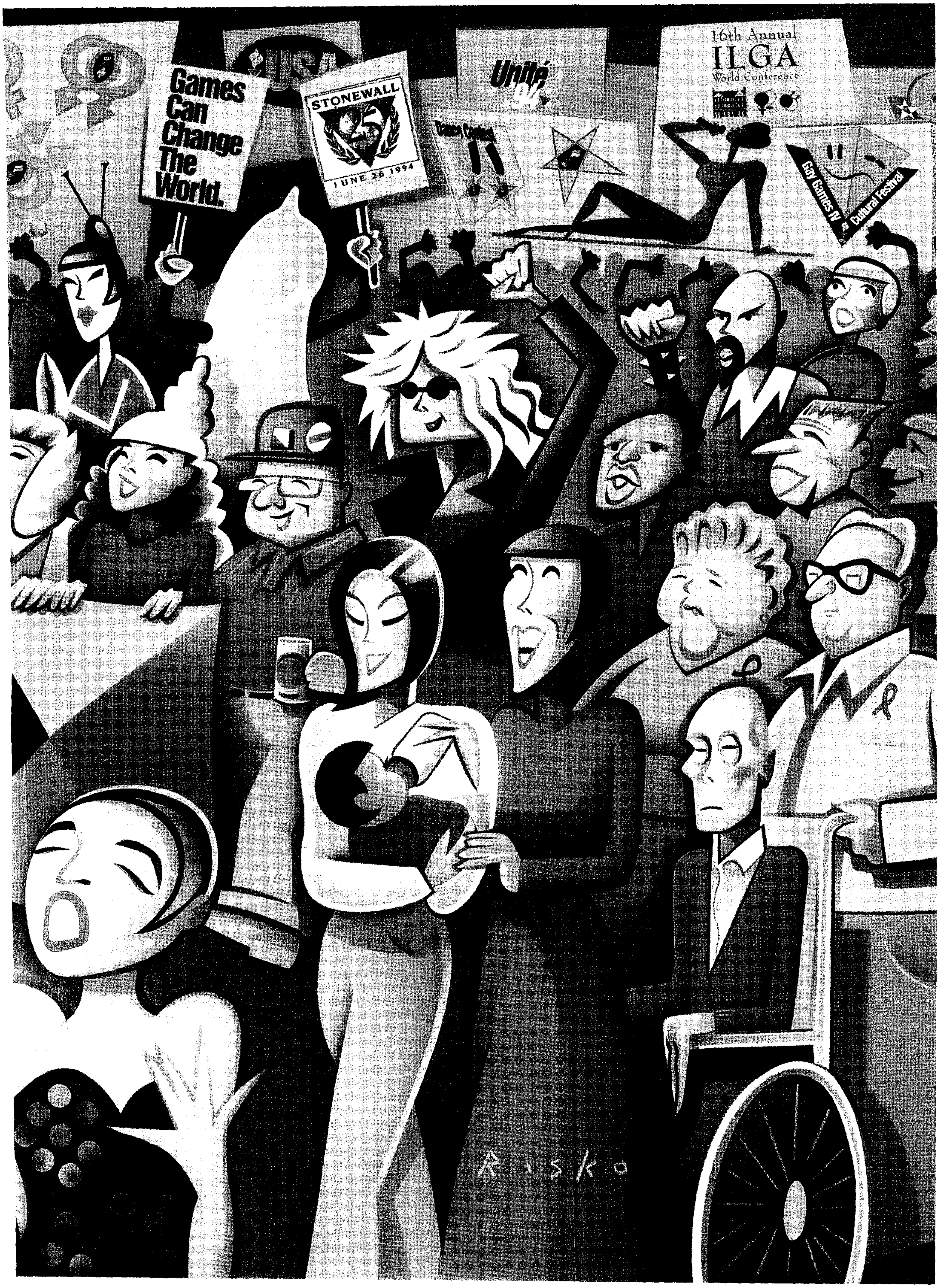
My father was matter-of-fact about his belief that most people didn't leave a lasting impression. It was that belief, he said, which was behind his decision to wear only yellow neckties. This must have begun when I was in high school and my father was in the restaurant business. He said something about how most people don't stand out from the crowd, and how it helped to have a sort of signature. His was going to be yellow neckties. They wouldn't necessarily be solid yellow, but yellow had to be the basic color. It struck me as a pretty dumb idea—actually, somewhere between dumb and embarrassing. I didn't see the point of identifying yourself by the color of your necktie. What was so great about having someone say, "Oh, yes, Abe Trillin—the guy with the yellow ties"? I don't think I shared these reservations with my father. There may even have been an occasion or two in the ensuing years—a birthday, my return from a long trip—when I presented him with a yellow tie. The problem of what to get your parents as gifts is often so acute that sons and daughters will leap upon any hint of a hobby or a collection, relentlessly marking birthdays year after year with fishing flies or elephant statuary, long after the parent in question has grown tired of fishing or come to the conclusion that elephants are not as graceful-looking as he once thought. With my father, of course, there was no danger that, between birthdays, he had given up his pledge to wear nothing but yellow ties. He didn't give up pledges.

WHEN I was a child, I went to the city market once a summer with my father. I remember shivering in the cold as I stood in the garage at four in the morning—which is yet another example of the vagaries of memory, since it has never been even faintly cold in Kansas City in the summer at any hour of the day or night. The trip to the market was one of our annual rituals, the others being the Golden Gloves amateur-boxing tournament, the national small-college basketball tournament, and the American Royal Livestock Show. At the American Royal, we covered all livestock barns, doing a thorough inspection of what I think was actually every single cow and every single sheep and every single pig present. My father was a methodical man. I don't think he had a strong interest in boxing or basketball; it was simply something that fathers and sons in Kansas City did together. At the city market, though, he was in his element.

I've loved markets all my life. Whether the city is Veracruz or Tokyo or Dallas, I've often found myself just after dawn at the city market. It hasn't required intense analysis to understand the connection to those annual visits to the Kansas City market with my father. Once, as I walked through the Rialto, in Venice, experiencing a sense of well-being even stronger than I usually do in early-morning market strolls, I heard myself mutter, "It's Kansas City." It had registered for the first time that the city market of Kansas City had seemed exotic to me partly because some of the people there were Italians. In general, the sort of European ethnic neighborhoods found in Eastern cities ended in St. Louis, on the other side of the state. Our high school, in the southwest corner of Kansas City, had such a paucity of ethnics that we referred to a football player from my neighborhood as Guinea Gessler even though he argued—rather persuasively, I eventually decided—that he was in fact Swiss. But there was a small Italian neighborhood on the northeast side of town, and it must have provided a lot



Summer will come to the city this week to find thousands of people dancing, and marching, in the streets to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Stonewall uprising. The festivities kick off with Gay Games IV, include such diversions as Sir Ian McKellen's "A Knight Out," and wind up with human-rights and AIDS protest marches to Central Park. A listing of events begins on page 28.

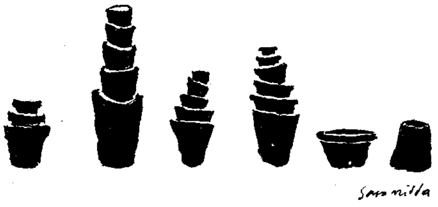

Games Can Change The World.
USA
STONEWALL
25
JUNE 26 1994
Unité 94
Dance Contest
16th Annual
ILGA
World Conference
Gay Games IV & Cultural Festival
Risko

of the produce dealers at the city market. The people my father joked with had names like Jimmy Palermo. I can't remember the subject of their routines—I'd guess that they must have centered on ritualistic complaining about the quality and price of the produce—but I remember that they were as polished as the apples.

In the past, I've described my father as shy, but that's not quite right. Although people tended to think of him as a man of few words, he was sometimes talkative, even in environments much less familiar than the city market of Kansas City. He had the Midwestern habit of chatting and joking a bit with waiters and salesclerks. He could pass an evening telling stories—particularly stories about the old days in the grocery business. He talked instantly and naturally to every child he ever met. He was shy in the sense that, like a lot of people, he found certain subjects difficult to bring up and he was uncomfortable talking about personal matters. When it came time for us to talk, father to son, about the mysteries of sex, for instance, he waited for an evening when he and my mother were going out, and just before they left he gave me a book on the subject—one of those old-fashioned books, as I remember, which talked in an obscure way about what seemed to be plant-fertilization techniques.

So he didn't use the drive to the city market or the basketball game or the American Royal as an opportunity to talk things over with me. In fact, the drives often passed in complete silence. I don't think either of us considered that odd. We took it for granted that men were, by nature, stoic. Male and female roles were sharply divided in our house. I think that as a child I extended those roles beyond the four of us, considering my father's family vaguely masculine and my mother's family, with its penchant for glasses of warm water before retiring, vaguely feminine. My mother and sister had their own ritual outings—concerts, road-company performances of Broadway shows, shopping. Although I worked as a busboy in the restaurant, I was not involved with dirty dishes at home. The expectations for Sukey and for me were totally different. I was to be sent off to Yale, probably never to return. Sukey, after spending a couple of years at some state university that had a promising social life, was to get married and live in Kansas City, raising adorable children in convenient proximity to their grandparents. I suppose I thought of talk as womanly—chattering. That was especially true of talk about health. It seemed to me that my mother and her friends spent hours comparing complaints and doctors and complaints about doctors. My father must have consulted a doctor from time to time, but I never heard him mention it. I literally never knew him to be sick, which is one reason that, when I was called at college during my senior year and told that he'd had a major heart attack—he was forty-nine—I travelled to Kansas City thinking that it all had to be a terrible mistake. As he recuperated, he acknowledged that he had felt what must have been a smaller heart attack a couple of weeks before, while working in the yard. Naturally, he hadn't mentioned it to anyone; he was not a kvetch.

What strikes me as odd now is how much my father managed to get across to me without those heart-to-hearts which I've read about fathers and sons having in the study or in the rowboat or in the car. Somehow, the fact that he considered me a special case was understood from the beginning—a simple and powerful message that parents sometimes find it difficult to pass on to a child. Somehow, I understood completely how he expected me to behave, in small matters as well as large, even though I can't remember being given any lectures about it beyond that occasional, undramatic "You might as well be a mensch." My wife, Alice, once wrote that throughout her childhood her parents sent her messages in code about values and expectations. It's possible that my father had a code so subtle that I didn't even notice its existence. Or maybe all this was distributed through my mother or my sister, either of whom would have treated a silent car ride as a sign that the other passenger was either sulking or expired. Maybe my father talked about these matters after all and I've forgotten the conversations, the way I've forgotten the sticky heat that is always present in Kansas City in the summer, even at four in the morning. If he did, it wasn't on those long early-morning drives. I remember the silence. Once you let the silence build up on a trip like that, of course, it takes a lot to break it. I'm sure it never occurred to me that I might take the opportunity to tell my father how much I admired the way he had handled that firing at Trillin's Super Market.



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HE was truly funny. He had a large collection of marching-band albums, and when Sukey and I were children there were times when one of them would set him to marching himself. This happened rarely and spontaneously; my father did not march on command. We would wait in one room while he circled the ground floor of our house. Every time he entered the room we were in, he would be marching in a different way—one time listing precariously off to one side, the next time rolling along in a Groucho Marx stoop, the time after that marching in a sort of hip-hop—pretending to take no notice of the fact that Sukey and I were both on the floor, helpless with laughter. In conversation with children who were not his own, he had some set routines. When he met someone who was studying a foreign language, he always asked for a translation of the same sentence: "The left-handed lizard climbed up the eucalyptus tree and ate a persimmon." I have continued to use that sentence from time to time—I have some set routines myself, some of them his—and I have to say that the responses do not build confidence in the level of language instruction in this country. He also had a special word that he challenged any schoolchild to spell—a word that had no meaning, since it existed only for spelling purposes. It was, phonetically, "yiffniff." I can present it only phonetically, because I never learned how to spell it.

I once wrote a story based on the attempts to spell "yiffniff" made by a carful of Boy Scouts on those occasions when my father drove us to a meeting. He always offered an array of prizes for the correct spelling: a new Schwinn bicycle, a trip to California, a lifetime pass to Kansas City Blues baseball games, free piano lessons for a year, a new pair of shoes. I can't imagine that any of us would have been interested in free piano lessons for a year, but we made attempt after attempt to spell "yiffniff" anyway. There was, I knew, no chance that my father could have simply called any spelling we came up with wrong and thus avoided handing out the prizes; as I said in the story, "His views on honesty made the Boy Scout position on that subject seem wishy-washy."

I was convinced that he had in mind some enormously complicated spelling of what sounded like an extremely simple word. In the story, we wily Boy Scouts brought in a ringer—my cousin Keith, from Salina, Kansas, who had reached the finals of the Kansas State Spelling Bee. I really do have a cousin Keith who got to the finals of the Kansas State Spelling Bee—his mother was my father's sister; his father, my Uncle Jerry Cushman, was at that time the city librarian of Salina—but Keith never came with us to a Boy Scout meeting and he doesn't know how to spell "yiffniff." I've asked him. At some point, I became convinced that "yiffniff" began with a double "y"—"y" used as both a consonant and a vowel. I can't imagine what made me so certain of that. My father didn't give hints. As you were picking your way through the first syllable, he never said anything like "You're doing fine so far." You tried to spell "yiffniff," and when you were through he said "Wrong."

He was a collector of curses—particularly of old Yiddish curses of the may-you-have-an-itch-where-it's-impossible-to-scratch variety. Once, while he was visiting Alice and me in New York, he came back to our apartment with an addition to his collection which he had unexpectedly bagged on the Lower East Side. He had been in Katz's Delicatessen, where sandwich-makers stand above the crowd behind a long counter, piling on pastrami and maintaining a strict form of queue discipline ("And who are you—a movie star, maybe?"). My father put in his order with the sort of little joke he might have used with a waiter in Kansas City. "Give me a corned-beef sandwich," he said. "Make it lean, and I'll recommend you to the boss." The sandwich-maker looked down at him and said, "The boss! May the boss's nose fall off!"

"Be advised, Counsellor, the court will not tolerate a circuslike atmosphere."

• •

Washington Avenue in south Miami Beach was where my father expected to find curses. Sometimes known as Yenta Alley, it had grocery stores that had become the central battleground in South Florida for daily wars of nerves between the proprietors and retired Jews whose resources consisted of small fixed incomes and extensive experience in negotiating with the butcher. My father liked listening to the arguments even when they didn't contain curses. It was in a grocery store on Washington Avenue that he collected his favorite curse: an elderly woman shouted at a butcher, "May you have an injury that is not covered by workmen's compensation!"

After loitering in the grocery stores on Washington Avenue for a while eavesdropping on arguments, my father sometimes went to the beach with his old sixteen-millimetre movie camera and took a reel or two that consisted entirely of fat women approaching the ocean. When it came to a willingness to traffic in humor that would now be seen as demeaning to women, he was not ahead of his time. Occasionally, one of the young salesmen who came into Trillin's Restaurant for lunch would announce that he had at last met the girl of his dreams and was engaged to be married. My father always replied, before even offering his congratulations, "Did you check her teeth?" One of his antic theories was that flaws of personality or looks or background could be adjusted to or corrected but bad teeth represented a lifelong financial drain that could undermine the strongest union.

The stories he told about old days in the grocery store leaned heavily on the humor that comes from someone backing into something that isn't what he thinks it is—the most ribald word I ever heard my father use was "goosey"—or being frightened by something that turns out to be harmless. A lot of his humor was strongly Midwestern. The joke I heard him tell more than any other was about a man who, travelling along a country road, sees a boy lying in the shade of a tree with a piece of grass in his mouth and his hat pulled down over his head. "Boy, if you can show me a lazier act than that, I'll give you a dime," the man says, and the boy replies, "Put it in my pocket." Once, when I was trying to describe Midwestern play-dumb humor, I used the real example of my father's visit to Tiffany's when he was in New York visiting Alice and me. He and my mother and Alice and I were standing at the counter, looking at something like silver pins, when he said to the salesman, "What's the name of this store again?"

"Why, Tiffany's, sir," the salesman said.

My father said that he had never heard of it, and asked if it had just opened. "I'm from Kansas City," he added, by way of explanation.

"Oh, no, sir," the salesman said. "It's been here for a number of years. It's quite a well-known store."

"Does it have anything to do with Cartier's?" my father asked. "I've heard of Cartier's."

"No, sir," the salesman said. "Nothing at all to do with Cartier's."

"Tiffany's," my father said, rolling the word around as if testing how it might work out as a name for a jewelry store. "Tiffany's. Well, that's a new one on me."

It seems to me that upbringings have themes. The parents set the theme, either explicitly or implicitly, and the children pick it up, sometimes accurately and sometimes not so accurately. When you hear people talking about their childhoods, you can often detect a theme. The theme may be "Our family has a distinguished heritage that you must live up to" or "We are suffering because your father deserted us" or "No matter what happens, we are fortunate to be together in this lovely corner of the earth" or "There are simply too damn many of us to make this thing work." Sometimes there is more than one theme. It's possible, for instance, for an upbringing to reflect at the same time "We are suffering because your father deserted us" and "There are simply too damn many of us to make this thing work."

When I was a child, I was under the impression that one of the themes of my upbringing was one of the grand American themes: "We have worked hard so that you can have the opportunities we didn't have." It's a grand theme partly because in its purest form it requires a suppression of ego: it requires people to think of their lives as taking meaning largely from being a transition to other people's lives—their children's. It was a theme that was easily picked up around the house I grew up in, although, thinking back on it, I realize that I may have misread the signals slightly. I think what was actually being presented was the immigrant subsection of that theme: "We have worked hard so that you can have the opportunity to be a real American."

Our immediate family would not have struck anybody as foreigners. My parents had Midwestern accents, even though they both happened to be fluent in Yiddish. We didn't live in an immigrant neighborhood; I suspect that a lot of the people I went to school with had grandparents who lived on the farms or in the small towns of eastern Kansas or western Missouri. The Old Country, though, was a constant in our lives. My mother was born in Kansas City, but her parents were immigrants. Her father—an extraordinarily sweet man, known to us as Pop, who was still operating a little grocery store when I was a child—had one of those bone-chilling immigration stories often heard among people of that generation. Having, according to his account, evaded conscription by two or three different armies, he sailed to America as a teen-ager and was scheduled to be met at the boat by a half brother. The half brother wasn't there. Pop looked around for him but couldn't find him. He never found him. He never found anybody else he was related to—although, because his name was Weitzman, he sometimes referred to the founding President of the State of Israel as "my cousin Chaim."

I associated St. Joseph, where we showed up regularly on Sunday excursions to visit my father's family, not with the Pony Express or Jesse James but with immigrants who ran tiny grocery stores and went to the shelves to press candy and soda pop on Sukey and me. These were my father's aunts and uncles. I could never keep them straight, except for Uncle Benny Daynovsky, whom I remember as having a sort of magical connection with children. (One of my daughters met a roomful of my St. Joe

DAMN SEAGULLS
BOOTH

relatives when she was maybe eighteen months old, and after one look at Uncle Benny—a funny-looking little man, then in his eighties—she walked right over and crawled up in his lap.) Virtually everybody one generation older than my parents on both sides of my family spoke English with a heavy accent. My father's mother struck me as the most impenetrably foreign relative of all.

By chance, the only other old person I saw regularly when I was about five also had an accent; the grandmother of the Doty kids, who were our best friends in the neighborhood, was a Norwegian-American from Nebraska. I remember being astonished in first grade when I stopped on the way home from school for some milk and cookies at David Miller's house: his grandmother had gray hair and a grandmotherly air, but she spoke the way David and I spoke. It had somehow escaped me that there were elderly people who could speak regular English.

I eventually found out how the St. Joe people got to St. Joe. This discovery came after I was grown and married. Alice and I were on vacation in the Caribbean. Someone I'd met in the South, Eli N. Evans, had sent me a copy of "The Provincials," his book on Southern Jews, and I was reading it on the beach. I had reached a passage on the tense relations a century ago between the established German Jews in New York and the horde of impoverished Eastern European immigrants pouring into the Lower East Side. It said, "The silk-hat banker Jacob Schiff, concerned about the conditions on the East Side of New York (and embarrassed by the image it created for New York's German Jews), pledged half a million dollars in 1906 to the 'Galveston Project,' which helped direct more than ten thousand East European immigrants through Galveston." In order to disperse the immigrants, Evans explained, arrangements were made for jobs in various parts of the South and the lower Midwest. It all made sense. My family had, in fact, gone to St. Joe specifically to work in a cabinet factory run by a German-Jewish family—a line of work soon abandoned for storekeeping by just about everyone except my Uncle Benny Daynovsky, who apparently rather liked making cabinets. When I read the Evans book, Uncle Benny may have been the last survivor of that generation—a man in his late eighties who spent a lot of time tending his tomatoes in the yard behind his little row house. I sat up on the beach. "Embarrassed!" I said to Alice. "Who is Jacob Schiff to be embarrassed by my Uncle Benny Daynovsky!"

That was the first line of a piece I wrote about the discovery. My research consisted partly of coming up with embarrassing facts about the Schiffs, which did not prove terribly difficult. According to Stephen Birmingham's book "Our Crowd," for instance, Jacob Schiff had displayed on his office walls two of the largest checks he ever wrote, one of them for $62,075,000. (Big *k'nocker!*) Acknowledging in the piece that my family in St. Joe had a certain local renown for stubbornness, I maintained that there was nevertheless nothing embarrassing about them. (Although my mother did not object to this statement, she may have quietly disagreed: at the time she met my father, I had often heard her say, some of the St. Joe people were so poor and benighted that their toilet-paper supply came from the little pieces of tissue that oranges used to be wrapped in when they arrived at a grocery store.) Unlike Jacob Schiff, I pointed out, my Uncle Benny had never consorted with robber barons like E. H. Harriman ("When it comes to rapacious nineteenth-century capitalism, my family's hands are clean") and would have never put a framed check on his wall. When I saw the St. Joe people at a wedding, I told them that I was working on the piece and hoped to have it published somewhere before Uncle Benny's ninetieth-birthday party.

"Don't mention his name," Uncle Benny's son said. "The Russian Army is still looking for him."

The Russian Army, the Cossacks—all that was far enough away to be material for jokes. We lived on a pleasant street in a city then known as the Heart of America. My father mowed the lawn, just the way Mr. Doty and Mr. Arnold and Mr. Cunningham mowed the lawn. We brought our meat loaf to the covered-dish suppers that my Cub Scout pack held regularly at the Broadway Methodist Church—although it is also true that my mother told us to stay away from everyone else's meat loaf, on the theory that you could never tell what "they" put in it. (This warning, I think, did not grow out of her fear that we might find ourselves eating *trayf*—she cheerfully cooked the bacon on Fourth of July picnics at Shelter House No. 4 in Swope Park—but out of an unfocussed suspicion about how Gentiles lived. She may have suspected that Gentile meat loaf was adulterated not just with pork but with filler, or maybe even Early Times.) Eventually, Sukey and I went to a high school that had a strong resemblance to the high schools in the sort of Hollywood movies that featured Andy Hardy. We had a dog named Spike, and before that a dog named Buck. I took it for granted that we were as American as anyone else.

I believe now that my father never

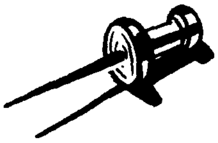
LOOKING ACROSS LAGUNA CANYON AT DUSK, WEST-BY-NORTHWEST

I love the way the evening sun goes down,
orange brass-plaque, life's loss-logo,
Behind the Laguna hills and bare night-wisps of fog.
I love the way the hills empurple and sky goes nectarine,
The way the lights appear like little electric fig seeds, the wet west
Burnishing over into the indeterminate colors of the divine.

Like others, I want to pour myself into the veins of the invisible
at times like this,
becoming all that's liquid and moist.
Like Dionysus, I'd enter the atmosphere, spread and abandon—
They'd have to look for me elsewhere then,
Trickle of light extinguished in the Pacific, dark sluice, dark sluice-line.

—CHARLES WRIGHT

took it for granted. It was my father, not his parents or some immigration officer, who changed the family name. I think we lived in that neighborhood precisely because it was where regular middle-class Americans lived. It was in a vast section of southwest Kansas City that had been developed largely by a man named J. C. Nichols. He called it the Country Club District; the baccalaureate service accompanying our high-school graduation was actually in a house of worship called the Country Club Christian Church. Although there were eventually plenty of Jews in the Country Club District, there was a widespread feeling in the late thirties that its developer held the prevailing country-club views on how few Jews it took to be too many. Just to be safe, my father had bought the land our house was built on through a Christian acquaintance—a salesman who called on him at the grocery stores.



I think my father dreamed of my going to Yale partly because that's where he believed the ideal American boy would go. It was all right there in a heroic novel he had read as a boy in St. Joseph—"Stover at Yale." The longest argument my father and I had during my childhood was over the question of whether I was going to join the Boy Scouts. I didn't want to be a Boy Scout. My father wanted me to be a Boy Scout. American boys were Boy Scouts. I remember the argument as lasting for days, but maybe it just seemed that long. I argued, among other things, that I was being treated unfairly: how come Sukey, who was a year ahead of me in school, hadn't been forced to be a Girl Scout? I considered that a brilliant point, but it, of course, was based on my misreading of the theme. I might as well have asked why Sukey wasn't expected to go to Radcliffe or Wellesley. Sukey wasn't the American being fashioned here; I was. I became a Boy Scout. I thought I had put up a pretty good argument, but I was, after all, only the second-stubbornest person in the house.

My father had an American's optimism—the sort of quiet confidence about the future that was not always easy to find among the immigrants of that generation. The people who came to this country in the great wave of immigration from Southern and Eastern Europe may have looked on America as the land of opportunity, but their experience over generations in the Old Country told them that they would be doing well to stave off disaster. A friend of mine—Joseph Machlis, a musicologist and writer and translator of operas—grew up an immigrant on the Lower East Side at precisely the same time my father was growing up in St. Joe. He says that at the close of the Passover seder, at the moment when it was traditional in Jewish homes to offer in the final prayer the phrase "Next year in Jerusalem," his father would push back from the table and say, in Yiddish, "*Iber a yor nischt erger*"—"Next year no worse."

In the immigrant community of that generation, pessimism and fearfulness were endemic. They were compounded by a conviction common among Jews that no Gentiles could be trusted. My mother came from a background marginally more sophisticated than my father's; she occasionally mentioned, with some pride, that she was "not from Independence Avenue," where the poorest Jewish immigrants in Kansas City had apparently lived. Among the cousins in her generation of the family were college graduates, and even doctors. Even so, my mother had more than a trace of the immigrant's fearfulness. My father seemed to have no trace at all. He feared no pogroms. He saw no limitations. He would have considered all that kvetching. My father did not kvetch—about his health or his childhood or his business. (As a teenager, I sensed that the subdivision he was involved in, which was eventually completed at a modest profit or loss, was having some difficulties, but decades passed before I learned that for a while it had drawn us close to a financial catastrophe.) When I joined *The New Yorker*, in 1963, the question my mother asked about the editor was whether or not he was Jewish—presumably on the theory that if he was he might be slightly more reluctant to throw her son out onto the street in bad times. The question my father asked about the editor was why he didn't display his name somewhere in the magazine. I tried to come up with an answer that sounded knowing—although once I started considering the question, I realized that every other magazine I knew about did have a masthead that included the editor's name. "I don't care what you say," said my father, who had, after all, put his own name on both a supermarket and a restaurant. "If I put out a magazine that I was proud of, I'd put my name on it."

We always had close at hand an unadulterated example of the old shtetl outlook that my father clearly intended us to be absolutely free of—my mother's mother, who was somewhere between a person of great anxiety and a hysteric. When I was in high school, she and my mother were at the hospital one day to be with Pop, who was having a minor hernia operation. Her blood pressure was presumably already at a level that might be discussed at a medical-convention seminar on the astonishing symptoms that can be provoked by stress alone. My father phoned my mother to say that Sukey had a bad stomach ache and was coming into the same hospital, where she would probably have her appendix removed. When my grandmother was told of this coincidence in the timing of medical procedures, her response was immediate and completely characteristic. She said, "Give me poison!"

OUR trips in the summer were specifically billed as ways for Sukey and me to see the country—the Grand Canyon, Carlsbad Caverns, the Golden Gate Bridge—although our capacity to take in the splendors visible from the car was hampered by the concentration required to defend half of the back seat from incursions, the imaginary line down the seat having created a situation that I later compared to the border tension between Finland and the Soviet Union. I played Finland—a unilaterally disarmed Finland after my father announced to me that I would never hit my sister again, since we did not hit girls.

We usually headed west, covering the miles in great gulps of driving; as an American driver, my father was always interested in how many miles we had travelled each day. He had a splendid voice, and he often sang as he drove—songs like "On the Road to Mandalay" and a Russian weeper called "Otchi Tchornyia." I spent a lot of time begging him to stop at one of those roadside zoos on Highway 66 which advertised attractions like albino raccoons. When he finally did, the proprietor ended our tour by demonstrating a game that he said the Indians (or could it have been the cowboys?) played on Saturday nights—a game that was based on ten or twelve dice rolled out of a cup. The last couple of dice seemed to have barely stopped tumbling before he had called out the total and scooped everything back in the cup. In the demonstration, my father won small sums two or three times in a row. There was an opportunity to put his winnings toward a bet that sounded safe and potentially extremely profitable, but my father declined. I was outraged. "You were *winning!*" I kept saying as we climbed back in the car. My father drove on for a while, and then he said, "I wasn't winning." He had known that the preliminary wins were a come-on because, unlike just about everyone else who might stop at the roadside zoo, he could actually add up the dice faster than the man could scoop them back into the cup.

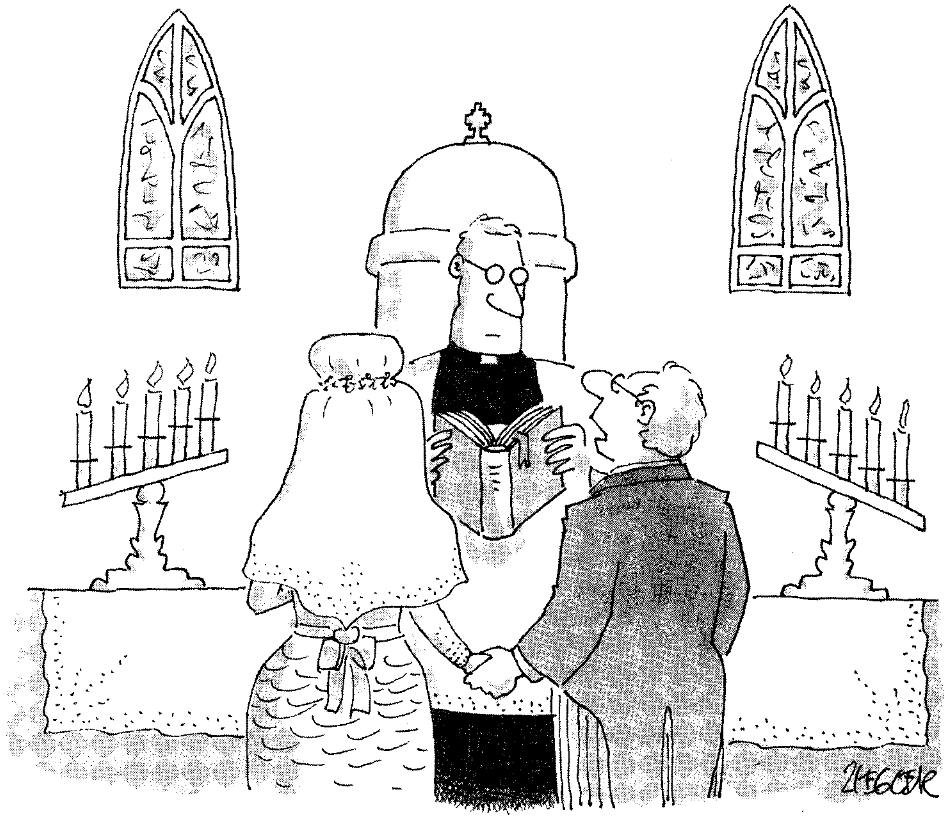
For half a dozen years after the war was over, we took family trips that usually ended up in California. We would spend two or three weeks in Santa Monica, in one of those tourist courts which had a U of apartments around a grassy area planted with palm trees and lawn chairs. We spent a lot of time on the beach. We would usually manage to get into a studio to see some filming—one of my mother's cousins was married to a light operator—and we would sometimes cruise by movie-star hangouts like the Brown Derby to give Sukey an opportunity to scout for autograph prospects. The California stays would have qualified as American family vacations without care, I suppose, except that my father talked a lot about moving to California permanently.

From my earliest childhood, I heard moving to California discussed around our house. Although Bob Hope was already making jokes about smog and freeway traffic, California was not yet California. It was Oregon. That is, in the fantasies of a lot of Midwesterners it was the clean, beautiful place of fresh weather and fresh starts—the place where people put behind them the harsh winters and the harsh realities of life in the middle of the country. The talk about moving must have been suspended from the time I was around six to the time I was around ten; people didn't move anywhere during the war unless they had to. After the war, it started again. It must have seemed more serious when my father began selling his grocery stores.

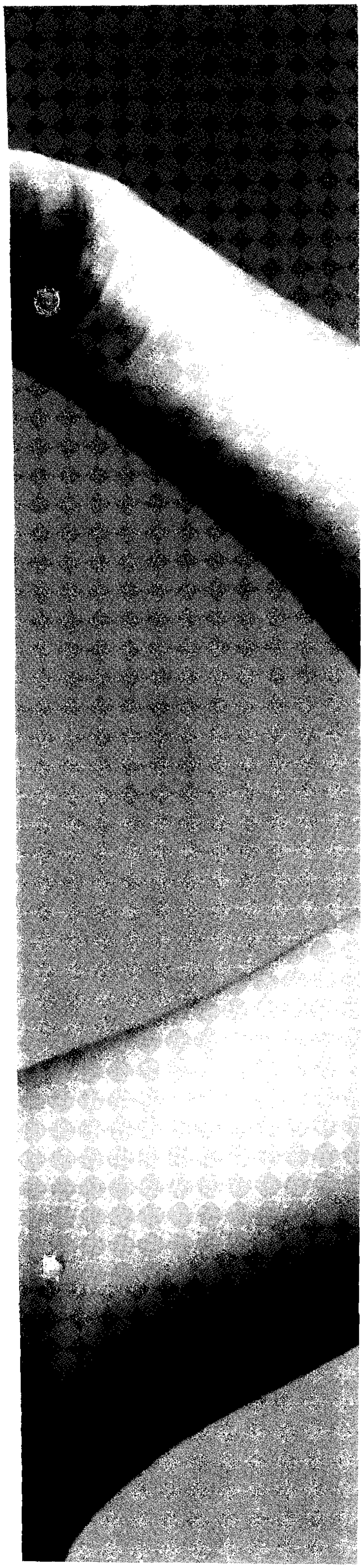
My mother and father didn't argue about moving to California—I never heard them argue about anything—but it was obvious to me that my mother didn't want to go. On those trips, Sukey and I may have had our differences on who was on whose side of the back seat, but we were united on this issue. We didn't want to move to California. I didn't fully comprehend our absolute opposition until I had two children of my own: children are the most conservative of God's creatures. They're loath to surrender the familiar. They don't have any experience of cycles—observing things change and then change back—so they tend to think of change as permanent and scary.

Sometimes my father would simply admire a town, and talk about what a nice place it would be to live in. Santa Clara was a town he liked, and so was San Jose—a San Jose of the forties, unrelated to the metropolis of today. Once, in Los Angeles, he went to look at a business—a restaurant downtown. Then we all went there to eat. I remember it as being on the ground floor or maybe even below the ground—a huge, noisy place with a name like Sam's or Jack's or Ed's. This was the moment my father must have been closest to moving to California. What was to keep him in Kansas City? Family. Roots. My mother. Sukey and I. When I was a child, I took the possibility of moving to California as a serious threat, particularly after we went to that restaurant in downtown Los Angeles. Looking back, I'm not sure that my father ever thought he was going to get away with it. My mother was an only child who spoke to her mother every single morning on the telephone until the day my grandmother died. (When Sukey grew up and got married, my mother also spoke to *her* every single morning on the telephone.) My father had family responsibilities himself. My parents' friends and their relatives—two groups with a large overlap—were all in Missouri. I don't think, looking back on it, that there was much of a chance that we would move to Santa Clara or San Jose or Los Angeles.

Over the years since then, I've sometimes wondered what would have happened if we had picked up and moved to California. For some reason, I always took it for granted that we would have had more money. I suppose I assumed that my father's enthusiasm for what was going to happen to a place like San Jose would have been translated into real estate, although there have been enthusi-



"Excuse me, Reverend, but what, exactly, do you have to do to get a drink around here?"



SHOWCASE

BARBRA STREISAND

BY WHITNEY BALLIETT

BARBRA STREISAND, complete with her orchestra, its deep arrangements, and her tall, layered voice, has been advancing on New York like the Roman legions on Gaul for some weeks, and she will at last materialize at Madison Square Garden, on June 20th, for the first of five concerts, the final one to be held on the thirtieth. She is famously and tremulously making her first live tour in more than twenty years, and it is proper that, as the popular singer with perhaps the largest aural presence of all time—larger even than the sonic ripples set off by old Sophie Tucker, and by Ethel Merman and Judy Garland and Aretha Franklin—she appear on the largest stage in the city.

Streisand is a contralto with a couple of octaves at her command, and she wows her listeners with her shrewd dynamics (in-your-ear soft here, elbowing-loud there), her bravura climbs, her rolling vibrato, and the singular Streisand-from-Brooklyn nasal quality of her voice—a voice as immediately recognizable in its way as Louis Armstrong's. She has reached a godly plateau as a singer. The songs she sings are of small matter now—as, indeed, were the songs of Sarah Vaughan, another vocal magician. They are all part of a steadily unfurling carpet of sound that can be heard in her movies, on her recordings, and now in the flesh. What she does so ingeniously is *Streisand* each song, whether it be "Happy Days Are Here Again" or "The Man I Love." She smooths the melodic hills, raises the valleys, equalizes the emotions, and encases the lyrics in a kind of silken sheen. And, of course, another advantage of catching Streisand in the Garden will be seeing her celebrated Egyptian beauty, which will float up to even the highest rows. ♦

PHOTOGRAPH BY
RICHARD AVEDON

New York City, October 1, 1965.

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astic people in places like San Jose who have lost their shirts. I doubt if my father would have ever struck it truly rich; I don't think he had the instincts of an entrepreneur. I remember being with him when he read the obituary of some pioneer of the shaving industry who had accumulated an enormous fortune. My father's response was not awe at the money that imagination and business acumen could bring someone in America but satisfaction in being presented with confirmation of his longtime view that razor blades were seriously overpriced. We weren't going to find out whether California could make a difference in his outlook. As Sukey and I settled into Southwest High School, it gradually became apparent that we were going to stay in Kansas City. I was greatly relieved. It occurs to me now that at around the same time I was counting my blessings my father must have resigned himself to the fact that he had missed his opportunity.

HE was shrewd about Yale. Taking it for granted that your son was going to do something and having him do it, my father had discovered, were not the same thing. As it turned out, I hadn't been interested in playing the cornet or in becoming a connoisseur of marching-band music or in reading those heroic books he had liked as a boy—books with names like "Right End Emerson." I always knew that he expected me to go to Yale, but after I reached a certain age he didn't push it. He was quiet when, at the age of thirteen or fourteen, I talked about going to the University of Missouri with my high-school pals. On a trip to the East Coast, he did drive through New Haven, so that I could see the campus, but he didn't seem exercised when I sat in the back seat of the car staring at the floor. ("A real Trilinsky," my mother said of my performance on that occasion. "A mule.") When I finally decided, around the last couple of years in high school, that it might be interesting to go to college in the East, he didn't become overenthusiastic. For a while, in fact, I thought he might be reconsidering his single-minded devotion to Yale. From someone manning the Princeton booth at the college night my high school held every year—it was our third, or maybe even fourth, annual visit—he learned that Princeton did not permit under-

A LANDSCAPE BY DELACROIX

They said shadows unrolled or more precisely
That trees unrolled their shadows.

Don't believe a word of it: no sky,
No sun at all, but those trees have toppled
Across the slope not even shadows but, savage,
And so intent they have discredited the sky,
A stuff, it might be treeness, a cascade

Of rough bark tearing your fingertips off
In a collapse of earth,
If ever you noticed, in the instant, nerve: plotless
Light inscribes, toiling with its rays,
Protozoic spirit, to stir up

Cool deposits, first a formal blur,
Then this paint you'd like to gallop across
If you were a large French horse, unshod:

Murk, a blot of aquamarine spilling out of it,
Dashed trunks, five, in the foreground—
You missed the squish of the small brush inking them in,

But no matter, the thing speaks, a backbone
Hurting, flayed, the light's body a human sees with love,
Opening a mouth in horror at the moon.

—CHRISTOPHER MIDDLETON

graduates to have automobiles. I took his sudden interest in Princeton as genuine—my father was, after all, a man who could be mightily impressed by an outright ban—but I suppose it could have been simply a feint, of the sort we rarely saw pulled off successfully at the Golden Gloves.

Like a lot of decisions my father made, the decision about where I was going to go to college—made, I suppose, when it became clear that he himself was not going to be able to go to college—was simple and direct. "Stover at Yale" was published in 1911 and read by my father as a teen-ager maybe ten years later. I didn't read the book myself until more than thirty years after I left Yale. A classmate of mine named Roger Dennis Hansen—someone his friends had talked about as a man who might one day be the President of the United States, someone my father had met during commencement weekend and then often asked after—committed suicide in 1991. Shortly after the memorial service, I began working on a book called "Remembering Denny," which somehow became imbued with memories of my father. Reading "Stover" at last, I found that Dink had values that coincided with, or maybe helped form, the values I associated with my father—particularly the values that had to do with upright behavior.

Long after I got out of college, I learned that my father's early exposure to "Stover" had inspired him to start a Yale fund for me when he was still in that first tiny grocery store, before I was born: he put aside the rebate that one of the bread companies offered for prominent display and quick payment. His grand plan, I think, began with my going to Yale—not on a shoestring but in the way the sons of the industrialists went to Yale. I would then be not simply a real American, unencumbered by poverty and Old World views, but a privileged American—an American whose degree could give him a place on some special, reservations-only escalator to success. After that, it was up to me. "It was a first-generation American dream of surpassing corniness, and I don't think it ever occurred to my father that it might not work out," I wrote in "Remembering Denny."

But what if it hadn't? What if, for instance, I had been dyslexic? What if I had been pathologically shy instead of merely as incapable of bringing up awkward subjects as my father was? Would he have dropped the grand plan? Parents routinely grope around for the line between encouragement and pressure. He seemed to sense where it was. He was never the sort of parent who demanded to know why the B in some course wasn't an A. I was simply aware that my performance at school wasn't expected to be "ordinary"—a term he used for whatever struck him as not up to the mark, whether it was a meal or a movie or a report card. (One step below that was "*very* ordinary.") Years after I was out of college, I learned that the Yale movie playing in his mind had originally included some footage of me performing as a running back in the Stover mold; I took that as an indication that my father had been capable of making some quiet adaptations in the grand plan if there were signs that it was unrealistic.

Except for that last-minute feint toward Princeton, he seemed unwavering in his assumption that I would go to Yale. When I was in about the eighth grade, the public-school year in Kansas City ended in April, because of lack of funds. Until it became certain that the financial problems were going to be solved, he held out the threat of sending me to the local private school for boys; Yale obviously did not accept students from nonaccredited school systems. (The private school was called Pembroke Country Day, or Pem-Day, and we called its students "pemsy daisies." I told my father that I would never cross its threshold—although, of course, I had said something similar about the Boy Scouts.) In my senior year in high school I was offered a Navy R.O.T.C. scholarship, but not to Yale: I had been assigned to the University of Missouri. Unlike Yale scholarships, which were not given to people who could pay the tuition, whether their resources sprang from a trust fund or a bread rebate, this one was not based on need. Although I had no idea what our resources were, I assumed that paying for me to go to Yale was not

"Do you ever miss New York?"

a trivial matter. I went to my father—he was reading the newspaper in the living room—and told him that I'd be happy to go to the University of Missouri. That was true. He didn't say a word. He just waved me out of the room.

The Yale representative at the college-night booth was not long out of Yale himself; he was from an established Kansas City family, and he'd been to boarding school in the East. At our final college night at Southwest High School, my father asked him two questions that astonished me. One was whether Yale had any sort of business training, since he said that he wouldn't want me to come out of college not even knowing rudimentary bookkeeping. I wasn't astonished at the juxtaposition of accounting and Yale; for all I knew, accounting could have been a popular major there. I was astonished because one of the messages I had taken from my upbringing was that I wasn't going to have to be involved with business. Actually, I had got the impression that I was expected to be above such matters as perusing the business pages and discussing investments—an impression that I have never exactly abandoned, much to the detriment of my finances. The other question was even more surprising to me. My father asked if Yale had any sort of Jewish quota that could keep me out even if I qualified in every other way. Although I had heard of quotas, which I associated with medical schools, I had never heard my father bring up the subject; I had never heard him acknowledge any limitations on what was available to me. Looking back, I think that with the first step of the grand plan—my application to Yale—close at hand, he may have had just a moment of doubt. Was this really going to happen? If it did, was it really the right thing for me? The next moment, the doubt was gone.

I don't think it was any surprise to my father that Yale seemed to work out for me pretty much the way he had expected it to. Still weak from the heart attack, he came to New Haven for the commencement ceremonies and watched me deliver one of the speeches given by graduating seniors at a Yale event called Class Day. My speech, the Class History, was meant to be funny. It used what passed for cynicism in my circle to talk about how Yale had prepared us for the world. After it was over, my father turned to Denny Hansen, who was sitting next to him, and said cheerfully, "If I thought he believed any of that, I'd have him shot." I don't know if I believed any of it, but by then I knew that my father's view of Yale as a place whose main purpose was to provide a reservation on the magic escalator—what I described in "Remembering Denny" as a place that would "turn the likes of us into the likes of them"—was not my view. A year before, an opportunity to explain that to him had come up with the approach of Tap Day—the event that in those quaint times decided whether a junior would be admitted beyond the Yale College equivalent of the pearly gates. Because I was the editor of the newspaper, I was likely to be tapped by one or another of the senior societies, and if that happened I wasn't certain whether or not I would accept. Not accepting a tap was a notion so contrary to my father's Stoveresque view of Yale that I thought it required explanation. Sitting in my office at the *Yale Daily News* very late one night, I started a letter to him. I was on the third page when I gave it up. I had decided that it was too late to begin explaining that my view of what I was doing there was not precisely the same as his. Or maybe I was having trouble trying to explain precisely what my view was. Or maybe even I realized that discussing my reservations about the extracurricular Yale so important to Dink Stover might sound hypocritical in a letter written from an office where I spent a lot more time every day than I spent at the library. Or maybe I decided that it was too late at night to write such a letter. I still think of it as the moment I might have broken the silence that I remember from those long drives to the city market.

As it turned out, I decided to join a society anyway, and called my father after Tap Day to tell him.

"That's not the one Stover was in, is it?" he said.

"No, it's the other one," I said, and wondered if he had been following along with the book the whole time.

I graduated from Yale thinking that I was grateful for the aspirations of my father that sent me there, even if I considered it obvious that the effect of the experience on me had been more in the way I thought and what I thought about than in the sort of career opportunities I'd been given. Fifteen years or so later, I happened to attend a birthday dinner that was made up mostly of people in my line of work, all of whom were doing all right and some of whom were pretty well known, as nonfiction writers go. At dinner, there were a couple of tables of ten, and at our table someone brought up the name of somebody whom, we quickly realized, everyone present had met through a different connection. I looked around at my tablemates, and realized that they had all been to the same sort of colleges that I had been to. That was true of all but a couple of people at the other table, too. Passengers on the magic escalator? Until then, I hadn't thought of writing as a trade that depends much on Ivy League credentials. Unlike, say, being the vice-president of a bank or the trust partner of a law firm, it does, after all, require you to reveal your work to the public at large. Was the fact that we had reached the point of having our writing published by prominent magazines or respectable book publishers strongly connected to the fact that we had all gone to the same sort of colleges and universities? I put my own work history into reverse, and realized that it had flowed naturally from a summer job at *Time*. And what had led to the summer job? The *Yale Daily News*. For the first time, I realized that my father's vision of how all this was supposed to work out might not have been as simplistic as I had always assumed. "My God!" I said to Alice on the way home that night. "Could he have been right?"

IF my father started reading a book, he finished it, whether he liked it or not. He read all sorts of books. He read good books and he read trash. He finished them all. I tried to persuade him that giving up on a book was not a reflection of weak character but simply a decision to spend your reading time elsewhere; as my mother would have said, it was like talking to the wall. At times, he'd say something that sounded as if it might have been designed to get a rise out of me or Uncle Jerry, the librarian. "I don't understand what they see in this Faulkner," he said once, when I was in college—which might have drawn an erudite response from me if I hadn't been having so much trouble getting through "Absalom, Absalom!" He was strongly in favor of plot. There wasn't any question about who his favorite writer was—O. Henry. He liked short stories with those little reverse flips at the end—just the sort of thing that the instructors in the writing course at Yale told us not to think of turning in.

When I was a child, we didn't have a lot of books around. We lived in the same house—the house my father had built in the Country Club District just as the war was about to start—from the time I was five to the time Sukey got married, when I was halfway through college. Going over the rooms in my mind now, I can't picture any bookcases, except for a couple of shelves in a finished basement that we referred to as the recreation room. In fact, my father sometimes said that he didn't understand why Uncle Jerry, who was raising a family on the salary of a city librarian, had so many books in the house. It wasn't as if a librarian had any problem getting access to books he might want to read, and at no cost. What was the point of buying a lot of books and keeping them even after you'd read them? He wasn't exactly being critical of Uncle Jerry. He used the phrase he'd use if I remarked, say, that going to Europe for a while after college might be the sort of thing I'd like to do: "What's the advantage?" He didn't mean the word "advantage" in the sense of taking advantage or gaining some advantage; he used it to question whether something that seemed frivolous or luxurious was truly necessary and sensible. My father had a strong sense of enoughness.

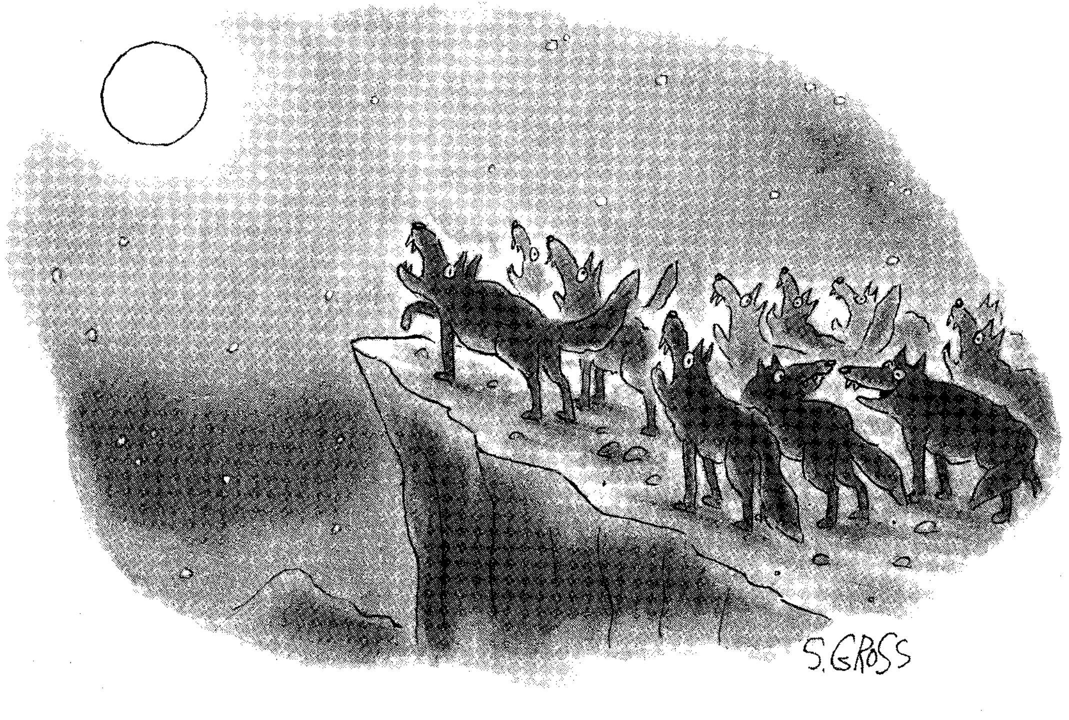
In his late fifties, years after those discussions about Uncle Jerry's books, he started buying books himself. I think it came about because garage sales became a custom in Kansas City. Once, when I was home visiting, he took me out to the garage to show me what he had acquired that afternoon. He opened the trunk of the old Thunderbird he had then. It was full of books.

"A dollar," he said.

"A dollar a book?" I said.

He shook his head. "A dollar," he said.

Someone he knew who was closing down a shoe store had some shelves on his hands, and my father put them in the basement to use for the books he bought. After a while, I got him a subscription to a newsletter that carries ads from people who are looking for hard-to-find books. He sold some of the books through the ads, and he spent a lot of time arranging them in proper categories, and, of course, he would often read one—all the way to the end. He himself became surrounded by books, but he didn't become a collector, the



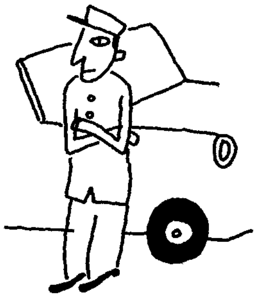
"*Stick around. There's a reception afterward.*"

way my Uncle Jerry is a collector. He once said to me, "I never pay more than a dime for a book unless it's something special."

I don't think I'd had any inkling that my father did any writing himself until around the time I was in high school, when rhyming couplets began to appear daily on the lunch menu at Trillin's Restaurant. Most of them were about pie—"Don't sigh. / Eat pie" (his shortest) and "Let's go, warden, I'm ready to fry, / My last request was Mrs. Trillin's pie" and "Try Mrs. Trillin's pie, I'm sure one piece'll / Give your motor more power than a diesel" and "Mrs. Trillin's pecan pie, so nutritious and delicious / Will make a wild man mild and a mild man vicious." When he was more or less semi-retired, he wrote down some anecdotes, mostly about the grocery business. He typed them, each on a separate piece of almost square white paper. They were all typed with no strikeovers, and, as I recall, they all took up precisely the full page. My father strongly believed that neatness counts. He once caught a glimpse of a manuscript of mine—neat by my standards, which is to say that it was perfectly legible. He responded the way he'd responded in my high-school days whenever he noticed my footwear, which almost never showed signs of having put in any time at the shoe-shining apparatus he kept in the basement. I now can't find my father's neatly typed anecdotes, although Sukey came across the list of topics he was presumably working from—topics like "My first holdup" and "Little J.B. and the rat in the tub of spinach" and "The episode of Hogan the Dog" and "The Heinz soup deal" and "Schwartzie and the ferret" and "My second holdup—locked in icebox."

After my mother died, I found pieces of my father's writing I hadn't known about—most of it written before I was born. There were several pieces, some of them in the form of letters to my mother before my parents were married, that were done in hillbilly dialect. There were three stories that had the sort of switcheroo endings that O. Henry favored. One of them was about a widow resisting a cruel Cossack pillager in a Russian village. One of them, written in Yiddish, was about a hobo who commits a lot of crimes in the hope of being arrested and given a warm bed in jail. The third was a thirty-eight-page comic short story about a large young black woman in Georgia trying to do away with her smaller and much older husband; its dialogue was in a broad version of a Southern black dialect. A thirty-eight-page short story is a serious effort. The pieces made me wonder if my father ever harbored ambitions to be a writer—not someone who wrote down anecdotes as a way to pass the time in retirement but a *writer.*

My parents used to tell a story of the sort all parents tell about the cute comments their kids have made: my father said to me, when I was three or four, that a newspaperman might be an interesting thing for me to be, and I replied, "O.K., Daddy, if you want me to sell newspapers I'll sell newspapers." It was years after I had heard that devastatingly amusing punch line a few hundred times that I began to wonder about the straight line that had set it up. Was that what he wanted me to be? Did sending me to typing school have anything to do with that? The year that the Kansas City public-school classes ended in April, my father sent Sukey and me to a place called the Sarachon Hooley secretarial school to learn how to type—partly, I think, on the theory that typing was a useful skill and partly in the belief that kids should not be wandering free in April. After the course, Sukey was liberated for the summer, but I was made to type forty-five minutes a day—the opposite of what you'd expect in an era when typing was considered good training for girls. But would that be how you'd steer your son toward journalism—slip the word to him casually when he's three years old and then make sure he knows how to type?



He had strong opinions about, say, movies ("I don't care what you say. 'Gunga Din' is the best movie ever made") and food ("There's nothing better than a fresh ear of corn"), but not about politics. In the Kansas City of my childhood, politics meant Democrat or Republican. Unlike some of the Eastern European Jews who got off the boat in New York instead of Galveston, we were not exposed to bitter struggles involving Socialists and Communists and Trotskyists. Kansas City had no Jewish proletariat. (When my mother returned from a trip to New York, she always said, "In New York, Jews do everything"—reflecting her astonishment once again at encountering Jewish policemen and cabdrivers and waiters.) We didn't know any left-wingers; we didn't know that the right-wingers we knew were right-wingers. My mother referred to a man one of her cousins had married as a Bolshevik, but I think that meant that he came from people who didn't go to the synagogue even on Yom Kippur. I'm sure that my parents voted for Roosevelt, but I think that they also voted for Eisenhower. A lot of people in Kansas City of my father's generation thought of Harry Truman as a Pendergast-machine pol who wasn't really up to the job. My father may have voted for Truman, but he didn't identify with him. After the fact, that struck me as odd, because reading David McCullough's biography of Truman made me think of my father constantly—the optimism, the faith in the work ethic, the blunt honesty, the confidence that neatness counts.

In St. Joseph, my father had grown up next door to a black family without thinking much of it, and he often said so. He seemed to have only one group prejudice, but it was a beaut: he didn't like refugees. I suppose a certain number of Jews who were escaping Hitler came to Kansas City before the war, and I think a program that saw some significance in involving Harry Truman's home town brought quite a few Holocaust survivors just after the war. My father, as he would have put it, wasn't crazy about them. Like most prejudices, it was not easily explained, but at the center of it, I think, was a feeling that the refugees he came across were simply not becoming Americanized at a pace commensurate with what they owed this country and what made good sense. Once, when we were talking about one of his hospital stays, the subject of his roommate came up, and he shook his head. "Refugees," he said.

When I reminded him that he himself could be described as a refugee, he told me that when people visited the roommate they spoke only in German.

"But if your mother had been in the hospital and you went to visit her, you'd have spoken to her in Yiddish," I said.

"I don't care what you say," he said. "They should speak English. This is America."

My father practiced what people schooled in intellectual discourse call reductionism. He often said something to which the most likely response was "Well, it's really more complicated than that." Sometimes it was more complicated than that, and sometimes it wasn't. His opinion about the relative merits of movies and the theatre was an example of his tendency to boil things down. Movies were better than plays, he always said, because when the action of a movie took place on the top of a mountain you were actually on the top of a mountain. I had a notion that it was really more complicated than that, but I was never absolutely certain in just which way. In the early sixties, my parents visited me while I was working in the Atlanta bureau of *Time*, covering the civil-rights struggle, and we all had a drink at the home of a college friend's parents—people who thought of themselves as relatively enlightened Southerners. During a lull in the conversation, my father said, "I never understood what you people in the South had against colored people." There was some scrambling among the rest of us, including me, to explain how complicated it all was.

Religion was fairly easy to boil down. He had grown up in an Orthodox Jewish family. His mother, who moved to Kansas City sometime during my childhood, remained what some people would call an observant Jew and what my mother preferred to call "a religious fanatic." Although we had food specially prepared for my father's mother when she came to our house, so that she wouldn't have to eat anything that wasn't kosher, she never ate any of it. She felt about the food in our house more or less the way my mother felt about the other Cub Scouts' meat loaf. Given parents of that sort, my father must have spent a lot of his childhood in a synagogue or a Hebrew school rather than on the roof of Jesse James's barn. What he had figured out about Jewish prayer, he often said, was that, no matter how long the service lasted, there were basically five things said. I can't remember what they were, but I assume one of them was that God is sovereign and another was that He is the only god and another was that the worshippers are grateful to Him. Whatever those five points were, my father figured that no purpose was served by repeating them again and again. Was God hard of hearing? As a boy, my father resolved that when he grew up he'd go to the synagogue whose service started latest and got out the earliest. There would still be plenty of time for the five points to be made—maybe even two or three times, but not all day.

He meant that in a limited way. There was never any chance, I think, of my father's going to the Reform temple, which at that time conducted virtually its entire service in English and didn't even have bar mitzvahs. There was never any chance of his not going to the synagogue every day after his mother died to say Kaddish. There was never any chance that I wouldn't have a bar mitzvah or that we would not celebrate Passover with my mother's parents. He paid his dues to the Conservative synagogue. He gave his contribution to the United Jewish Appeal. On Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur, he went to the synagogue, even though he knew that a long time would be taken for five points to be made.

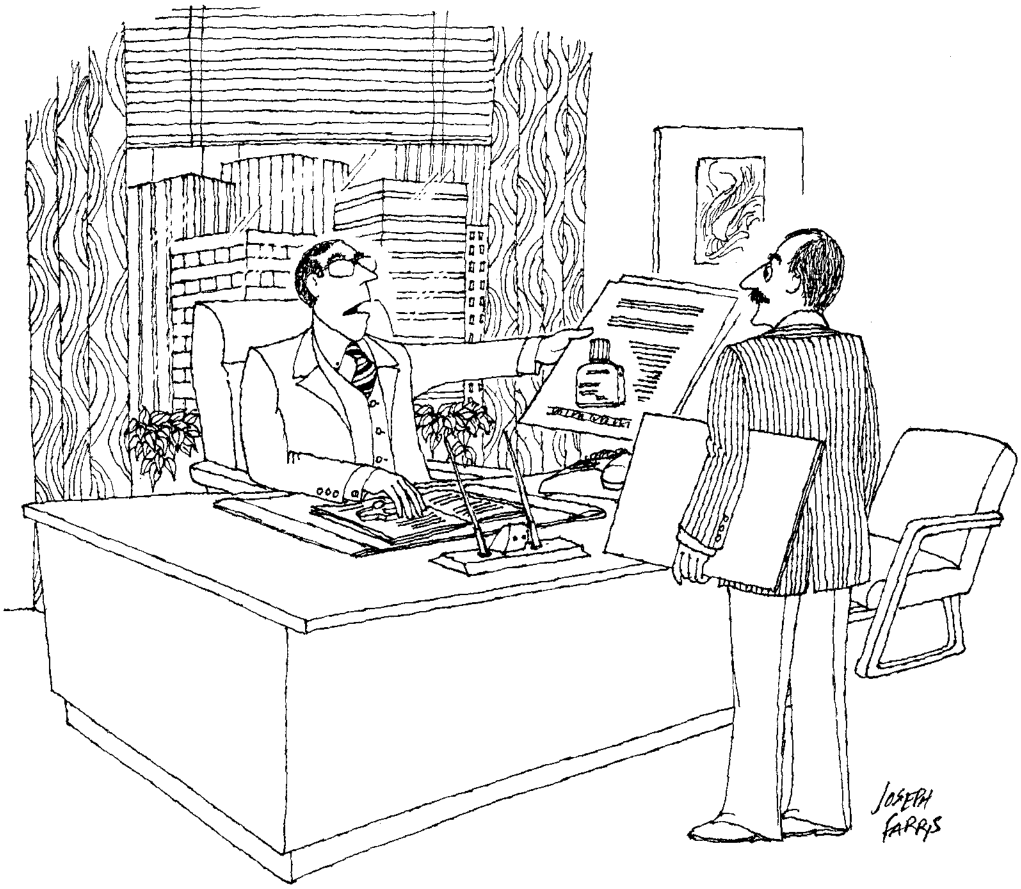
In fact, the eve of Rosh Hashanah was one of our ritual outings: my father and I always attended services with Pop at his synagogue, while the women remained at my grandparents' to prepare the meal. My grandparents did not belong to the main Orthodox synagogue; they belonged to a small congregation that was always referred to around our house as Coxey's Army—presumably after the ragtag army of unemployed that Jacob S. Coxey led to Washington in 1894. The Kansas City version of Coxey's Army seemed to me as chaotic as the original. The officers of the congregation sat on a stage in the front of the room, but the service was conducted from a platform somewhere in the middle. Women were in the balcony. There was an enormous din at all times—people talking, children running up and down the aisles. When the din became unbearable, the president of the synagogue would rise from his seat on the stage, walk to a podium, slam his hand down, and shout, "*Shveig! Shveig!*" In a way, the service on the eve of Rosh Hashanah was opening night: Coxey's Army was not large enough to employ a regular *chazzen*, or cantor, so someone was hired just for the High Holy Days of Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur. I assume that this person came from New York, the Capital of the Jews; there were obviously no spare cantors in Topeka or Sedalia. Every year, as we left Coxey's Army my father and Pop had the same conversation about the cantor.

"That was the worst *chazzen* I've ever heard," my father would say. "He sounds like he's in pain. I don't see how you're going to make it to Yom Kippur, Pop."

Pop never seemed to hear that remark. Just after my father spoke, Pop would say, "The *chazzen's* not too bad this year. Not too bad."

After the minimum of observance had been satisfied—after my father had done what it would have been disrespectful to his upbringing not to do—he was uninvolved in organized religion. He never went to the synagogue except on the High Holy Days. He had no interest in being, say, an officer of the synagogue, which he saw in some cases as an opportunity to strut on the stage during Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur. In our house, an officer of the synagogue, particularly one who seemed to make more of a production of his public role than was called for, ran the risk of being referred to as a big *k'nocker*. After I left home, my father never asked about whether I went to synagogue. Unlike my mother, he seemed to have no interest in whether or not I married someone who was Jewish. Pretending not to be Jewish would have been so contemptible to him that it was not in his frame of reference. On the other hand, he didn't exactly raise me to be a Jew; he raised me to be an American.

Looking back now on signals I got from him—what he seemed to encourage, what he didn't encourage—I think he would not have been thrilled if I had developed a boyhood passion for, say, Zionism or Orthodox Judaism. Not that either of those was very likely. The first time I ever saw someone walking down the street wearing a yarmulke—let alone side curls—was long after I left Kansas City. I grew up before the religious revivals that affected Jews and Gentiles alike in postwar America, during an era of watered-down religion. Looking back on it, I think I assumed that the real Jews were in New York. In fact, New York was a code word for Jewish in Kansas City, in the way Lincoln was a code word for black—so that blacks went to the movies at the Lincoln and Jews bought bagels at the New York Bakery. New York was also where the real baseball players were—the Kansas City Blues were a farm club of the New York Yankees—and I suppose I saw the situation as somewhat analogous. We were farm-club Jews. We had some major-league people—the rabbi at our synagogue was a wry and scholarly man named Gershon Hadas, whom even I could recognize as extraordinary—but it was basically a farm-club operation. Years later, when I gave a speech at a Jewish center in the Chicago suburbs, I called it "Midwestern Jews: Making Chopped Liver with Miracle Whip." After the speech, someone came up and said that the title was an interesting metaphor. "It's not a metaphor," I said. "It's a recipe." That was how my mother made chopped liver. I believe she considered schmaltz déclassé.



"I love it, the chief loves it, the client loves it, but the gods don't love it."

• •

IN his late fifties, my father went to the office some days, but he could have been described as semi-retired—a man with a damaged heart and reduced energy. I wasn't always given the details of how his health was—on the theory, I think, that someone in New York who was trying to carry the family banner at the same time he was typing with two hands in the prescribed Sarachon Hooley manner didn't need to be bothered. My parents continued taking the sort of long automobile trips around the country that they'd begun when I was a child. When my mother first started suggesting that they consider taking a trip to Europe, my father always replied, speaking as someone who had once got his foot stuck in the mud in Russia, "I've been." Sooner or later, though, he gave in. On the days when he wasn't feeling well, Sukey often went over to keep him company. After a couple of years at the University of Colorado, she had indeed returned to Kansas City to produce the requisite grandchildren—three boys. A friend had a farm with a pond on it, and my father spent a lot of time there fishing, sometimes with one of my nephews. He bought trunkloads of books at garage sales. When I saw him, he never spoke of illness, but he was obviously in fragile health.

When the call came, Alice and I had just arrived in Malindi, on the coast of Kenya, where we were intending to stay a couple of weeks while I wrote something I had researched in Malawi. It was August of 1967. My father was sixty years old. I don't think I always had the fragility of my father's health in mind, but when we returned from a shopping trip to town that day and were told by the proprietor that I had a call from the United States the first thing I thought of was that my father was dead.

The funeral is sort of a blur now. I do remember that in the eulogy the rabbi—the successor to Rabbi Hadas—said solemnly that when he visited my father in the hospital once and they'd had a talk about the new novel by Chaim Potok he understood that my father wasn't truly under the impression that the author's name was Chaim Pupik. (In Yiddish, *pupik* means navel, but it's somehow funnier to say "I was up to my *pupik* in Republicans" than "I was up to my navel in Republicans.") After several days of receiving people at our house, Pop and I started going to the synagogue every evening to say Kaddish. I was there at my mother's request. Mildly resentful at having to perform what seemed to me a public-relations function, I viewed my fellow-mourners—mostly men nearer my father's age—as people honoring their obligations in the most cursory way. My father had referred to the regulars as the Kaddish Club. They were always impatient to start the service precisely at six. As it ended, they were out the door and into their cars, and you could almost hear the golf clubs rattling in the trunks. I may have resented them a bit for being alive; there is, after all, nothing in the Talmud about not playing golf after you say Kaddish.

Then Rabbi Hadas, who was retired but was still living nearby, appeared in the small congregation one evening. Just before the grumbling to begin got started, he rose from his seat and said, "Well, we have a minute and a half until six, and tomorrow's Tisha b'Av, so I think I'll take the minute and a half to explain Tisha b'Av." It was a classic Rabbi Hadas opening—the allusion to the minute and a half said everything he needed to say about the haste with which the Kaddish Club performed its duties. He said that Tisha b'Av meant the ninth of Av, in the Hebrew calendar—the date of the destruction of the First Temple. After mentioning that the ninth of Av was also thought to be the day the Second Temple was destroyed, he listed a few other catastrophic events that might have taken place on that dismal day, showing less certainty with each event he mentioned. Then he said that the important point was not whether these things had literally happened on this precise date but that observing the ninth of Av as a day of sadness gave us a sense of continuity, which was central to Judaism. Then he said that the reason we were there saying Kaddish was this sense of continuity. Then he sat down. It had taken only a minute and a half.

In the first week after my father died, a lot of people came to our house, many of them bearing casseroles or baked goods. They told a lot of stories about him. When I thought I might lose control, I went out into the back yard; my father had not been enthusiastic about men crying in public. People who used to work in the grocery stores came. Some of the waitresses from the restaurant came. The man who had been my father's partner in the subdivision came. He had always struck me as the sort of contractor who had grown up in the country and learned construction putting up fences or repairing barns. Drawing me aside, he told me that when the subdivision was not going well my father could have abandoned him—there had been no contractual obligation to stay—but had chosen not to, at considerable risk. He said that he would never forget it. When the crowds had thinned out, a man who had got to know my father at garage sales came by, inspected every book in the basement, presented me with a list of the ones I might want to save or sell, and eventually arranged to have the rest donated to a new college—a Nazarene college, I think, or maybe Assembly of God—in my father's name. A lot of the men who came to our house during those days came up to me before they left and asked if they could have one of my father's yellow ties to remember him by.

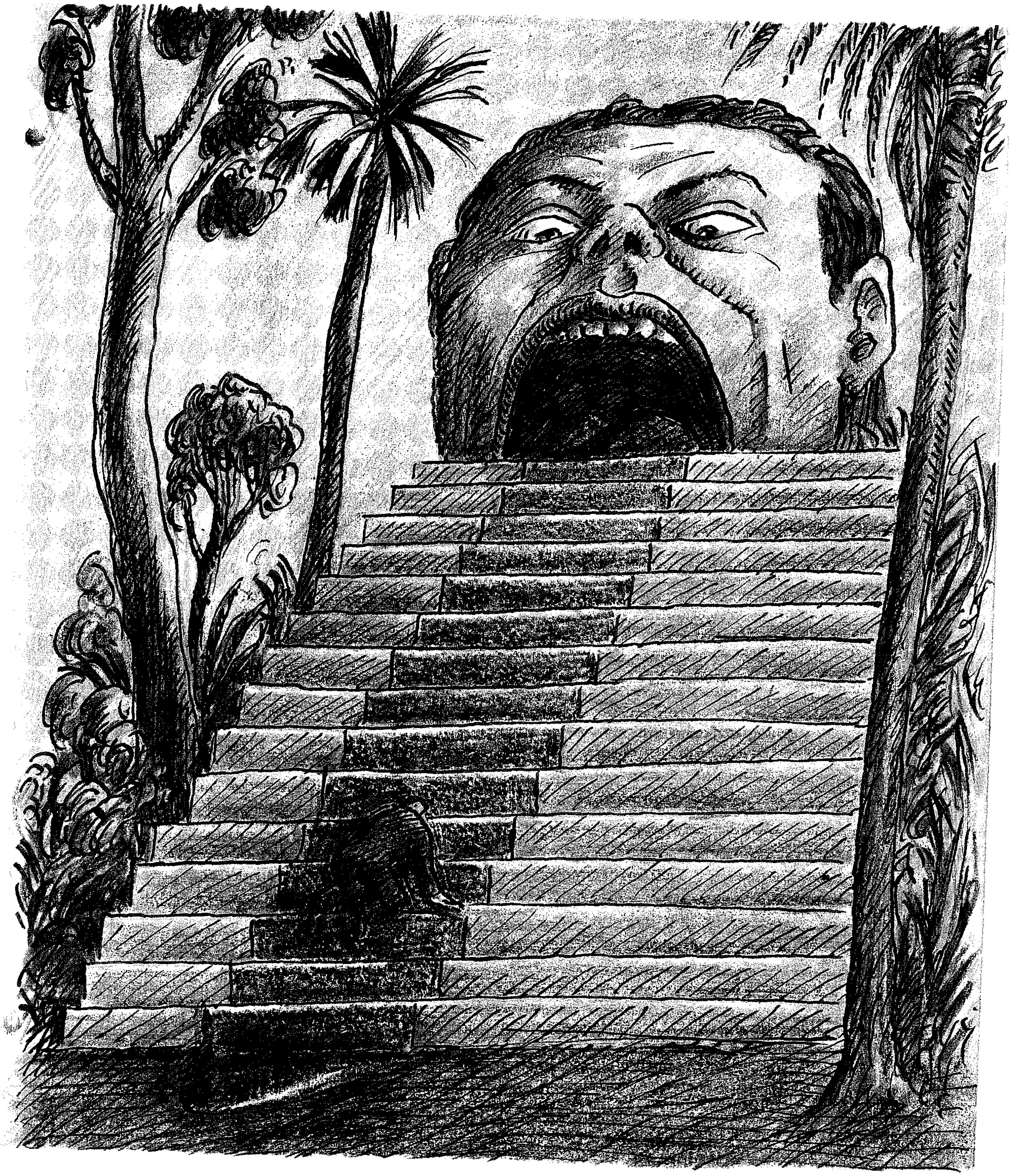
So he had been right about that, too—even the yellow ties. I don't mean that he was right about everything. Some things are, in fact, more complicated than he thought they were—or, at least, than he said they were. Sometimes, obviously, it's all right to do something—something unnecessary, or maybe something not very sensible—even if it would have caused my father to ask "What's the advantage?" We know now—and some people knew then—that daughters and sons can be raised with similar aspirations. Basically, though, I think I've accepted most of my father's messages, with just a little light editing here and there. Living in New York, whose customs sometimes strike someone from the Middle West as being much more like the Middle East, I eventually learned to deal routinely with people who do not always live up to his black-and-white standards of upright behavior. Still, I have sometimes heard myself say of a shop whose proprietor has done something my father would have considered improper, "I'll never go into that place again"—despite Alice's arguing that what the proprietor did wasn't the worst thing in the world and that he doesn't have a terribly pleasant life and that a permanent boycott seems a bit harsh. But I know I'll never go into that place again, because we are, after all, stubborn people. When my daughters reached the age of twelve, I didn't make a point of insisting that they pay full fare at the movies, but only because it would have made me feel priggish and self-righteous. Not that I haven't done some things that make me feel priggish and self-righteous rather than face an alternative that I know my father would have disapproved of.

If I noticed ominous symptoms while working in the yard, I wouldn't consider it kvetching to call the doctor. On the other hand, my attitude toward kvetching is so much of a standing joke in my own family that if my daughters are complaining about something they provide my response before I can open my mouth: "I know, Daddy—'Pull up your socks.' " Our daughters were both born after my father died. When they were growing up—in New York rather than the area Jacob Schiff assigned us to—I had the luxury of spending a lot more time with them than my father had been able to spend with me. I didn't have to be a grocer. If I take a long car ride with one of them, there is a lot of talk, but not much of it is terribly personal. I suppose I could argue that my responsibilities in that area are not as obvious as they might be if one of our children were a boy or if they didn't have the sort of mother who is cherished for her heart-to-hearts even by people who are not related to her, but the truth is that I'm only marginally better at that sort of thing than my father was. Some of the messages I've tried to get across to my children may still be in code. I'm not sure if I can isolate the theme of their upbringing, but I know that I didn't want it to be as different from my upbringing as it seemed to be on the surface. Sometimes I think that the theme I had in mind was "Despite all evidence to the contrary, you are being raised in Kansas City."

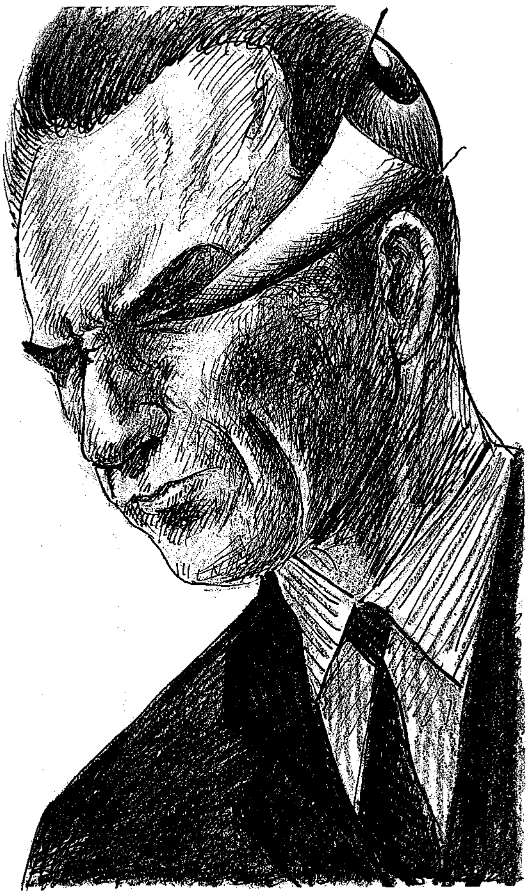
I've always thought of my father as having accomplished what he set out to do, but, of course, children go through life seeing their parents in terms of themselves: He accomplished what he set out to do for Sukey and me. I suppose someone could add up the facts of my father's life and come to the conclusion that he was an unfulfilled man. There were, after all, plenty of immigrants of his era who made privileged Americans out of themselves rather than their sons or daughters. He was happy in his family, but he never had the pleasure of work that truly satisfied him. He never had a crack at California. I'd like to believe, though, that he didn't think in those terms. I'd like to believe that he thought more in terms of what Rabbi Hadas called a sense of continuity. I've felt his presence most intensely at those landmarks of continuity—on the day, for instance, when each of my daughters graduated from Yale. But I can often hear his voice in mine, and not just when I'm asking for a translation of "The left-handed lizard climbed up the eucalyptus tree and ate a persimmon." I hope my daughters can hear it, too. ♦

BEHIND THE SCENES AT CANNES

BY ROLAND TOPOR

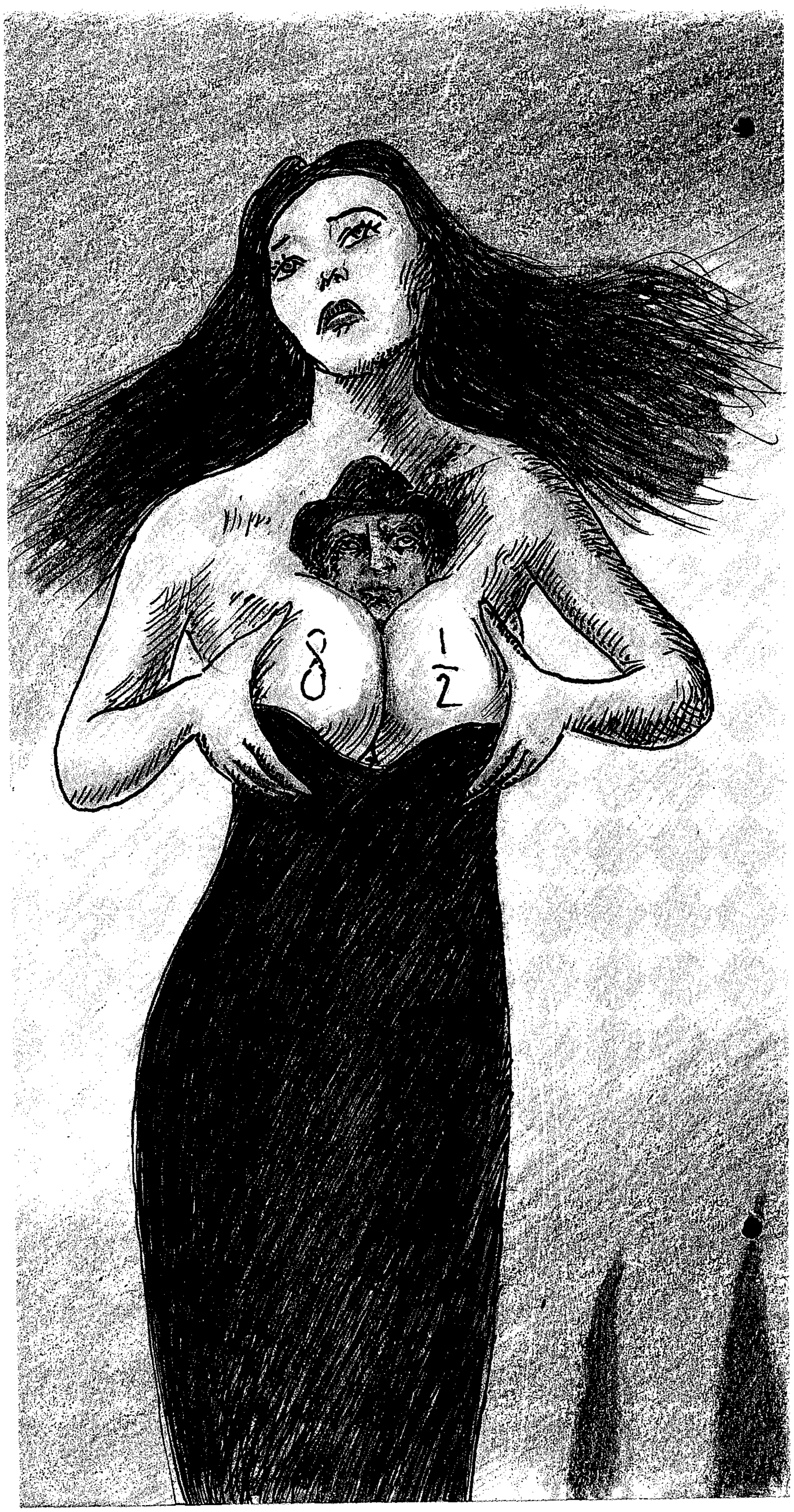


The great red-carpeted stairs of the Palais des Festivals used to be among the most dangerous in the world. So many living legends tumbled down them that the stairs had to be rebuilt to make the ascent to stardom less treacherous.

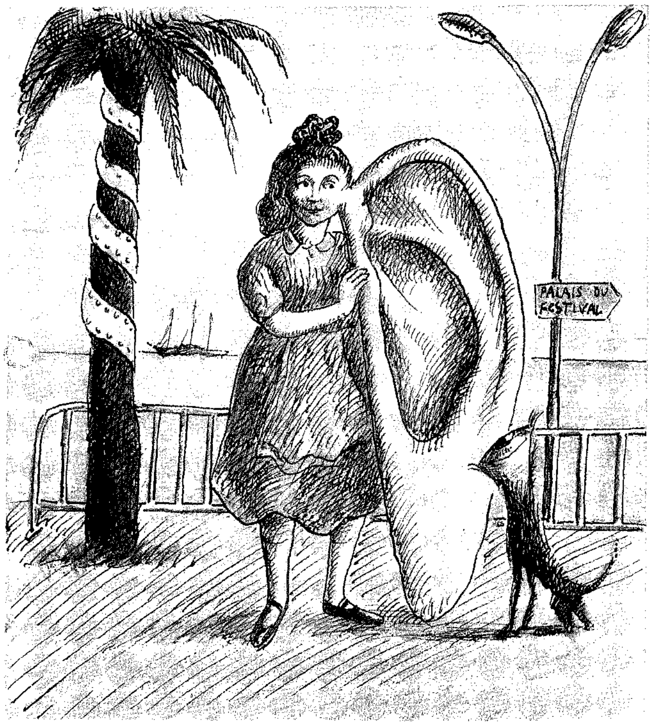


Clint Eastwood, jury president
and eye of the cyclone.

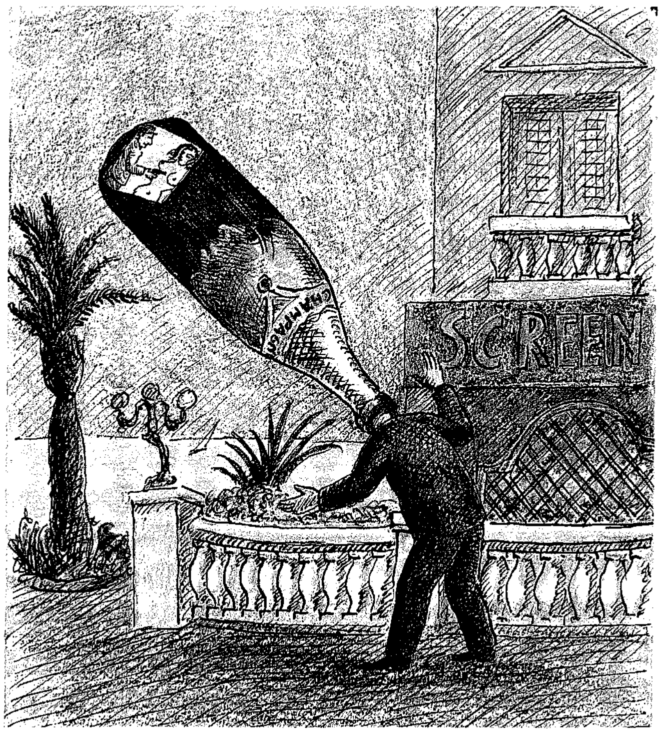
The reassuring thing about the Cannes International Film Festival, said a director friend of mine, is that it resembles an agricultural fair: each year, one meets the same cattle merchants and, of course, the same cattle. The fair was enlivened this year by homages to Renoir and Fellini, but the contributors from Poland had a metaphysical problem. As a government official explained, Polish filmmakers are in the position of trying to re-create a whole chicken from a can of soup.



Homage to Fellin

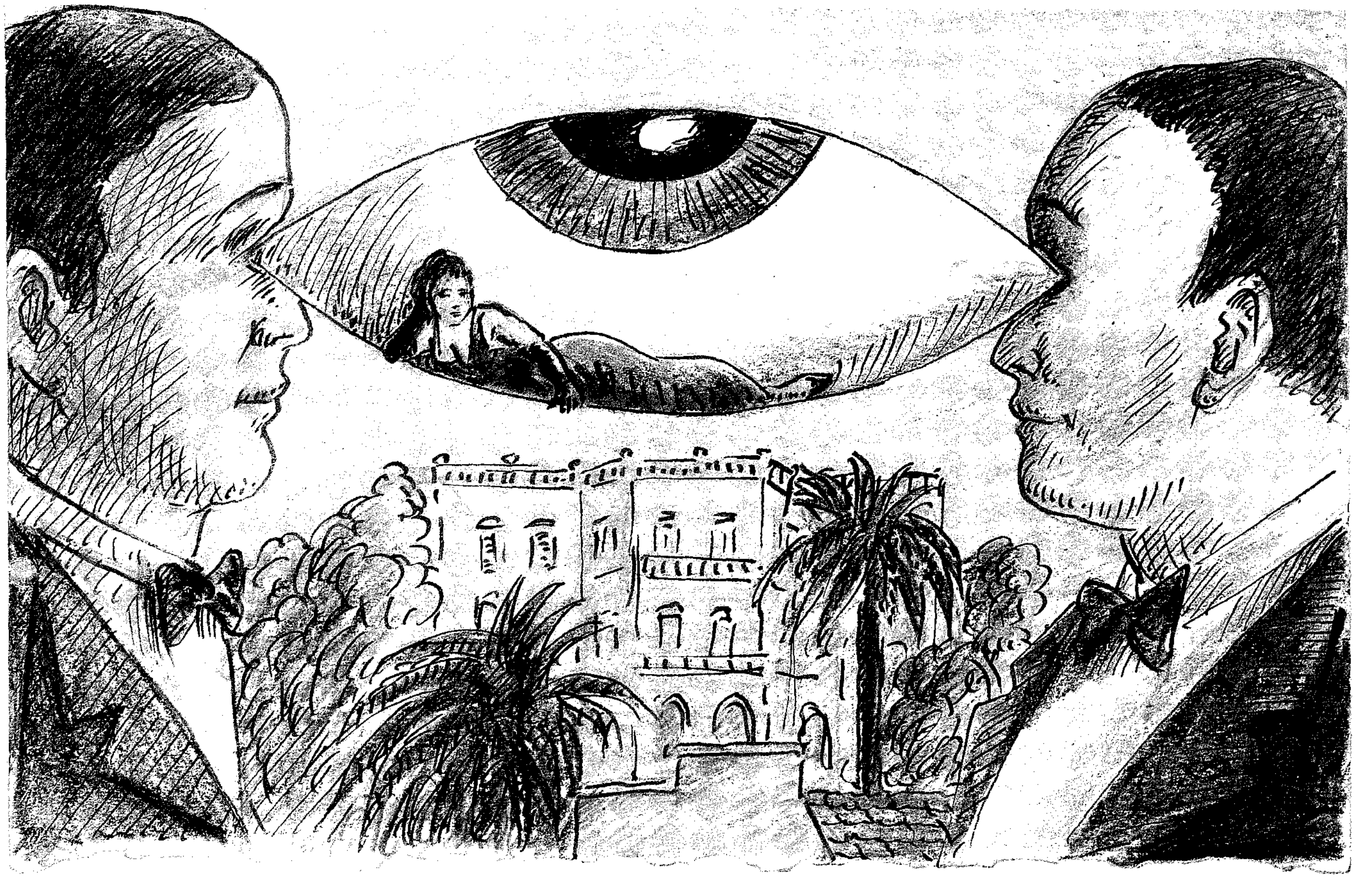


The other side of the screen



Pulp Fiction

It had been said that the Americans would boycott the Festival, because of the European position on GATT (restricting access to Europe's entertainment market), but, of course, they came—and saw Quentin Tarantino win the Palme d'Or for "Pulp Fiction." The Chinese, the Italians, and the Russians all had their prizes, too, awarded by a jury beyond reproach.



Watching the world go by

THE CRITICS

MUSICAL EVENTS

GLYNDEBOURNE ENCORE

BY PAUL GRIFFITHS

GLYNDEBOURNE was an accident, born of dream, hope, luck, and practical vision. The dream was an old one: opera as picnic, the most cityish of art forms taken off into a garden. The hope, John Christie's, was that the theatre he had tacked on to his country house would enable him to enjoy his beloved Wagner at home. The luck, which provided the vision, was that in 1934 Fritz Busch and Carl Ebert were available and could encourage Christie in other enthusiasms. With them at the helm as conductor and director, Glyndebourne immediately had a major role to play in the deepening understanding of Mozart and, more generally, in the slow swerve from opera as a way of hearing stars to opera as a manifold collaboration: of singers onstage, of voices and instruments, of music, design, and action. By 1939, thanks partly to recordings, this little place in the folds of the Sussex downs was on the international opera map. The accident had happened.

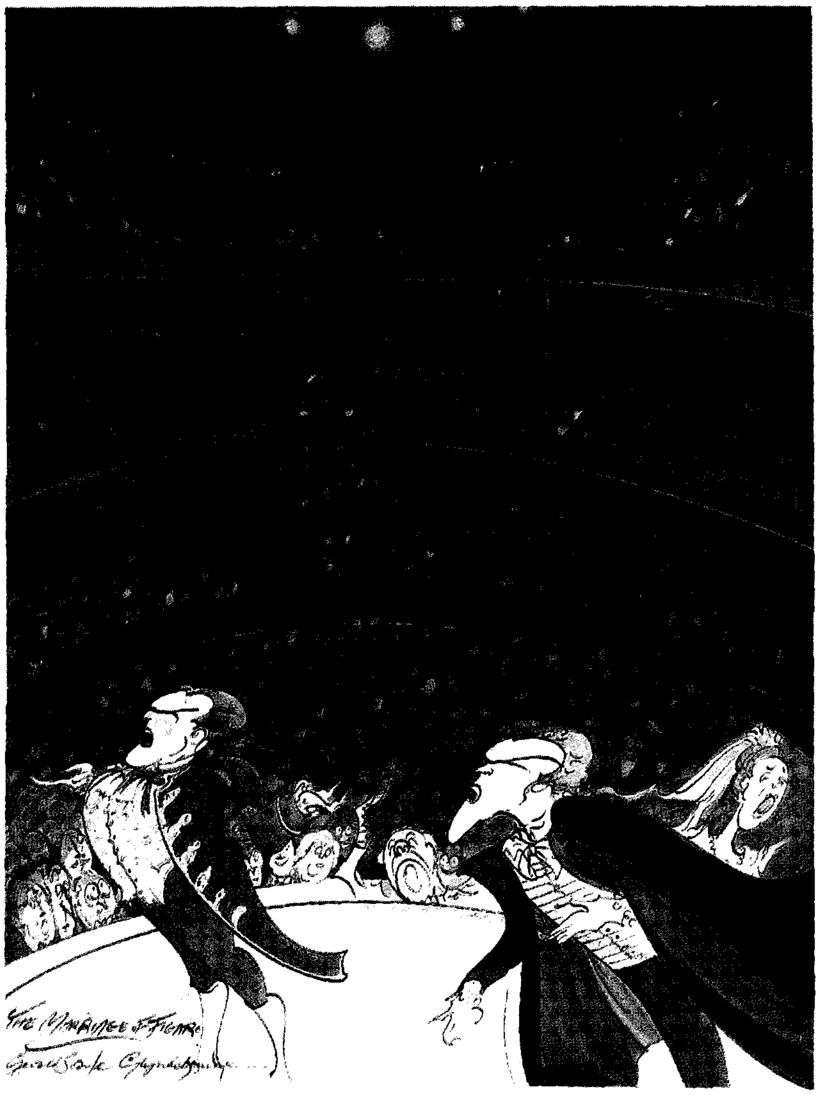
But it left behind, as a relic of its uncalculated origins, a theatre that was acoustically dry, that kept its intimacy from those in the distant back rows of the balcony, and that had as much visual appeal as the average school assembly hall. Wonderful performances went on there, but repeated enlargements couldn't do much for the sound, the sight lines, or the worthiness. It was an amateur house for a paramount professional festival, and now that it's gone one can't even regret the loss of its incongruity, since that's still a feature—but turned into a cheerful advantage—of the new theatre.

Michael and Patty Hopkins, the architects of the new Glyndebourne, have provided a brick ship nosing up alongside the original Tudorish mansion. No apologies are made now for there being a theatre in the landscape. At the center of the building, the fly tower stands bold: a great cube clad in lead, between the curving outlines of the auditorium—whose low-pitched conical roof, of wooden panels, again covered in lead, gives it a Chinese touch—and the backstage area. The structure is cut into the hillside, so that one has to go downstairs to reach the orchestra and even the first circle, but the look of the thing—by a house, in a garden—is emphatic, surprising, and at once grand and droll. In all those ways, it's a finely suitable home for Glyndebourne. It also makes an apt symbolic gesture in separating the theatre from the Christie residence, and so recognizing that opera here is a serious, world-class endeavor, not a domestic entertainment.

Where the profile of the old building was hidden within that of the house, its replacement proudly fronts the air and provides, on the level of the third, top circle, a terrace with splendid views of the gardens, sheep pastures, and woods. Where the old foyer was cramped and dark, the new one has glass walls and a buoyant, tentlike canopy. Operatic horticulturalists (not a small contingent among Glyndebourne regulars) will miss the courtyard of apple trees and also the lawns and borders below the old tearoom, but new areas have been landscaped, including a Figaro Garden (though this rather bare piazza might benefit from some benches—as well as, surely, a couple of pavilions for assignations). With the new space available, the gardens aren't any more crowded come intermission suppertime, despite the increased size of the audience. It's still possible to hide away in the umbellifer meadows of the wild garden, with for company only your hamper and half a dozen bow-tied gentlemen doing Tai Chi.

But the real proof of the value of the rebuilding comes, quite properly, inside. There's no fuss. The circular audience space is finished with blond pine, which feels as good as it looks (most of it comes in shallow, strokable curves), gently scents the air, and must contribute much to the warmth and vividness of the sound. With a capacity of just over twelve hundred, the new theatre is half again as big as the old, but it enfolds everyone in its wooden O; its atmosphere is light, lifting, and companionable. It does what a theatre should do: makes a miscellaneous public into a commonwealth. And, lest that sound too lyrical a statement for an institution so abrim with prestige, it perhaps needs to be said that the tuxedos are more about fancy dress than about privilege, that the flowing champagne marks only a belief in the compatibility of high art with having a good time, that most patrons do know a bassoon from a Basilio, and that it's possible to get into a performance for fifteen dollars. Glyndebourne has to work by seducing the wealthy, but the company has maintained full artistic authority by distancing its administration from its benefactors, whose recompense comes in the quality of the performances, in the ambience, and in the evidence the new theatre provides of growth and confidence against the temper of the times.

Sir George Christie, the founder's son and successor, had determined that construction work would cost Glyndebourne only one summer (last year, to keep some kind of ball in some kind of air, there were concert performances in London), and that the new theatre would be ready to open on the sixtieth anniversary of the old, with the same opera: "The Marriage of Figaro." So it was. Bernard Haitink, the company's music director from 1977 to 1989, came back to conduct an eagerly alive performance—one in which the comic tumult of the drama seemed to be spilling up and out from the bustling and busy musical activity going on in the pit. Mr. Haitink has his winds and drums sounding promptly forward, his strings more neat and musically alert than lustrous.



Andreas Schmidt as the Count, Gerald Finley as Figaro, and Alison Hagley as Susanna in the performance that opened the new theatre.

GERALD SCARFE

The production is cast partly as a display of homegrown excellence, in that the Susanna and the Figaro, Alison Hagley and Gerald Finley, are both graduates of the Glyndebourne Chorus. (This body has long been a test bed for young talent, and the current complement sounds typically brilliant and strong; no doubt there are Susannas and Figaros here for the next century.) Ms. Hagley is a lively, personable actress and a thoroughly fine singer, full of young wisdom in the ways of the world, but with an essential goodness (of tone as well as demeanor) that won't be sullied. Mr. Finley, also singing splendidly, is a tenser character, with his determination edging toward violence: he can be fierce and he can be beautiful (especially at that magical turn to slow nocturne in the last finale), and he seems a far more dangerous, more sensual being than the Count of Andreas Schmidt, whose engaging care suggests an intellectual rather than a bodily pursuit of pleasure.

Renée Fleming drifts the Countess into decelerated opulence, and risks making her appear an opera-seria heroine—an Ariadne singing out her sweet plaintiveness—rather than an active participant in a comic household. But the sound is gorgeous, and in "Dove sono" she shows off not only her creamy tone and phrasing but also the new theatre's quick conveyance of vocal subtlety. Robert Tear as Basilio also uses the immediacy of the theatre, so that the queasiness of his characterization is offset by the wit with which it's achieved; his aria in the last act is not an interruption but a delight. Similarly luxurious casting, combined with Glyndebourne's customary ensemble work, provides a Don Curzio (John Graham-Hall) and an Antonio (Donald Adams) who are bright, individualized threads in the tapestry of the piece.

The only letdown is the production. John Gunter's stark sets have any potential simplicity ripped from them by stridently colored (cerise and lime at one awful moment) and capricious lighting. Against such backgrounds, perhaps no behavior could look normal, but the director, Stephen Medcalf, doesn't help by giving his singers unnecessary moves, too studied groupings, and awkward locations. The passivity of Ms. Fleming's Countess may come partly from the fact that she sings her introductory aria in bed.

HAPPILY, there is far more visual panache in the other opening production: "Eugene Onegin," or "Yevgeny Onyegin," as it becomes at this solidly original-language house. The designer, Richard Hudson, offers minimal décor: a bare sky that looks like ruckled paper, plain oatmeal walls, and, for the St. Petersburg ball, a sequence of aquamarine curtains that flunkies can whisk to and fro, concealing and revealing parties of dancers. Country ordinariness and city sophistication alike are achieved with humor and economy, while the costumes help the director, Graham Vick, and the choreographer, Ron Howell, to fill the open spaces with characters. The dance at the

100% fun.
0% alcohol.

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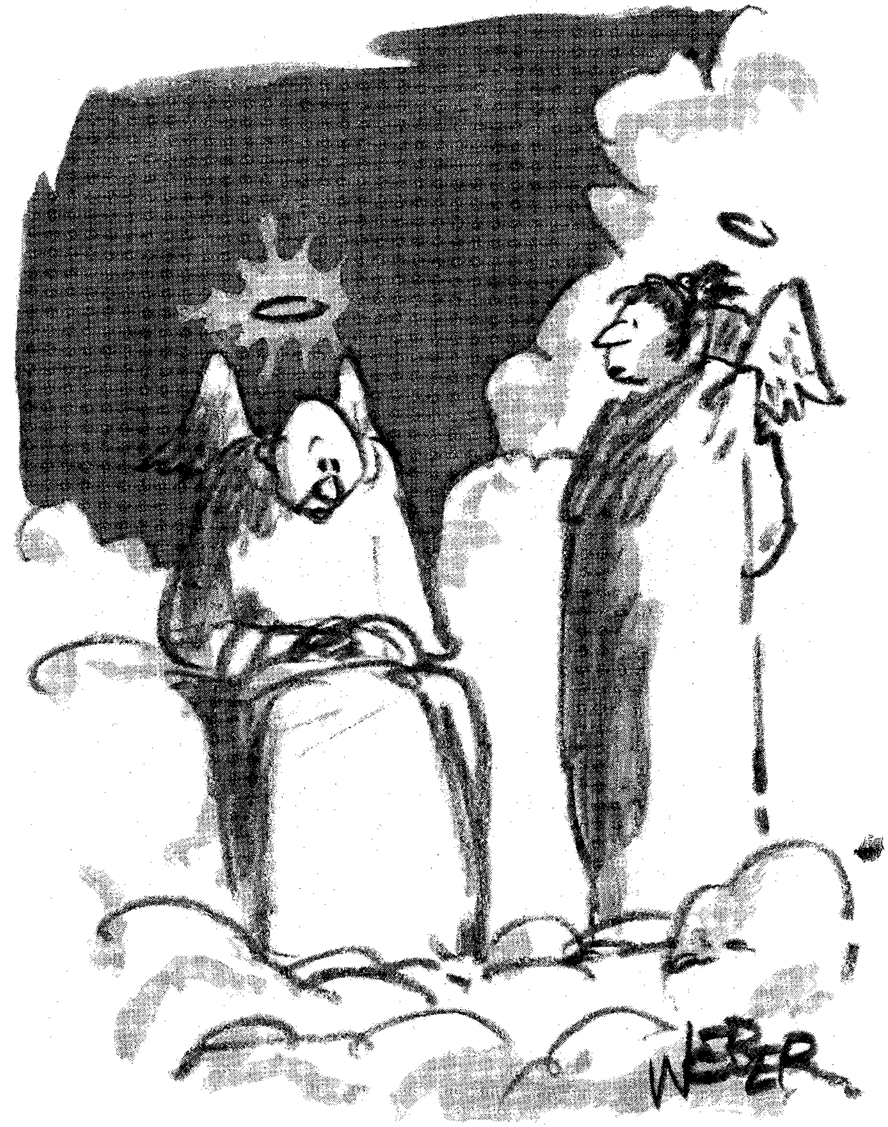
Larins' is a Turgenev novel all by itself, with its pert little girl carried in on a sofa, its gentlemen identifiable as fops or sobersides, its sweethearts and its aunts, its pair of fat boys. The grander soirée, in the capital, is led off by a pair of ballet dancers, Bryony Brind and Stephen Jefferies, in supreme Petipa style, and then descends into a nice comedy of self-regarding beaux and fractious girls.

Mr. Vick has lots of good ideas in the private scenes, too. The duel takes place out of sight: we see the result only when the survivor comes striding back into the mill. The dialogue between Tatyana and Onyegin in the first act is conducted across a wide space of ignorance and contempt, with him seated looking away from her. But it doesn't seem right to repeat this picture in the last act, where Tatyana's rebuff to Onyegin is vastly more considerate. Also, the savage gestures with which these two principals end their self-communings—Tatyana pouring a bowl of water over herself, Onyegin tearing down the rearmost curtain—are forced in themselves and in their symmetry. By the end of the letter scene, we no longer need to be told this girl is emotional, and in the final act the production and the piece have already established that Onyegin's overture to Tatyana is as impulsive, juvenile, and doomed as hers was to him.

Aspects of character can't be missed when the central performances are so candid and sympathetic. In the middle of the letter scene, Elena Prokina as Tatyana thins her voice to a silver thread; she sings on a keening sigh, and the horn sounds like the night responding through her open window. It's a moment that triumphantly vindicates the

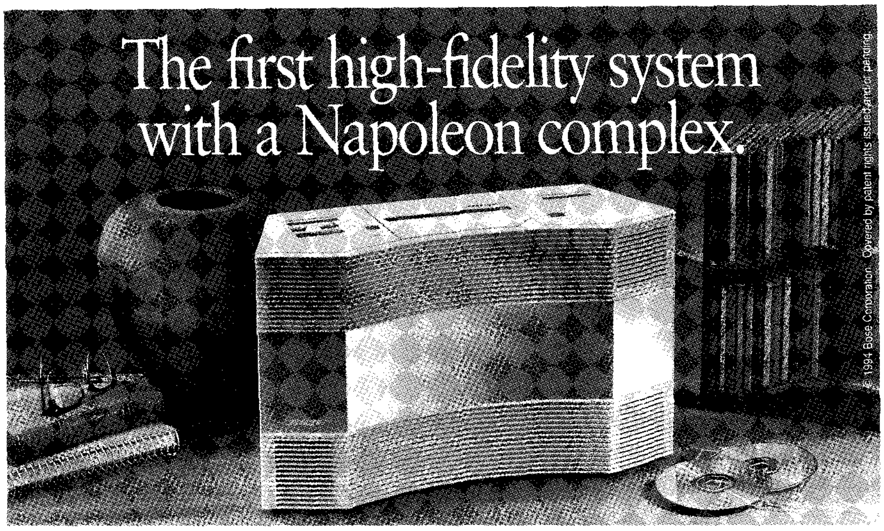


"I put in for reincarnation, but they said if you don't know computers forget it."

new theatre. The Onyegin, Wojciech Drabowicz, also comes across fresh and direct, his early worldliness a young man's pose, his sensibility projected with a firm darkness of tone. Louise Winter is a pretty Olga, and Martin Thompson a properly poetic Lensky, with wild dark hair and a voice as natural, springy, and vulnerable as a new leaf.

Andrew Davis, Glyndebourne's music director, doesn't dig into the score but lets the quieter scenes unfold with gentle dignity and brings to the Petersburg ball a pomp that plays well with the kindly mockery of the staging. Since Mr. Vick has recently been appointed director of productions, we can look forward to much more from a partnership that seems, on this evidence, amiable and well attuned to the continuing Glyndebourne spirit—a spirit of specialness and close attention mixed with the gaiety of an outing. There are good auguries, too, in what has been disclosed of future plans. Given that the new theatre's pit can accommodate an orchestra of eighty, there might be the temptation to do bigger pieces—even to realize at last John Christie's hope. But the new Glyndebourne still has the feeling of a room, and that rare quality ought to be used, as it is in these initial productions. Being in a room with Figaro and Susanna, or with Tatyana and Onyegin, is a pleasure—and sometimes a shock, for the immediacy of the experience. Being in a room with the Flying Dutchman is not to be lightly considered. It's good to know, then, that Handel and Rossini are to be, with Mozart, the composers Glyndebourne will most consistently explore in coming years. There's also the thrilling prospect, at once tantalizing and unsettling, of being brought near to Berg's Lulu and her entourage in 1996.

As for this summer, "Figaro" and "Onyegin" both continue in repertory until mid-July, to be joined this week by one of the most successful, long-lived, and widely exported of the old house's productions: the "Rake's Progress" designed by David Hockney. One also looks forward impatiently to the season's final new production, of "Don Giovanni," with Simon Rattle conducting a period-style orchestra, Deborah Warner directing, and a cast that looks set, in the Glyndebourne way, to put shining individuals into a glowing whole. ♦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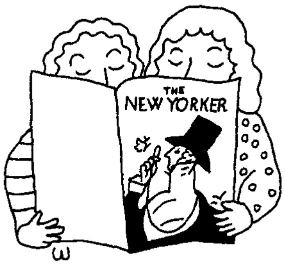

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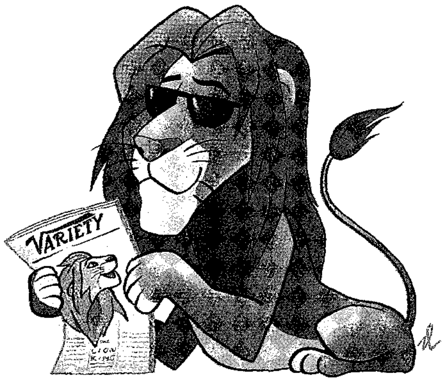
THE CURRENT CINEMA

NO PUSSYCAT

BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY

DISNEY'S new animated feature, "The Lion King," is a coming-of-age story about animal royalty. It's "Bambi," but with carnivores. Like Bambi, the fawn who was known as the Prince of the Forest, this picture's hero, Simba, is born to the purple: his father, the mighty lion Mufasa, rules a vast stretch of the African plains, and Simba, the first-born son, is the heir apparent. Before he can ascend to the throne—that is, the large rock, jutting phallically over the plains, from which the monarch surveys his kingdom—he has to make cute friends, court a soft-eyed female of the species, learn a lesson or two, and see a parent die.



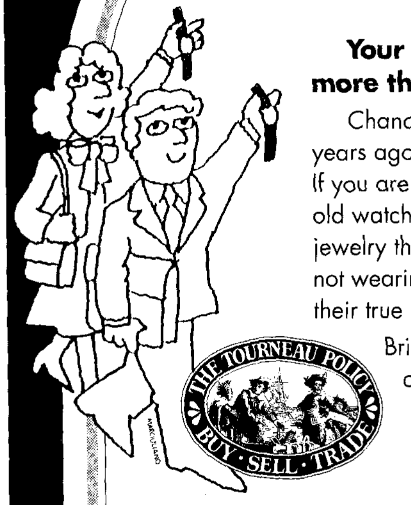
Simba: Disney's newest star.

The key event in "The Lion King" is Mufasa's death, in a scene that may actually jerk kids' tears more shamelessly than its ignominious counterpart in "Bambi." For more than fifty years, the death of Bambi's mother has reigned as the undisputed champion of childhood-trauma inducement, but, in the way of the world, nothing can last forever. Bambi, fleeing hunters, turns around, sees that his mother is not behind him, and cries out for her in the silence of the snowy forest. The directors of "The Lion King," Roger Allers and Rob Minkoff, milk the pathos of their child hero's loss in a way that makes the earlier film seem tasteful, almost austere. Simba nudges Mufasa's corpse like a kid trying to wake his father on a Saturday morning, and keeps up, for a while, a steady stream of poignantly hopeful chatter: "Dad? Dad, come on, you gotta get up." Finally, the cub gives up, closes his eyes, and snuggles under his father's lifeless paw. As if that weren't enough, the movie then burdens its lovable hero with a crushing sense of guilt: Simba's evil uncle, Scar (who wants to be king), persuades him that he was responsible for his father's death. It's clear that this isn't so—Scar, we know, was the killer—but that may not matter to impressionable kids, who aren't strong on critical distance: they're meant to identify with Simba completely, to feel whatever he feels.

When "The Lion King" isn't busy dredging up deep-seated insecurities and terrors, it serves up soothingly banal musical numbers (composed by Elton John and Tim Rice) and silly, rambunctious comedy. You're grateful for the comic relief, and even, in a way, for the insipid songs: the musical sequences provide ideal opportunities to take the kids to the bathroom, the candy counter, or the shrink. The berserk alternation of moods has always been a hallmark of the "classic" Disney style, but the tone of "The Lion King" is unusually volatile: the movie is such an extreme example of the you'll-laugh-you'll-cry aesthetic that we begin to suspect that the filmmakers are just flaunting their power, showing us that they can manipulate our responses at will.

Watching a movie that is as haughtily sure of itself as "The Lion King" you become docile and passive: you learn to accept the scraps that the filmmakers throw your way. The picture is a heedless jumble of incompatible elements: aside from "Bambi," its primary influence seems to be, of all things, the Disney version of "The Jungle Book," which is one of the studio's liveliest, least pretentious full-length cartoons—a movie whose loose, anything-for-a-gag spirit is closer to the Warner Bros. style than to the traditional Disney grand manner. It makes no sense to combine family tragedy and goofball farce (in a cartoon, no less), but if you're just trying to survive the experience, taking what meagre nourishment you can find, then you pounce on the comedy routines: although they're all leftovers, a few are sort of tasty. Jeremy Irons' vocal performance as Scar is an elegant ripoff of George Sanders' readings as the sly tiger in "The Jungle Book." Like Sanders, Irons gets laughs by evoking a hilariously exaggerated air of aristocratic languor. His voice drops wearily at the end of every line; it's as if Scar were so comfortable with his evil nature that he had become bored with it. The most memorable character in the picture—a peppy, skeptical, New York-accented meerkat named Timon—might have stepped directly out of "The Jungle Book." At his best, Timon (animated by Mike Surrey and read, with showstopper timing, by Nathan Lane) is funny enough to be a Warners character: he's like Bugs Bunny, whose brash personality is an obvious model for Timon's. The meerkat wisecracks constantly, stretches himself into shapes that do not exist in nature, and tends to get carried away when he sings and dances; his lunatic rendition of "The Lion Sleeps Tonight" is, by a long shot, the movie's comic highlight—an unexpected morsel of pure joy.

It's slim pickings, though. The animation, computer-assisted in some of the more elaborate sequences, is sometimes impressive, but rarely impressive enough to overcome a certain impersonality—a stubborn mechanical coldness. And the animators, annoyingly, persist in trying to mimic live-action photographic effects. Time and again, they shift focus from a figure in the background to one in the foreground, or vice versa. The eye rejects the technique. No matter how thoroughly we may have surrendered to the "magic" of animation, we're still aware that we're looking at *drawings:* we expect perspective, but we know that in this two-dimensional world there's no reason for anything ever to be out of focus. The sight of a hard-edged figure moving against a fuzzy background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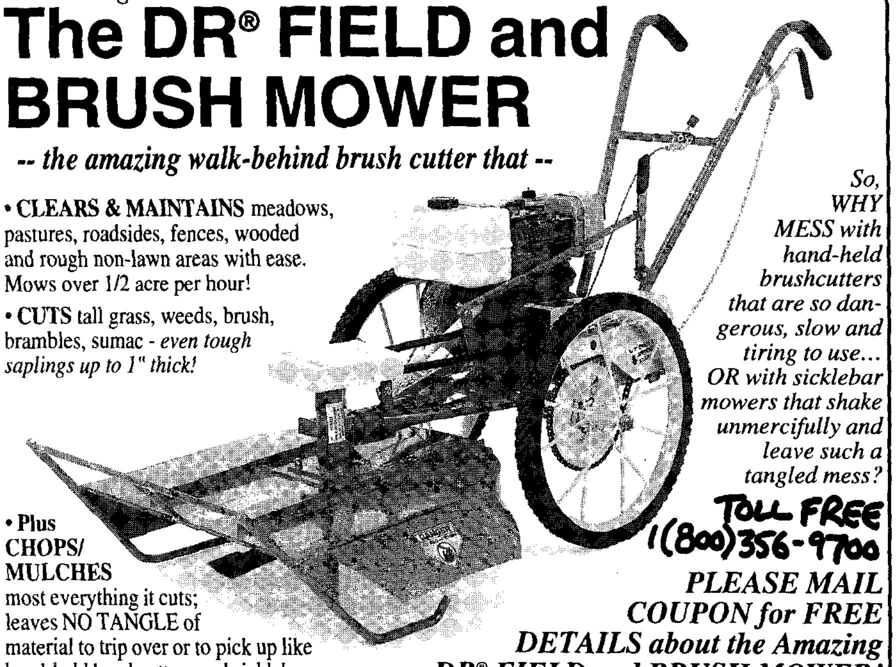
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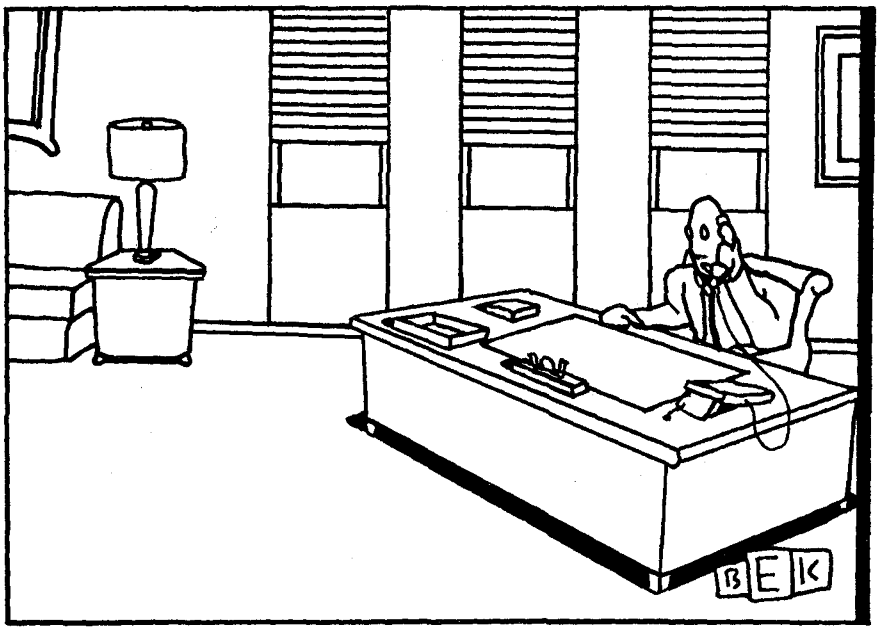

"I bought the roses. I don't need to smell them."

• •

doesn't make the action seem more real; it just makes the image look a little cheesy.

But animation technique is the least of this movie's problems. What really ruins "The Lion King" is its deeply peculiar concept of nature: the movie celebrates the exercise of brutal physical power without ever quite acknowledging it. Mufasa's kingdom—later Simba's—is presented as a paradise, a harmonious ecosystem stretching as far as the lion's eye can see. In the picture's opening sequence, animals of all species gather on the plain, loyal subjects, for the king's presentation of the newborn heir. The music (a dreary tune called "Circle of Life") swells; the assembled multitudes look awestruck. The scene is a louder, more grandiose version of the beginning of "Bambi," in which the fawn prince makes his début to the acclaim of the forest animals—the bunnies, the birdies, the chipmunks. Sickening, sure, but the audience can believe, on some level, in the cheerful coexistence of these gentle little critters. In "The Lion King," though, you look at the obediently lined-up animals and you can't help wondering, What the hell are they so happy about? Most of the creatures gazing reverently up at *their* present and future rulers are, in fact, the lions' *food*. Are they all hypnotized? It looks like Jonestown out there.

The movie tries to account for the impossible blissfulness of the Pride Lands (as the lions' kingdom is called) by having Mufasa—boomingly vocalized by James Earl Jones—deliver homilies to his son on the delicate balance of nature. Lions, he explains, do eat antelopes, but when lions die their bodies eventually become grass, which is eaten by the antelopes. "We're all connected," he pontificates. Easy for *him* to say; it seems unlikely that the antelopes share this philosophical serenity. But, despite the unequal power distribution in the Pride Lands, the only unhappy campers appear to be the weak, envious Scar and a bunch of hyenas, who help him usurp his brother's throne. The picture becomes even nuttier when Simba, after a long exile from the Pride Lands, returns to the kingdom and witnesses the devastation that Scar's reign has produced. The lush plain has become a wasteland, because all the animals, except the few remaining lions and Scar's hyena courtiers, have left. Again, questions arise. Are we supposed to believe that the animals are picky about who's having them for dinner? The implication is that they're honored to be preyed upon by Mufasa but that, ever since Scar and the hyenas took over, getting eaten just isn't what it used to be. (Mufasa's ecology lectures did lend a touch of class to the proceedings.)

At the end, Simba, now fully grown, stands on that thrusting rock with his friends and his family and holds up his own new cub. (Reprise of "Circle of Life.") The Pride Lands are green again, his subjects have returned, and they are, if anything, more worshipful than before. The lesson that "The Lion King" imparts to its audience—which the filmmakers must hope is as rapt and as cowed as the congregation of animals on the plain—is: It's O.K. to be prey.

KRZYSZTOF KIEŚLOWSKI'S "White" is the second film in a trilogy called "Three Colors." Each movie is named for one of the colors of the French flag ("Blue" was released in this country at the end of last year, and "Red" was recently screened at the Cannes festival), and each has as its theme one of the principles of the French Republic's high-minded motto: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. Although "White" is meant to serve as the "Equality" panel in this triptych, the story (written by Kieślowski and his constant collaborator, Krzysztof Piesiewicz) seems actually to be about self-esteem—that is, about the individual's sense that he or she is worth as much as anyone else is. The hero of "White" is a Chaplinesque Polish Everyman named Karol Karol (Zbigniew Zamachowski); the movie traces his progress from utter ignominy, in Paris, to a strange kind of personal power, which he acquires in the unsettled new society of his homeland. The opening scenes show us a man who's getting less respect than Rodney Dangerfield. In divorce court, he is forced to admit that he is unable to satisfy his beautiful young French wife, Dominique (Julie Delpy); the trial, swift and perfunctory, is a humiliation in a language that he barely understands. Banished from his home by the icily contemptuous Dominique, Karol is reduced to seeking shelter in Métro stations, where he plays Polish pop songs, on a comb, for unappreciative passersby. When he tries to call Dominique, she makes him regret it; she won't talk to him, but leaves the line open so he can hear the sounds of her lovemaking.

This is, understandably, the last straw for Karol, who returns to Poland in the most undignified manner possible; he crosses the border in a big suitcase in the baggage compartment of a plane—he's a piece of contraband, a smuggled sausage. But once he's back home his fortunes change. With low cunning, he transforms himself into a successful entrepreneur, and, from his new position of strength, he begins to cook up a scheme to settle his unfinished business with Dominique. The results of Karol's machinations are a redefined relationship with his ex-wife and a highly ambiguous ending for the movie: what the hero winds up with is both revenge and reconciliation, and Kieślowski doesn't allow us to sort out one from the other.

In "White" Kieślowski abandons the elegantly abstract style and enigmatic tone of "Blue" and "The Double Life of Véronique" (1991) and adopts instead an earthy, plainspoken manner. It's unusual for a filmmaker of his stature to alter his style so radically, and you have to admire his bravery. Unfortunately, this folksy-picaresque mode doesn't suit him; he has sacrificed the qualities that made his past work distinctive (if sometimes maddening). Kieślowski's characteristic method is to evoke spiritual states by means of an intense concentration on the material world. In pictures like "No End" (1984) and the short films that make up his "Decalogue" (1987-89), the best sequences are silent: the meanings are in the objects, not the words. But in "White" Kieślowski has renounced his search for that sort of immanence. Here everything has only its face value, and you feel as if a light had gone out in the world. Mysteriously, he lacks the mundane filmmaking skills to keep us interested in a story that has no real spiritual dimension: the characters are monotonous, the storytelling isn't clear, and the images look flat, merely functional. Kieślowski doesn't dramatize the idea of equality very effectively, but, in a perverse way, he certainly embodies it. In "White," one of the movies' great, original artists makes himself look terribly ordinary. ♦

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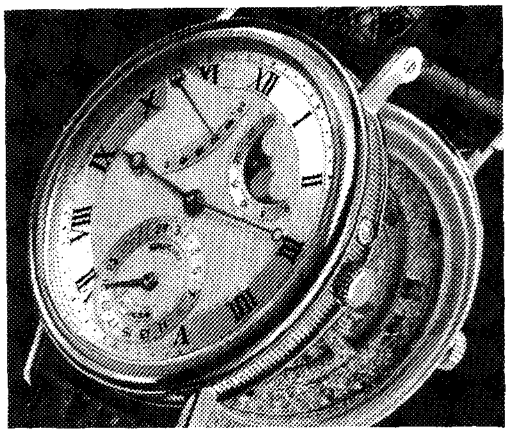

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POSTSCRIPT

DENNIS POTTER

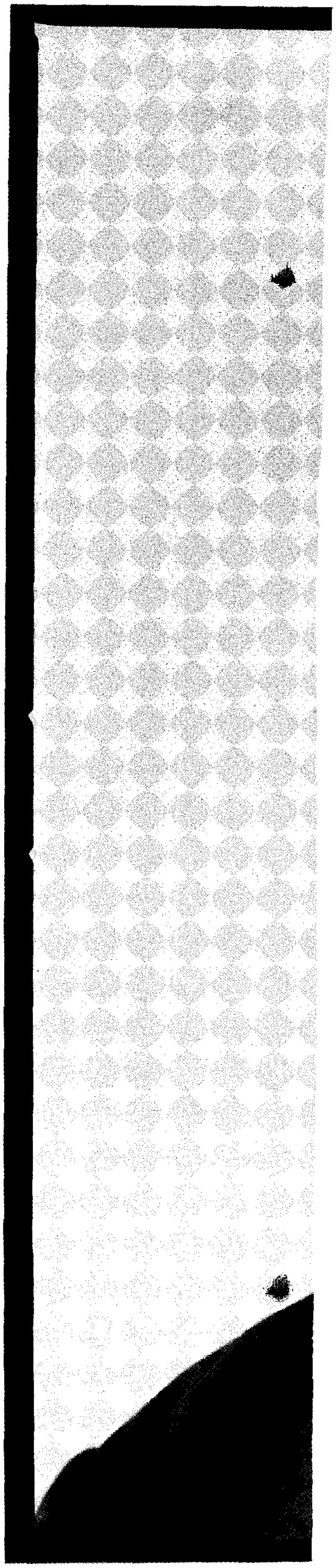
BY JAMES WOLCOTT

PERHAPS because he lived in so much pain—suffering for over thirty years from psoriatic arthropathy, which bent his hands into claws and at times caused his skin to flake off until he looked flayed pink—the playwright Dennis Potter drew beady pleasure from the discomfort of others. When he visited New York two years ago to be fêted at the Museum of Television & Radio—a tribute that featured talks, panel discussions, and screenings of such breakthrough Potter teleplays as "Brimstone and Treacle," "Pennies from Heaven," and "The Singing Detective"—he drank and smoked in public, amused at how skittish this made people. Not only was he the guest of honor but his crusty hand signified that he had earned the right to his own relaxants. Moreover, he was an artist, and artists have prerogatives.

On Valentine's Day of this year, fate blew the fifty-eight-year-old Potter a little kiss, as he put it. He learned that he had cancer of the pancreas, which had spread to his liver. He would have only a few months left. With mordant wit, he christened his cancer Rupert, after the publisher Rupert Murdoch, who he said had done more than anyone else to pollute the body politic. "I would shoot the bugger if I could," he told Melvyn Bragg in an extraordinary Channel 4 interview. (This inspiring visual document will be shown at the Museum of Television & Radio until July 3rd, along with Potter's last produced work, "Lipstick on Your Collar.") Sitting in the studio, sipping liquid morphine from a flask and puffing on a cigarette ("I love stroking it, this lovely tube of delight"), Potter looks light, untroubled, almost lyric. Rather than waste a bullet on Rupert Murdoch, he spent the remaining mornings of his life balancing the ratio between pain and medication to try to complete two television scripts—one about karaoke, the other about cryogenics and virtual reality. Working under a death sentence has given his morale wings, he tells Bragg. "When I go flat out, I go flat out, and with a passion I've never felt. I feel I can write anything at the moment." For a writer so besotted with the past, the prospect of death has brought him into a Zen-like now: "The fact is that if you see the present tense—boy, do you see it! And, boy, can you celebrate it!" It has also enabled him to take the measure of his moral character: "I was a coward when I was young. It's nice to know that, at the end, I'm not."

If only it had been the end. Potter's wife, who had been caring for him through his illness, herself died of cancer at the end of May. Often, when the wife dies, the widowed man is soon to follow, and Potter died last week, at his home in Herefordshire. He left behind a clean desk. He had finished his final plays, and, following his wishes, the BBC and Channel 4 are planning to show them in tandem. In his most triumphant works, "Pennies from Heaven" and "The Singing Detective," Potter jazzed up the medium by disrupting logical progression and traditional forms, juggling time, pulling fantasies out of his hat, producing musical numbers in which the characters lip-synched to old phonograph records, revealing the dusty grooves of their desires. At the heart of Dennis Potter's work was a haunted jukebox.

When all is said and done, he may have been a greater man than artist, which is no niggling achievement. Examples of grace under pressure have a personal impact that even art cannot match. His chief power as a playwright was a wounded lyricism, which found expression only in fragments. That lyricism never left his voice. In the last interview with Bragg, a purer statement than any he made in his plays, he sounds like a psalm. In his voice he had forged a worthy vessel for his pain. He treated death tenderly—more tenderly than life had treated him. ♦



PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD AVEDON

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BOOKS

THE MAGUS

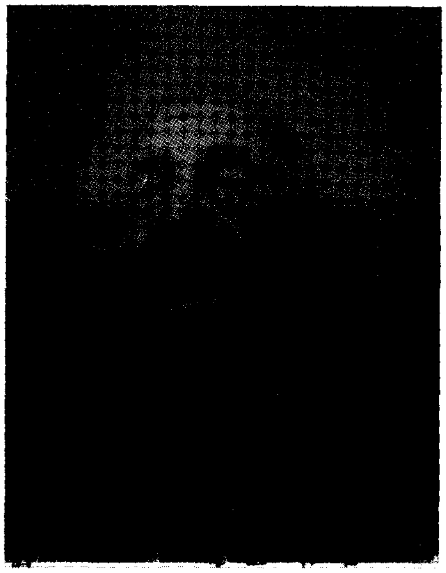
BY GEORGE STEINER

The Private Lives of Albert Einstein
by Roger Highfield and Paul Carter
(St. Martin's; $23.95)

Einstein Lived Here
by Abraham Pais
(Oxford; $25)

WHAT has been the single most splendid moment in the history of the human mind? The date of the composition of the Book of Job? The supper during which Socrates expounded the nature of love? The afternoon on which Shakespeare drafted the third and fourth acts of "King Lear"? On which Schubert sketched the slow movement of his posthumous string quintet? Isaac Newton under that apple tree? No doubt a silly question. Yet a guess, perhaps not altogether silly, does suggest itself.

The place: Berne. The exact dates: between March 17 and September 27, 1905. Four papers, mailed to and promptly published in the scientific journal *Annalen der Physik*, by a young examiner at the Swiss Patent Office. (He had only very recently been accorded junior but permanent status.) The first, sent on March 17th and published in June, explained that energy associated with beams of light came in microscopic parcels, which were henceforth to be called light quanta. (Later, they came to be known as photons.) The second article was received on May 11th and was printed in July. It resolved the classic conundrum of the random, zigzag motion of tiny particles in a fluid: this "Brownian" motion was the simple result of collisions of particles with microscopic molecules in the surrounding liquid. The third paper, received by the *Annalen* on June 30th and published on September 26th, abolished the notion of the "ether" and reconciled the two apparently inconsistent principles fundamental to the classical picture of the universe: the relativity principle (your speed in a car can be relative to the ground, the moon, the farthest galaxy), and the absolute value of the speed of light. A fourth, brief article followed in September, on the equation that relates mass and energy: $E=mc^2$. Almost an afterthought to the three somewhat longer communications, it was, of course, to change not only all physics but, via nuclear fission, the history of mankind.


A genius's personal life comes to the fore.

Albert Einstein rapidly became the most famous scientist-thinker of all time. As early as 1909, Calvin's proud and cautious university in Geneva bestowed the first of innumerable honorary degrees on him. Einstein's outwardly dishevelled person and his mannerisms became planetary legend—an instantaneously identifiable symbol for the seemingly unbounded powers of the mortal intellect. Herblock's famous cartoon (itself a stroke of genius) says it all. Published a few days after the death of the magus, on April 18, 1955, it shows our globe travelling in space. On it a sign: "Albert Einstein lived here." That life, moreover, has been minutely chronicled, analyzed, documented. The Einstein archives contain some five thousand pages of published and unpublished manuscripts, three thousand pages of travel diaries and notebooks, and fifty-two thousand pages of correspondence, almost thirty thousand of which are of a nonscientific, nontechnical tenor. Biographical studies proliferated during Einstein's lifetime. After the experimental corroboration, immediately following the First World War, of his predictions concerning the bending of light by gravitational forces and the curvature of space, Einstein became so famous that colleagues, friends, acquaintances, the media, and the world at large strove to record his every motion and utterance. Letters addressed "Prof. A. Einstein, Europe" or "America" or "the World" were immediately delivered, be it to Berlin or Princeton. The query "Are you God?" was perennial among correspondents perfectly incapable (as the vast majority among us continue to be) of grasping even rudimentary aspects of the special and general theories of relativity.

The genesis of the annus mirabilis 1905 remains as inherently enigmatic, as resistant to satisfactory explanation, as, say, Mozart's invention, on the casual instant, of a tune central to our consciousness, or van Gogh's first doodling vision of a cypress tree as a green flame. What has altered in the case of Einstein is our knowledge of the private, personal background and the domestic context in which the light-burst of his successive papers and algebraic formulations took place. With the death of Einstein's older son, Hans Albert, and of the original, implacable trustees of the archives, the early years have taken on definition.

Roger Highfield and Paul Carter's study "The Private Lives of Albert Einstein" tells a sad tale. Einstein's touch in personal relations was often insensitive and opportunistic. Despite an edgy acquaintance with Marie Curie, he thought little of women's intellectual potential in the sciences. All his life, he would need and demand to be looked after, but on terms strictly his own. Creative privacy and a rationing of human emotions were of the essence. "I'm not much with people, and I'm not a family man," he said. "I want my peace. I want to know how God created the world." Relativity encompassed personal relations: "I have come to know the mutability of all human relations and learned to isolate myself from heat and cold so that the temperature balance is fairly well assured." Einstein also wrote this snatch of doggerel:

> I feel ill at ease with that little word "We."
> No man is at one with another, you see.
> Behind all agreement lies something amiss.
> All seeming accord cloaks a lurking abyss.

His marriage to Mileva Marić, in 1903, was opaque from the start. A daughter, Lieserl, was born the year before. It appears that Einstein never set eyes on her. Was she given up for adoption? Did she die in very early childhood? "The remarkable possibility remains that Einstein's secret daughter may be living today, in her nineties, under another identity," Highfield and Carter say. They quote Professor Gerald Holton, a Harvard Einstein scholar: "Some day she might walk in and say 'My name is Anastasia, I want my parents' letters.' " Idle speculation. Of more interest is the role—argued by recent feminists and at least one noted scientist—of Mileva in Einstein's epochal achievements. She had been a fellow-student at the Zurich Polytechnic, and possessed an undoubted flair for physics, though she found the necessary mathematics an obstacle. In his early stages of love, Einstein wrote to Mileva as if she were an active collaborator, as if the discoveries germinating in his restless consciousness would in some sense be a shared product. It seems more than probable that Mileva checked references for Einstein and traced material he needed for his research. She corrected errata and proofs. At times, her trained receptivity must have been an invaluable attenuation of the fantastic aloneness of spirit, of the solitary audacity of imagining, in which the young, unknown physicist operated. Even in her bitter later years, when she was confiding in her son Hans Albert, Mileva Marić never claimed more. Highfield and Carter's treatment of this whole issue is exemplary in its tact and good sense. It concurs entirely with the evidence sifted by Einstein's scientific peers. If any intimate truly played a part in Einstein's discoveries, it was Michele Besso. An electrical engineer, Besso turned out to be the indispensable sounding board for Einstein's incipient suppositions. Having wrestled for almost a year with the paradox of the invariability of the speed of light, Einstein talked the problem through with Besso. The seminal flash of understanding occurred during their exchanges. In that instant, Einstein later recalled, the theory of special relativity was essentially complete. As early as 1897, Besso had directed his friend's attention to the works of the great Austrian scientist-epistemologist Ernst Mach, and this pointer had proved indispensable.

As Einstein's glory mounted, as he took up successively more lustrous university postings, in Zurich, Prague, and Berlin, Mileva, a woman not ungifted in suffering, found herself increasingly left out. Her husband's infidelities may have been casual; they tormented her. More and more, she was left alone with their two sons. (The younger, Eduard, died wretchedly, after years of mental illness, in the fall of 1965.) In 1914, shortly before the outbreak of war, Mileva returned to Zurich from Berlin, leaving Einstein ultimately in the busy care of his first cousin Elsa, the woman he was to marry in June of 1919. The acrid divorce agreement contained a wonderfully self-confident clause: the money for the Nobel, which Einstein had not yet won, and which was in fact awarded to him only in 1922, was to go to Mileva and the two boys! Mileva died in August, 1948. Elsa preceded her, in December, 1936. Enmeshed in a scientific problem, the great man waived the traditional seven days of mourning. His instruction was tranquil: "Bury her." During the rest of his life, Einstein lived and labored under the efficacious vigilance and priestly care of his secretary, Helen Dukas.

The blurb for the Highfield-Carter book is a disgrace. It clarions a definitive biography of "Albert Einstein's scandalous personal life—a hugely controversial work that challenges the image of our most sacred twentieth-century genius." Fortunately, what we have here is a carefully researched inquiry, humanely modest in its approach, and often provisional. The story is one of much suffering and imperception, but also of immensity. It does not aspire to scientific diagnosis. It tells of an obsession with the physical construct of the universe too radiant not to have cast deep, unjust shadows on surrounding lives. Truths can blind utterly. And there is a nugget. During 1911 and 1912, Prague's Jewish intellectuals met on Tuesdays at the open house of Berta Fanta. That is where Max Brod, the novelist, essayist, and outrider to Kafka, met Einstein. On some rare occasions, Franz Kafka himself would "sit tongue-tied in a corner." Albert Einstein and Franz Kafka in the same room! The two begetters of our present condition, the two most radical imaginers in modernity, the two wandering Jews remapping the inward and outward condition of man.

Throughout, Highfield and Carter refer—indeed, defer—to Abraham Pais. Professor Pais's 1982 "Subtle Is the Lord . . ." is the finest intellectual biography of Einstein that we have. Of Dutch origin, Pais writes with the elegant scruple of one for whom English was not the first language. He is a ranking physicist in his own right and was both personally and professionally close to Einstein at the Institute for Advanced Study, in Princeton. His recently published companion volume, "Einstein Lived Here," is a gathering of articles, addresses, and reflections that have followed on the major portrait. Some, such as an in memoriam for Helen Dukas and a mini-introduction to relativity for the layman, are slight. Others are of more substance.

Of particular value is Pais's reconsideration of the relations between Einstein and Bohr, arguably "the two leading figures in science in this century." Pais knew and collaborated with both. His comparison of their respective styles as men and as thinkers is fascinating, and so are the amendments he proposes to the traditional account of Einstein's repudiation of the new quantum physics: "God does not play dice." Einstein, he argues, fully grasped the depth and the explanatory powers of Bohr's earlier quantum theory of the structure of matter. Had he himself not laid its foundations? He perceived the ingenuity and reach of Bohr's conjecture that the observer and the act of observation ineluctably modify the phenomena observed. But he felt deeply uncomfortable about the implications of contingency, of hazard, of a universe not subject to certainty. Until his death, Einstein "kept insisting that one should look for a deeper level of theory in which one can talk of phenomena independently of observational details," Pais says. "He did eventually accept the results of quantum mechanics but believed that these should emerge by some effective averaging process applied to the deeper theory." This conviction isolated Einstein from the dramatic progress in particle physics and certain aspects of cosmology. In a subtler way, it may account for the long sterility of his later years. Pais writes, "Einstein is the only scientist to be justly held equal to Newton. That comparison is based exclusively on what he did before 1925. In the remaining 30 years of his life he remained active in research but his fame would be undiminished, if not enhanced, had he gone fishing instead." That discreet "if not enhanced" tantalizes. The brilliant solution of the problem of anomalies in the orbital motions of the planet Mercury, published in 1915, represents Einstein's last substantive contribution. His stature at large grew colossal, but among younger scientists much of his life and presence were a vaguely disquieting irrelevance.

"O.K. I'll soften my image if you soften yours."

Adulated by the world, Albert Einstein was called upon and found time to deliver himself of innumerable pronouncements on matters religious, philosophical, social, and political. The innocent humaneness of his views, reinforced by his prophetic, iconic appearance is manifest. As is, all too often, their banality. He became "the holy one." Pais looks at Einstein's relations with such gurus as Tagore and Gandhi, and summarizes incisively the main dicta on religion and philosophy. The sentiments are impeccable: "The man who regards his own life and that of his fellow creatures as meaningless is not merely unhappy but hardly fit for life." Science can, and should, bestow on its practitioners a sense of the logic and beauty of the universe, which is to be equated with a thorough, if unspecified, religious emotion: "I cannot conceive of a genuine scientist without that profound faith." (A meeting between Einstein and, say, Francis Crick would have been revealing.) On philosophy, though, Einstein is hardly a guide. Pais writes, "Of Bergson's philosophy he used to say, 'God forgive him.' "

Here Pais makes excessive claims for his own field. Scientific and philosophic criteria are far apart, though they can, in rare cases—those of Descartes and Leibniz, for example—be conjoined. The condescensions of contemporary science to metaphysics are myopic. Heidegger's brutally provocative "Science does not *think*" raises a major issue. The almost imperative indifference of science to the social and ethical consequences of its applications, and the psychological automatism that impels research forward at whatever cost, threatens the planet. Current scientific claims to final truths, to "theories of everything," are nearly monstrous in their simplistic arrogance. What do they tell us of the conflicting ideals and values of human possibilities, of the unquenched savageries in the individual and collective psyche, of the desolate scandal of death? It is in the company of Plato or Spinoza or Kant, not in that of Einstein, that I would be immeasurably grateful to affront that scandal. Among the princes of science, in fact, none could understand this better than Pais. ♦

BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

Stories of Scottsboro
by James Goodman
(Pantheon; $27.50)

On March 25, 1931, in Paint Rock, Alabama, two white women, fearing arrest after being spotted getting off a freight train, claimed that they had been raped by nine black men and boys who had hopped the same train. The accused were brought to the county jail in nearby Scottsboro, where they were almost lynched. The initial trials were hasty, and the local attorneys charged with the defense did virtually nothing. Eight defendants were found guilty and sentenced to death, and the trial of the ninth, then thirteen years old, ended in a mistrial when the jury could not agree whether he should be executed or sentenced to life in prison. For white Alabamans, the fact that there were trials rather than lynchings was proof of due process. Before the sentences could be carried out, the accused were taken up by the International Labor Defense, a Communist-led organization from New York. Appeals, reversals, and new trials consumed much of the next half decade, and the "Scottsboro Boys" became a focus of international attention, much of it harshly critical of Alabama justice. The book, as its title suggests, is concerned with many different views of the case, and the richness of multiple perspectives is well worth the occasional backtracking involved. Goodman has that invaluable attribute of good historians a sympathetic imagination, and he portrays the mental world of a hanging judge with the same fairness he brings to the characters of the defendants. This carefully constructed and deeply felt book makes the Scottsboro case comprehensible as the human event it was, rather than as a cartoonish struggle of good against evil, which is how participants (on both sides) saw it at the time.

The Ern Malley Affair
by Michael Heyward
(Faber & Faber; $22.95)

In 1943, a young Australian named Max Harris, founder of the Adelaide literary journal *Angry Penguins*, got a package in the mail. It contained a selection of verse by a dead poet, Ern Malley, together with a covering note from Ern's grieving, uncomprehending sister, Ethel. It was every editor's dream: Harris had stumbled on an unknown artist who broke new ground. Malley was published and trumpeted; it was easy to mock his crazed, surreal, superliterate creations but impossible to play them down. Malley, it soon emerged, had a slight problem: he didn't exist. He'd been cooked up by a couple of disaffected soldier-poets, James McAuley and Harold Stewart, who had invented it all—the life, the work, the sister, "the black swan of trespass on alien waters"—as a lethal mockery of modernism. It remains one of the richest and funniest of literary hoaxes. Michael Heyward is smart and judicious, and he lets the spirit of critical inquiry lead him in surprising directions. Who would have thought, for instance, that the fall guy would come out of the affair so well? Harris's touching faith in Malley, his conviction that good art can leak from deceitful motives, somehow seems more robust than the derision of McAuley and Stewart. And the evidence is hard to dismiss: the poetry of Ern Malley, the man who never was, really *is* better than the "true" verse of his inventors. The implications are alarming to contemplate. As Ern himself put it, "I have split the infinitive. Beyond is anything."

Conquest: Montezuma, Cortés, and the Fall of Old Mexico
by Hugh Thomas
(Simon & Schuster; $30)

This ambitious undertaking is a lengthy, heavily annotated history of the conquest of Mexico by Hernán Cortés. (Montezuma II is essentially a secondary character.) Perhaps as an antidote to recent revisionism, Thomas sets forth the worst excesses of the Aztecs (here called Mexica, their name for themselves) while, if not politely overlooking, then gently airbrushing those of the Spaniards. Still, despite an occasional breathtaking generalization ("Like everyone else in his realm, [Montezuma II] was unconcerned about human beings"), Thomas's style is so densely factual that it precludes anything like either apologia or polemic. This is a flawed gem of generous proportions: although the narrative is occasionally difficult, it is always compelling. (More detailed and accurate maps, along with a more thorough index, would have been helpful.) Best of all, human behavior that might have remained inexplicable at this remove, while still disturbing, emerges from the context of its time and place in a coherent and logical pattern.

Sisters of Fortune
edited by Nancy Coffey Heffernan and Ann Page Stecker
(University Press of New England; $15.95)

This ably edited collection of letters, subtitled "Being the true story of how three motherless sisters saved their home in New England and raised their younger brother while their father went fortune-hunting in the California Gold Rush," tells a fascinating story, a topsy-turvy "King Lear." In 1850, James Wilson, Jr., a fifty-three-year-old widower, of Keene, New Hampshire, resigned his seat in Congress and went to California with the promise of a government job and the hope of striking it rich. He left behind three daughters, aged twenty-four, eighteen, and sixteen; one son, who was thirteen; and an assortment of debts and mortgages (including several on the family home). The children adored their father, and the daughters wrote describing their day-to-day struggles, asking his advice, and pleading for his presence. The letters are so vivid that the reader shares the suspense the young women feel as they try to decide whether to marry or what to tell a creditor. The eldest daughter became a professional writer, but the charm of these letters is their artlessness, or candor. In the end, the daughters' resourcefulness saved the house, and it sheltered their undependable, impenitent father in his impoverished old age. ♦

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

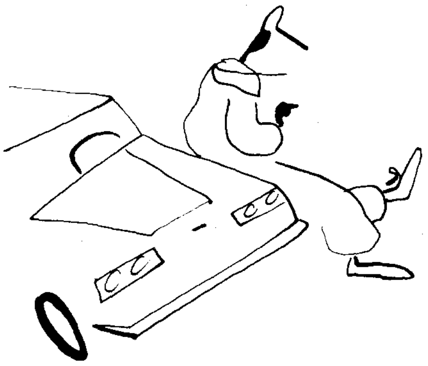
ON THE FLOOR

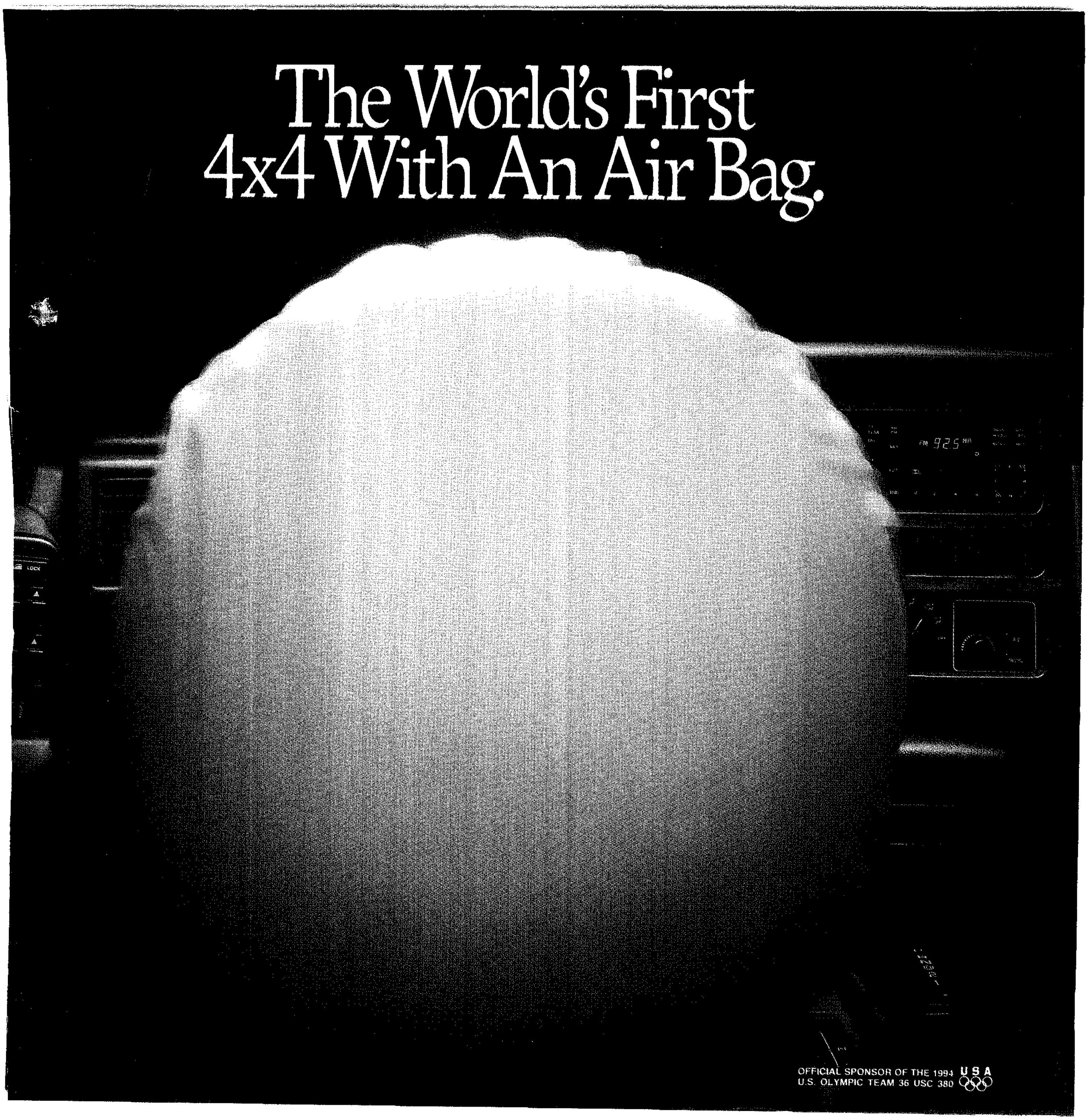
BY IAN FRAZIER

It gets light early now. The other morning at about five-thirty, I was asleep on the fold-out bed in the living room—exiled by my wife for snoring—with the windows open when a strange and loud noise woke me. Asleep, I thought first it was coyotes yipping, or Arab women ululating. When I got up and went to the window, I saw it was two groups of kids of about high-school age shouting at each other across the bright, empty street. Each group was a mix of boys and girls, and the boys and girls alike wore baggy jeans low on their waists, sneakers laced or unlaced, long T-shirts, baggy jackets. The girls wore big gold earrings. Their shouting had an echoey, jangled, scrambled quality. It sounded like a chorus of high-pitched voices shouting the word "motherfucker" through a blender.

I don't have a regular job, and so I usually ride the subways at hours other than rush hour. Often, in the early morning or in midafternoon, I find myself riding with high-school kids. I eavesdrop on them, which takes slight effort early in the mornings and no effort at all in the afternoons. On their way to school, the kids are kind of subdued, but in the afternoon they are revved-up and loud. Once or twice, I have heard conversations about classes; once, some tough-looking boys got on the train and stood by me, and one of them said, "I can't wait until I get my program loaded." But mostly they seem to talk about violence. I have overheard several conversations on the subject of whether it is better to get shot or cut. (Shot wins, no contest; nobody wants to get cut.) Many conversations are about shooting and running. "He come runnin' down the steps shootin'—*pop-pop-pop-pop*." When I was a kid, guns went bang; now they go *pop-pop-pop-pop*. Anyone who is shot or cut ends up layin' on the floor—never the ground. Everything beneath one's feet in the city is now called the floor. "Motherfucker," of course, is a common word, maybe the most common; and the word for "guy," used in a companionable sense, is "nigger," pronounced "nigga." It is adaptable to other races, as in "Those white niggas be sittin' on the floor smokin' weed." Conversations about, say, wringing blood from a washcloth after a shooting coexist with ordinary talk and pastimes on the subway. I heard a baby-faced boy with long eyelashes say to a girl sitting across the aisle, "Bitch say to me, 'I want you to fuck him up good, shoot the motherfucker.' I went to the motherfucker, I told him straight up, 'Man, your ol' lady says she'd pay me to *do* you, man.' He say to me, 'Man, I really respect you for comin' to tell me like this, I like your style,' " etc. In the next seat, a white woman of about my age and heft was reading, intently, Elliott Roosevelt's "Murder in the Rose Garden."

I went downstairs and stood on the stoop to watch the kids. They ignored me, barefoot in pajamas, as they moved up the street in no particular order, the smaller group yielding ground to the larger. Occasional phrases would emerge from the stream of their yelling, but mainly the same word was repeated again and again—a frantic, urgent iteration, like the sound of a car engine that won't turn over. I kept looking from one kid to another, trying to judge if any was angry enough to take the dispute to the next level. Their faces, the way they yelled and moved gave no clue. Neighbors more sensible than I had by then called the cops. Police cars pulled up suddenly and stopped in that every-which-way style of theirs. Some of the police talked to one group of kids, some to the other. Three or four kids were put in the back seat of a police car, and it drove away. The remaining kids dispersed. I went inside and, in a few minutes, came out again. Four or five of the kids had been sitting on our stoop. They got up and walked slowly back down the street in the direction they had come from. Two of the boys had their arms draped around girls' shoulders. I recognized the posture: it was the wrung-out, let-down, dishrag limpness that comes after an explosion of adrenaline when the danger has gone. Their baggy clothes exaggerated the look even more. Only then did I realize how scared the kids had been, and that they had understood all along that they were risking their lives. Nothing in their words—in their single, repeated, almost meaningless word—had conveyed their fear to me. I don't remember ever being that scared as a kid. Most people get that scared only a few times in their lives. My downstairs neighbor came out the door on his way to the gym. A woman several doors down emerged with her twin miniature collies. Under the new leaves at the end of the block, the kids were almost out of sight. ♦





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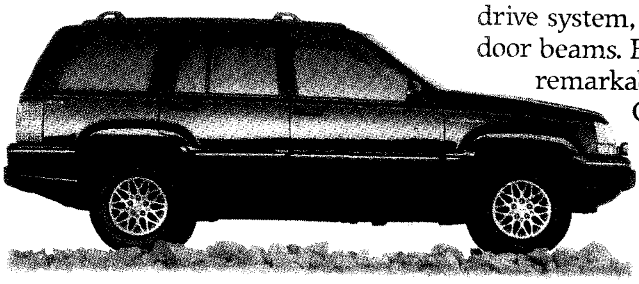

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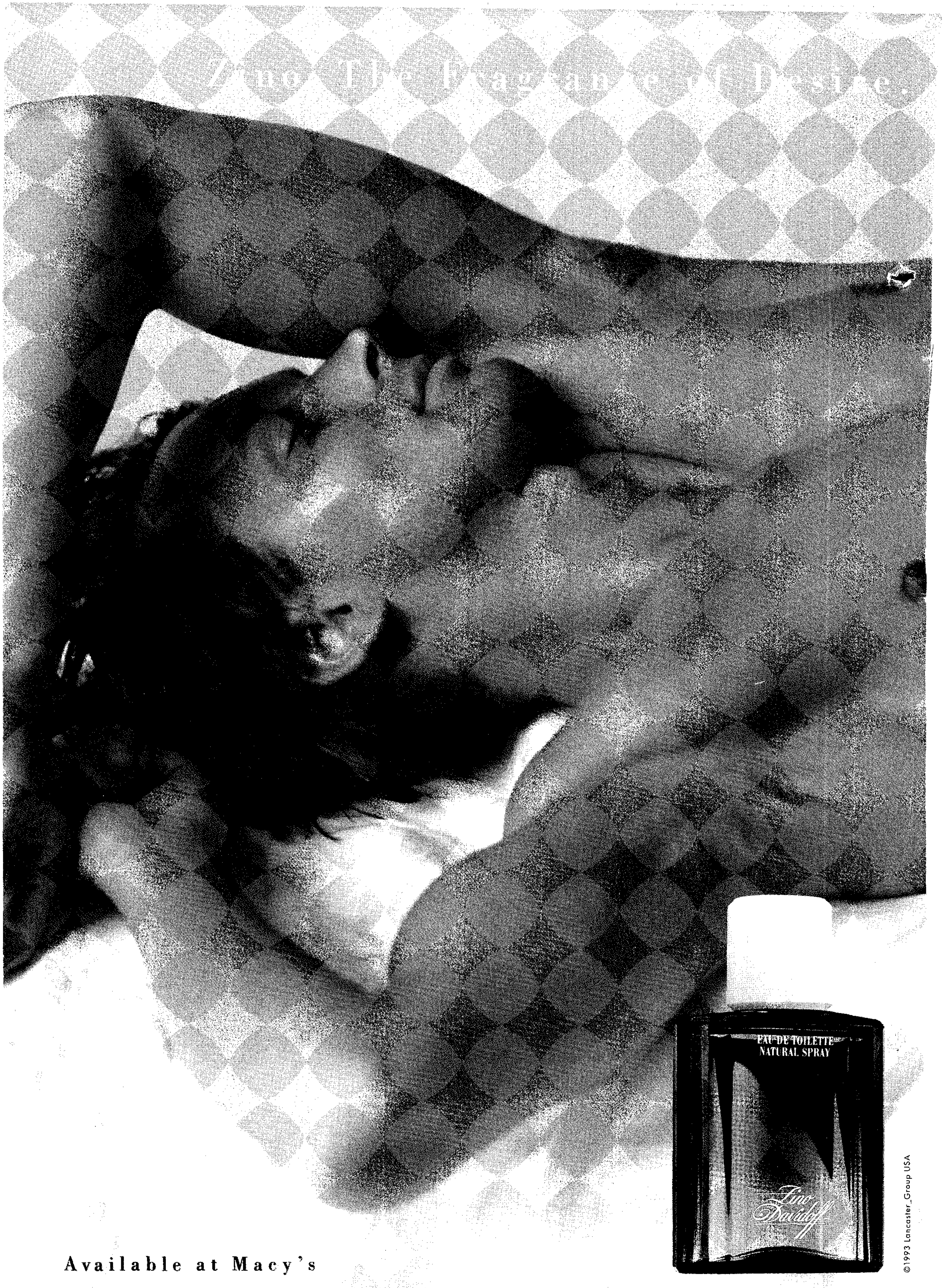
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